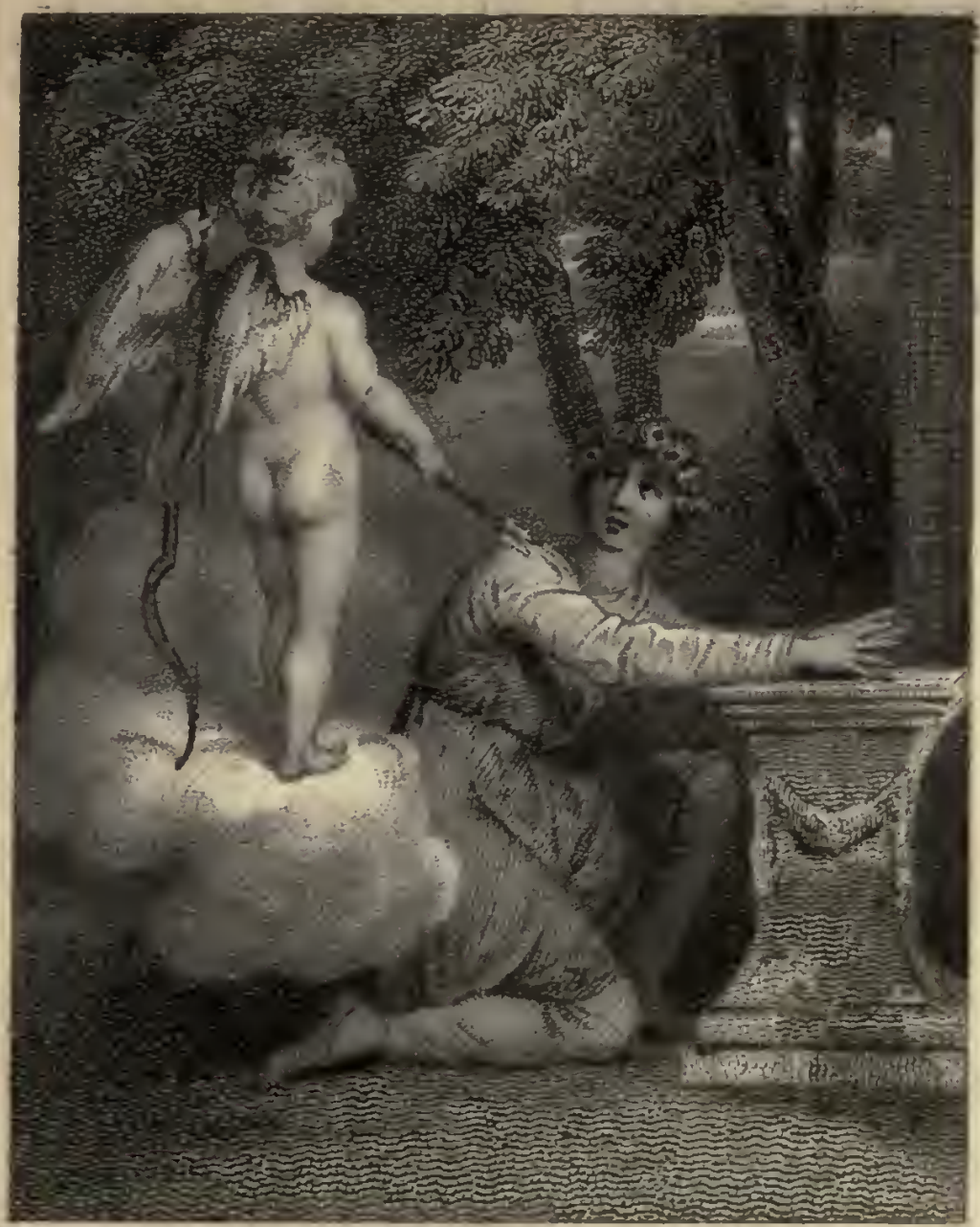

FENTON.

Thus pray'd the youth in heat of blood,
Whilst nigh celestial Cupid stood;

Platonic Spell.

Drawn by R. Westall R.A. *Engraved by A. Cardon.*

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THE

BRITISH POETS:

WITH THE MOST

APPROVED TRANSLATIONS

OF THE

GREEK AND ROMAN POETS,

WITH

DISSERTATIONS, NOTES, &c.

The Text collated with the best Editions,

BY THOMAS PARK, ESQ. F.S.A.

ILLUSTRATED BY A SERIES OF ENGRAVINGS, BY THE MOST EMINENT ARTISTS.

IN ONE HUNDRED VOLUMES.

VOLS. LIX. LX.

CONTAINING THE SELECT POETICAL WORKS OF

HUGHES.

E. OF BUCKINGHAM. CONGREVE, &c.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. SHARPE.

1810—1824.

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SELECT POEMS

OF

JOHN HUGHES.

JOHN HUGHES.

BARN-ELMS.

Let Phœbus his late happiness rehearse,
And grace Barn-Elms with never-dying verse!
Smooth was the Thames, his waters sleeping lay,
Unwak'd by winds that o'er the surface play;
When the' early god, arising from the east,
Disclos'd the golden dawn, with blushes dress'd.
First in the stream his own bright form he sees,
But brighter forms shine through the neighbouring trees:
He speeds the rising day, and sheds his light
Redoubled on the grove, to gain a nearer sight.
Not with more speed his Daphne he pursued,
Nor fair Leucothoe with such pleasure view'd;
Five dazzling nymphs in graceful pomp appear:
He thinks his Daphne and Leucothoe here,
Join'd with that heavenly three, who on mount Ide
Descending once the prize of beauty tried.
Ye verdant elms, that towering grace this grove,
Be sacred still to beauty and to love!
No thunder break, nor lightning glare between
Your twisted boughs, but such as then was seen.
The grateful sun will every morning rise
Propitious here, saluting from the skies
Your lofty tops, indulg'd with sweetest air,
And every spring your losses he'll repair;
Nor his own laurels more shall be his care.

SONG.

Fame of Dorinda's conquests brought
  The god of Love her charms to view;
To wound the' unwary maid he thought,
  But soon became her conquest too.

He dropt, half drawn, his feeble bow,
  He look'd, he rav'd, and sighing pin'd;
And wish'd in vain he had been now,
  As painters falsely draw him, blind.

Disarm'd, he to his mother flies;—
  'Help, Venus, help, thy wretched son:
Who now will pay us sacrifice?
  For love himself's, alas! undone.

'To Cupid now no lover's prayer
  Shall be address'd in suppliant sighs;
My darts are gone, but oh, beware,
  Fond mortals, of Dorinda's eyes!'

BEAUTY AND MUSIC.

Ye swains, whom radiant beauty moves,
  Or music's art with sounds divine,
Think how the rapturous charm improves,
  Where two such gifts celestial join;

Where Cupid's bow, and Phœbus' lyre,
  In the same powerful hand are found;
Where lovely eyes inflame desire,
  While trembling notes are taught to wound.

Inquire not who's the matchless fair,
  That can this double death bestow:
If young Harmonia's strains you hear,
  Or view her eyes, too well you'll know.

TO A BEAUTIFUL LADY,

PLAYING ON THE ORGAN.

When fam'd Cecilia on the organ play'd,
  And fill'd with moving sounds the tuneful frame;
Drawn by the charm, to hear the sacred maid,
  From heaven, 'tis said, a listening angel came.
Thus ancient legends would our faith abuse;
  In vain——for were the bold tradition true,
While your harmonious touch that charm renews,
  Again the seraph would appear to you.
O happy fair! in whom, with purest light,
  Virtue's united beams with Beauty's shine!
Should heavenly guests descend to bless our sight,
  What form more lovely could they wear than thine?

TO A PAINTER.

PAINTER, if thou canst safely gaze
On all the wonders of that face;
If thou hast charms to guard a heart
Secure by secrets of thy art;
O! teach the mighty charm, that we
May gaze securely too, like thee.
Canst thou love's brightest lightning draw,
Which none e'er yet, unwounded, saw?
To what then wilt thou next aspire,
Unless to imitate Jove's fire?
Which is a less advent'rous pride,
Though 'twas for that Salmoneus died.
That beauteous, that victorious fair,
Whose chains so many lovers wear;
Who with a look can arts infuse,
Create a painter, or a muse;
Whom crowds with awful rapture view;
She sits serene, and smiles on you!
Your genius, thus inspir'd, will soar
To wondrous heights unknown before;
And to her beauty you will own
Your future skill and fix'd renown.
  So when of old great Ammon's son,
Adorn'd with spoils in battle won,
In graceful picture chose to stand,
The work of fam'd Apelles' hand;
'Exert thy fire, (the monarch said)
Now be thy boldest strokes display'd,
To let admiring nations see
Their dreaded victor drawn by thee;
To others thou may'st life impart,
But I'll immortalize thy art!'

ON DIVINE POETRY.

In nature's golden age, when new-born day
Array'd the skies, and earth was green and gay;
When God, with pleasure, all his works survey'd,
And virgin innocence before him play'd;
In that illustrious morn, that lovely spring,
The muse, by heaven inspir'd, began to sing.
Descending angels, in harmonious lays,
Taught the first happy pair their Maker's praise.
Such was the sacred art—we now deplore
The muse's loss, since Eden is no more.
When vice from hell rear'd up its hydra-head,
The' affrighted maid, with chaste Astræa, fled,
And sought protection in her native sky;
In vain the heathen Nine her absence would supply.
  Yet to some few, whose dazzling virtues shone
In ages past, her heavenly charms were known.
Hence learn'd the bard, in lofty strains to tell
How patient virtue triumph'd over hell;
And hence the chief, who led the chosen race
Through parting seas, deriv'd his songs of praise:
She gave the rapturous ode, whose ardent lay
Sings female force, and vanquish'd Sisera;
She tun'd to pious notes the Psalmist's lyre,
And fill'd Isaiah's breast with more than Pindar's fire!

WRITTEN

IN A LADY'S PRAYER-BOOK.

So fair a form, with such devotion join'd!
A virgin body, and a spotless mind!
Pleas'd with her prayers, while Heaven propitious sees
The lovely votaress on her bended knees,
Sure it must think some angel lost its way,
And happening on our wretched earth to stray;
Tir'd with our follies, fain would take its flight,
And begs to be restor'd to those bless'd realms of light.

A LETTER

TO A FRIEND IN THE COUNTRY.

WHILST thou art happy in a bless'd retreat,
And free from care dost rural songs repeat,
Whilst fragrant air fans thy poetic fire,
And pleasant groves with sprightly notes inspire,
(Groves, whose recesses and refreshing shade
Indulge the' invention, and the judgment aid)
I, midst the smoke and clamours of the town,
That choke my muse, and weigh my fancy down,
Pass my unactive hours;——
In such an air, how can soft numbers flow,
Or in such soil the sacred laurel grow?

All we can boast of the poetic fire,
Are but some sparks that soon as born expire.
  Hail happy woods! harbours of peace and joy!
Where no black cares the mind's repose destroy!
Where grateful silence unmolested reigns,
Assists the muse, and quickens all her strains.
Such were the scenes of our first parents' love,
In Eden's groves with equal flames they strove,
While warbling birds, soft whispering breaths of wind,
And murmuring streams, to grace their nuptials join'd.
All nature smil'd; the plains were fresh and green,
Unstain'd the fountains, and the heavens serene.
  Ye bless'd remains of that illustrious age!
Delightful springs and woods!—
Might I with you my peaceful days live o'er,
You, and my friend, whose absence I deplore,
Calm as a gentle brook's unruffled tide
Should the delicious flowing minutes glide;
Discharg'd of care, on unfrequented plains,
We'd sing of rural joys in rural strains,
No false corrupt delights our thoughts should move,
But joys of friendship, poetry, and love.
While others fondly feed ambition's fire,
And to the top of human state aspire,
That from their airy eminence they may
With pride and scorn the' inferior world survey,
Here we should dwell obscure, yet happier far than they.

VERSES

PRESENTED TO A LADY,

With a Drawing (by the Author) of Cupid.

When generous Dido in disguise caress'd
This god, and fondly clasp'd him to her breast,
Soon the sly urchin storm'd her tender heart,
And amorous flames dispers'd through every part.
In vain she strove to check the new-born fire,
It scorn'd her weak essays, and rose the higher:
In vain from feasts and balls relief she sought,
The Trojan youth alone employ'd her thought:
Yet fate oppos'd her unrewarded care;
Forsaken, scorn'd, she perish'd in despair.
No such event, fair nymph, you need to fear,
Smiles, without darts, alone attend him here;
Weak and unarm'd, not able to surprise,
He waits for influence from your conquering eyes.
Heaven change the omen, then; and may this prove
A happy prelude to successful love!

CANTATA

ON ENGLISH BEAUTY.

RECITATIVE.

When Beauty's goddess from the ocean sprung,
Ascending, o'er the waves she cast a smile
On fair Britannia's happy isle,
And rais'd her tuneful voice, and thus she sung:

AIR.

'Hail Britannia! hail to thee,
Fairest island of the sea!
Thou my favourite land shalt be:

Cyprus too shall own my sway,
And dedicate to me its groves;
Yet Venus and her train of loves
Will with happier Britain stay.
Hail Britannia! hail to thee,
Fairest island of the sea!
Thou my favourite land shalt be.'

RECITATIVE.

Britannia heard the notes diffusing wide,
And saw the Power whom gods and men adore,
Approaching nearer with the tide,
And in a rapture loudly cried,
'O welcome! welcome to my shore!'

AIR.

Lovely isle! so richly bless'd!
Beauty's palm is thine confess'd:
Thy daughters all the world outshine,
Nor Venus' self is so divine.
Lovely isle! so richly bless'd!
Beauty's palm is thine confess'd.

UNDER THE PRINT OF TOM BRITTON,

THE MUSICAL SMALL-COAL MAN.

THOUGH mean thy rank, yet in thy humble cell
Did gentle peace and arts unpurchas'd dwell:
Well-pleas'd, Apollo thither led his train,
And Music warbled in her sweetest strain.
Cyllenius so, as fables tell, and Jove,
Came willing guests to poor Philemon's grove.
Let useless pomp behold, and blush to find
So low a station, such a liberal mind.

SONG.

THE FAIR TRAVELLER.

In young Astrea's sparkling eye,
  Resistless love has fix'd his throne;
A thousand lovers bleeding lie
  For her, with wounds they fear to own.

While the coy beauty speeds her flight
  To distant groves from whence she came;
So lightning vanishes from sight,
  But leaves the forest in a flame!

A FRAGMENT.

In every age, to brighter honours born,
Which loveliest nymphs and sweetest bards adorn,
Beauty and wit each other's aid require,
And poets sing what first the fair inspire:
The fair for ever thus their charms prolong,
And live rewarded in the tuneful song.
Thus Sacharissa shines in Waller's lays,
And she, who rais'd his genius, shares his praise:
Each does in each a mutual life infuse,
The' inspiring beauty, the recording muse.
* * * * * * * *

A THOUGHT IN A GARDEN.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1704.

DELIGHTFUL mansion! bless'd retreat!
Where all is silent, all is sweet!
Here Contemplation prunes her wings,
The raptur'd muse more tuneful sings,
While May leads on the cheerful hours,
And opens a new world of flowers,
Gay pleasure here all dresses wears,
And in a thousand shapes appears.
Pursued by fancy, how she roves
Through airy walks, and museful groves;
Springs in each plant and blossom'd tree,
And charms in all I hear and see!
In this elysium while I stray,
And nature's fairest face survey,
Earth seems new-born, and life more bright;
Time steals away, and smooths his flight;
And thought's bewilder'd in delight.
Where are the crowds I saw of late?
What are those tales of Europe's fate?
Of Anjou, and the Spanish crown;
And leagues to pull usurpers down?
Of marching armies, distant wars;
Of factions, and domestic jars?
Sure these are last night's dreams, no more:
Or some romance, read lately o'er;
Like Homer's antique tale of Troy,
And powers confederate to destroy

Priam's proud house, the Dardan name,
With him that stole the ravish'd dame,
And, to possess another's right,
Durst the whole world to arms excite.
Come, gentle Sleep, my eye-lids close,
These dull impressions help me lose:
Let Fancy take her wing, and find
Some better dream to soothe my mind;
Or, waking, let me learn to live;
The prospect will instruction give.
For see, where beauteous Thames does glide.
Serene, but with a fruitful tide;
Free from extremes of ebb and flow,
Not swell'd too high, nor sunk too low:
Such let my life's smooth current be,
Till, from time's narrow shore set free,
It mingle with the' eternal sea;
And, there enlarg'd, shall be no more
That trifling thing it was before.

WRITTEN IN A WINDOW

AT GREENHITHE.

GREAT president of light, and eye of day,
As through this glass you cast your visual ray,
And view with nuptial joys two brothers bless'd,
And see us celebrate the genial feast,
Confess that in your progress round the sphere,
You've found the happiest youths and brightest beauties here.

THE TOASTERS.

While circling healths inspire your sprightly wit,
And on each glass some beauty's praise is writ,
You ask, my friends, how can my silent muse
To Montague's soft name a verse refuse?
Bright though she be, of race victorious sprung,
By wits ador'd, and by court-poets sung;
Unmov'd I hear her person call'd divine,
I see her features uninspiring shine;
A softer fair my soul to transport warms,
And, she once nam'd, no other nymph has charms.

TOFTS AND MARGARETTA.

Music has learn'd the discords of the state,
And concerts jar with whig and tory hate.
Here Somerset and Devonshire attend
The British Tofts, and every note commend;
To native merit just, and pleas'd to see
We've Roman arts, from Roman bondage free:
There fam'd L'Epine does equal skill employ,
While listening peers crowd to the' ecstatic joy:
Bedford, to hear her song, his dice forsakes,
And Nottingham is raptur'd when she shakes:
Lull'd statesmen melt away their drowsy cares
Of England's safety, in Italian airs.
Who would not send each year blank passes o'er,
Rather than keep such strangers from our shore?

THE MORNING APPARITION.

WRITTEN AT WALLINGTON-HOUSE, IN SURREY, THE SEAT OF MR. BRIDGES.

All things were hush'd, as noise itself were dead;
No midnight mice stirr'd round my silent bed;
Not e'en a gnat disturb'd the peace profound,
Dumb o'er my pillow hung my watch unwound;
No ticking deathworm told a fancied doom,
Nor hidden cricket chirrup'd in the room;
No breeze the casement shook, or fann'd the leaves,
Nor drops of rain fell soft from off the eaves;
Nor noisy splinter made the candle weep,
But the dim watchlight seem'd itself asleep,
When tir'd I clos'd my eyes—How long I lay
In slumber wrap'd, I list not now to say:
When hark! a sudden noise.—See! open flies
The yielding door—I, starting, rub'd my eyes,
Fast clos'd awhile; and as their lids I rear'd,
Full at my feet a tall thin form appear'd,
While through my parted curtains rushing broke
A light like day, ere yet the figure spoke.
Cold sweat bedew'd my limbs—Nor did I dream;
Hear, mortals, hear! for real truth's my theme.
And now, more bold, I rais'd my trembling bones
To look—when lo! 'twas honest master Jones [1];
Who wav'd his hand, to banish fear and sorrow,
Well charg'd with toast and sack, and cried 'Good morrow!'

[1] The Butler.

WRITTEN IN A WINDOW

AT WALLINGTON-HOUSE,

THEN THE SEAT OF MRS. ELIZABETH BRIDGES, 1719.

ENVY, if thy searching eye
Through this window chance to pry,
To thy sorrow thou shalt find,
All that's generous, friendly, kind,
Goodness, virtue, every grace,
Dwelling in this happy place:
Then, if thou would'st shun this sight,
Hence for ever take thy flight.

THE WANDERING BEAUTY.

THE graces and the wandering loves
  Are fled to distant plains,
To chase the fawns, or deep in groves
  To wound admiring swains.
With their bright mistress there they stray,
  Who turns her careless eyes
From daily triumphs; yet, each day,
Beholds new triumphs in her way,
  And conquers while she flies.

But, see! implor'd by moving prayers,
  To change the lover's pain,
Venus her harness'd doves prepares,
  And brings the fair again.

Proud mortals, who this maid pursue,
  Think you she'll e'er resign?
Cease, fools, your wishes to renew,
Till she grows flesh and blood like you,
  Or you, like her, divine!

THE HUE AND CRY.

O YES!—Hear, all ye beaux and wits,
Musicians, poets, 'squires, and cits,
All, who in town or country dwell!
Say, can you tale or tidings tell
Of Tortorella's hasty flight?
Why in new groves she takes delight,
And if in concert, or alone,
The cooing murmurer makes her moan?
  Now learn the marks, by which you may
Trace out and stop the lovely stray!
  Some wit, more folly, and no care,
Thoughtless her conduct, free her air;
Gay, scornful, sober, indiscreet,
In whom all contradictions meet;
Civil, affronting, peevish, easy,
Form'd both to charm you and displease you;
Much want of judgment, none of pride,
Modish her dress, her hoop full wide;
Brown skin, her eyes of sable hue;
Angel, when pleas'd; when vex'd, a shrew.
  Genteel her motion when she walks,
Sweetly she sings, and loudly talks;
Knows all the world, and its affairs,
Who goes to court, to plays, to prayers;

Who keeps, who marries, fails, or thrives,
Leads honest or dishonest lives:
What money match'd each youth or maid,
And who was at each masquerade;
Of all fine things in this fine town,
She's only to herself unknown.

By this description, if you meet her,
With lowly bows and homage greet her;
And if you bring the vagrant beauty
Back to her mother and her duty;
Ask for reward a lover's bliss,
And (if she'll let you) take a kiss;
Or more, if more you wish and may,
Try if at church the words she'll say,
Then make her, if you can—'obey.'

BEAUTY,

AN ODE.

Fair rival to the god of day,
Beauty! to thy celestial ray
A thousand sprightly fruits we owe;
Gay wit, and moving eloquence,
And every art to' improve the sense,
And every grace that shines below.

Not Phœbus does our songs inspire,
Nor did Cyllenius form the lyre,
'Tis thou art music's living spring;
To thee the poet tunes his lays,
And, sweetly warbling beauty's praise,
Describes the power that makes him sing.

Painters from thee their skill derive,
By thee their works to ages live,
  For ev'n thy shadows give surprise;
As when we view in crystal streams
The morning sun, and rising beams,
  That seem to shoot from other skies.

Enchanting vision! who can be
Unmov'd that turns his eyes on thee?
  Yet brighter still thy glories shine,
And double charms thy power improve,
When beauty, dress'd in smiles of love,
  Grows, like its parent heaven, divine.'

TRANSLATED FROM PERSIAN VERSES,

ALLUDING TO THE CUSTOM OF WOMEN BEING BURIED WITH THEIR HUSBANDS, AND MEN WITH THEIR WIVES.

ETERNAL are the chains which here
  The gen'rous souls of lovers bind,
When Hymen joins our hands, we swear
  To be for ever true and kind;
And when, by death, the fair are snatch'd away,
  Lest we our solemn vows should break,
In the same grave our living corpse we lay,
  And willing the same fate partake.

ODE IN PRAISE OF MUSIC.

(PERFORMED AT STATIONERS' HALL, 1703.)

Descende Cœlo, et dic age tibia
Regina longum Calliope melos!
Seu voce nunc mavis acuta,
Seu fidibus, citharave Phœbi.
HOR.

AWAKE, celestial harmony!
Awake, celestial harmony!
Turn thy vocal sphere around,
Goddess of melodious sound!
Let the trumpet's shrill voice,
And the drum's thundering noise,
Rouse every dull mortal from sorrows profound.
See, see!
The mighty power of harmony!
Behold how soon its charms can chase
Grief and gloom from every face!
How swift its raptures fly,
And thrill through every soul, and brighten every [eye!

Proceed, sweet charmer of the ear!
Proceed; and through the mellow flute,
The moving lyre,
And solitary lute,
Melting airs soft joys inspire:
Airs for drooping hope to hear,
Melting as a lover's prayer;
Joys to flatter dull despair,
And softly soothe the amorous fire.

CHORUS.

Melting airs soft joys inspire:
Airs for drooping hope to hear,
Melting as a lover's prayer;
Joys to flatter dull despair,
And softly soothe the amorous fire.

Now let the sprightly violin
A louder strain begin:
And now
Let the deep-mouth'd organ blow,
Swell it high, and sink it low.
Hark!—how the treble and bass
In wanton fugues each other chase,
And swift divisions run their airy race!
Through all the travers'd scale they fly,
In winding labyrinths of harmony:
By turns they rise and fall, by turns we live and die.

CHORUS.

In winding labyrinths of harmony,
Through all the travers'd scale they fly;
By turns they rise and fall, by turns we live and die.

Ye sons of art, once more renew your strains;
In loftier verse, and loftier lays,
Your voices raise,
To music's praise!
A nobler song remains,
Sing how the great Creator-God,
On wings of flaming cherubs rode,
To make a world; and round the dark abyss,
Turn'd the golden [1] compasses,

[1] Milton.

The compasses in fate's high storehouse found;
' Thus far extend, (he said) be this,
O world, thy measur'd bound.'
Meanwhile a thousand harps were play'd on high;
Be this thy measur'd bound,
Was echo'd all around;
And now arise, ye earth, and seas, and sky!
A thousand voices made reply,
' Arise, ye earth, and seas, and sky!'

What can music's power control?
When nature's sleeping soul
Perceiv'd the' enchanting sound
It wak'd, and shook off foul deformity;
The mighty melody
Nature's secret chains unbound;
And earth arose, and seas, and sky.
Aloft expanded spheres were slung,
With shining luminaries hung;
A vast creation stood display'd,
By Heaven's inspiring music made.

CHORUS.

O wondrous force of harmony!

Divinest art, whose fame shall never cease!
Thy honour'd voice proclaim'd the Saviour's birth:
When Heaven vouchsaf'd to treat with earth,
Music was herald of the peace:
Thy voice could best the joyful tidings tell;
Immortal mercy! boundless love!
A God descending from above,
To conquer death and hell.

There yet remains an hour of fate,
When music must again its charms employ;
The trumpet's sound
Shall call the numerous nations under ground.
The numerous nations straight
Appear; and some with grief, and some with joy,
Their final sentence wait.

GRAND CHORUS.

Then other arts shall pass away:
Proud architecture shall in ruins lie,
And painting fade and die,
Nay earth, and heaven itself, in wasteful fire decay.
Music alone, and poësy,
Triumphant o'er the flame, shall see
The world's last blaze:
The tuneful sisters shall embrace,
And praise and sing, and sing and praise,
In never-ceasing choirs to all eternity.

ODE

TO THE CREATOR OF THE WORLD:

Occasioned by the Fragments of Orpheus.

Quid prius dicam solitis parentis
Laudibus?——
Qui mare et terras variisque mundum
Temperat horis?
Unde nil majus generatur ipso,
Nec viget quicquam simile aut secundum.

HOR.

INTRODUCTION.

THAT the praises of the Author of Nature, which is the fittest subject for the sublime way of writing, was the most ancient use of poetry, cannot be learned from a more proper instance (next to examples of holy writ) than from the Greek fragments of Orpheus; a relic of great antiquity. They contain several verses concerning God, and his making and governing the universe; which, though imperfect, have many noble hints and lofty expressions. Yet, whether these verses were indeed written by that celebrated father of poetry and music, who preceded Homer; or by Onomacritus, who lived about the time of Pisistratus, and only contain some of the doctrines of Orpheus, is a question of little use or importance.

A large paraphrase of these in French verse has been prefixed to the translation of Phocylides, but

in a flat style, much inferior to the design. The following Ode (with many alterations and additions proper to a modern poem) is attempted upon the same model, in a language which, having stronger sinews than the French, is, by the confession of their best critic Rapin, more capable of sustaining great subjects.

ODE.

O MUSE unfeign'd! O true celestial fire,
Brighter than that which rules the day;
Descend! a mortal tongue inspire
To sing some great immortal lay!
Begin, and strike aloud the consecrated lyre!
Hence, ye profane! be far away!
Hence all ye impious slaves that bow
To idol lusts, or altars raise,
And to false heroes give fantastic praise!
And hence, ye gods, who to a crime your spurious beings owe!
But hear, O heaven, and earth, and seas profound!
Hear, ye fathom'd deeps below,
And let your echoing vaults repeat the sound;
Let nature, trembling all around,
Attend her master's awful name,
From whom heaven, earth, and seas, and all the wide creation came.

He spoke the great command; and light,
Heaven's eldest-born and fairest child,
Flash'd in the louring face of ancient night,
And, pleas'd with its own birth, serenely smil'd.

The sons of morning, on the wing,
Hovering in choirs, his praises sung.
When from the' unbounded vacuous space
A beauteous rising world they saw,
When nature show'd her yet unfinish'd face,
And motion took the' establish'd law
To roll the various globes on high;
When time was taught his infant wings to try,
And from the barrier sprung to his appointed race.

Supreme, Almighty, still the same!
'Tis He, the great inspiring mind,
That animates and moves this universal frame,
Present at once in all, and by no place confin'd.
Not heaven itself can bound his sway;
Beyond the' untravell'd limits of the sky,
Invisible to mortal eye
He dwells in uncreated day,
Without beginning, without end; 'tis he
That fills the' unmeasur'd growing orb of vast immensity.

What power but his can rule the changeful main,
And wake the sleeping storm, or its loud rage restrain?
When winds their gather'd forces try,
And the chaf'd ocean proudly swells in vain,
His voice reclaims the' impetuous roar;
In murmuring tides the' abated billows fly,
And the spent tempest dies upon the shore.
The meteor world is his, heaven's wintry store,
The moulded hail, the feather'd snow;
The summer breeze, the soft refreshing shower,
The loose divided cloud, and many-colour'd bow;

The crooked lightning darts around,
His sovereign orders to fulfil;
The shooting flame obeys the' eternal will,
Launch'd from his hand, instructed where to kill,
Or rive the mountain oak, or blast the' unshelter'd ground.

Yet, pleas'd to bless, indulgent to supply,
He, with a father's tender care,
Supports the numerous family
That peoples earth, and sea, and air.
From nature's giant race, the' enormous elephant
Down to the insect worm and creeping ant;
From the' eagle, sovereign of the sky,
To each inferior feather'd brood;
From crowns and purple majesty
To humble shepherds on the plains;
His hand unseen divides to all their food,
And the whole world of life sustains.

At one wide view his eye surveys
His works, in every distant clime;
He shifts the seasons, months, and days,
The short-liv'd offspring of revolving time;
By turns they die, by turns are born;
Now cheerful Spring the circle leads,
And strows with flowers the smiling meads;
Gay Summer next, whom russet robes adorn,
And waving fields of yellow corn;
Then Autumn, who with lavish stores the lap of nature spreads;
Decrepit Winter, laggard in the dance,
(Like feeble age oppress'd with pain)
A heavy season does maintain,

With driving snows, and winds, and rain;
Till spring, recruited to advance,
The various year rolls round again.

But who, thou great Ador'd! who can withstand
The terrors of thy lifted hand,
When long provok'd, thy wrath awakes,
And conscious nature to her centre shakes?
Rais'd by thy voice, the thunder flies,
Hurling pale fear and wild confusion round,
How dreadful is the' inimitable sound,
The shock of earth and seas, and labour of the skies!
Then, where's ambition's haughty crest?
Where the gay head of wanton pride?
See! tyrants fall, and wish the opening ground
Would take them quick to shades of rest,
And in their common parent's breast
From thee their buried forms for ever hide;
In vain—for all the elements conspire,
The shatter'd earth, the rushing sea,
Tempestuous air, and raging fire,
To punish vile mankind, and fight for thee;
Nor death itself can intercept the blow,
Eternal is the guilt, and without end the woe.

O Cyrus! Alexander! Julius! all
Ye mighty lords that ever rul'd this ball!
Once gods of earth, the living destinies
That made a hundred nations bow!
Where's your extent of empire now?
Say, where preserv'd your phantom glory lies?
Can brass the fleeting thing secure?
Enshrin'd in temples does it stay?
Or in huge amphitheatres endure
The rage of rolling time, and scorn decay?

Ah no! the mouldering monuments of fame
  Your vain deluded hopes betray,
Nor show the' ambitious founder's name,
Mix'd with yourselves in the same mass of clay.

Proceed my muse! Time's wasting thread pursue,
  And see at last the' unravel'd clue,
When cities sink, and kingdoms are no more,
And weary nature shall her work give o'er,
  Behold the' Almighty Judge on high!
  See in his hand the book of fate!
  Myriads of spirits fill the sky
  To' attend, with dread solemnity,
The world's last scene, and time's concluding date.
The feeble race of short-liv'd vanity
  And sickly pomp at once shall die;
Foul guilt to midnight caves will shrink away,
  Look back, and tremble in her flight,
  And curse at Heaven's pursuing light.
Surrounded with the vengeance of that day,
How will you then, ye impious, 'scape your dooms;
  Self-judg'd, abandon'd, overcome?
Your clouds of painted bliss shall melt before your sight.
Yet shall you not the giddy chase refrain,
  Nor hope more solid bliss to' obtain,
Nor once repeat the joys you knew before;
But sigh, a long eternity of pain,
Tost in an ocean of desire, yet never find a shore.

But see where the mild Sovereign sits prepar'd
  His better subjects to reward!—
  Where am I now? what power divine
Transports me? what immortal splendors shine?

Torrents of glory that oppress the sight!
What joys, celestial King! thy throne surround,
The sun, who, with thy borrow'd beams so bright,
Sees not his peer in all the starry round,
  Would here diminish'd fade away,
  Like his pale sister of the night,
When she resigns her delegated light,
    Lost in the blaze of day.
  Here wonder only can take place;—
  Then, Muse, the' adventurous flight forbear!
These mystic scenes thou canst no further trace;
Hope may some boundless future bliss embrace,
  But what, or when, or how, or where,
Are mazes all, which fancy runs in vain;
Nor can the narrow cells of human brain
The vast immeasurable thought contain.

THE ECSTASY.

AN ODE.

Me vero primum dulces ante omnia musæ
Accipiant, cœlique vias et sidera monstrent.'
VIRG.

ADVERTISEMENT.

It may be proper to acquaint the reader, that the following poem was begun on the model of a Latin ode of Casimire, entituled 'E Rebus Humanis Excessus,' from which it is plain that Cowley likewise took the first hint of his ode called 'The Ecstasy.' The former part, therefore, is chiefly an imitation of that ode, though with considerable variations, and the addition of the whole second stanza, except the first three lines: but the plan itself seeming capable of a further improvement, the latter part, which attempts a short view of the heavens according to the modern philosophy, is entirely original, and not founded on any thing in the Latin author.

I leave mortality's low sphere.
Ye winds and clouds come lift me high,
And on your airy pinions bear
Swift through the regions of the sky.
What lofty mountains downward fly!

And lo, how wide a space of air
Extends new prospects to my eye!
The gilded fanes, reflecting light,
And royal palaces, as bright,
(The rich abodes
Of heavenly and of earthly gods)
Retire apace; whole cities too
Decrease beneath my rising view.
And now far off the rolling globe appears;
Its scatter'd nations I survey,
And all the mass of earth and sea;
Oh, object well deserving tears!
Capricious state of things below, [know!
That, changeful from their birth, no fix'd duration

Here new-built towns, aspiring high,
Ascend, with lofty turrets crown'd;
There others fall, and mouldering lie,
Obscure, or only by their ruins found,
Palmyra's far-extended waste I spy,
(Once Tadmor, ancient in renown)
Her marble heaps, by the wild Arab shown,
Still load with useless pomp the ground.
But where is lordly Babylon? where now
Lifts she to Heaven her giant brow?
Where does the wealth of Nineveh abound?
Or where's the pride of Afric's shore?
Is Rome's great rival then no more?
In Rome herself behold the' extremes of fate,
Her ancient greatness sunk, her modern boasted
See her luxurious palaces arise, [state!
With broken arches mix'd between,
And here what splendid domes possess the skies!

And there old temples, open to the day,
Their walls o'ergrown with moss display:
And columns, awful in decay, [scene.
Rear up their roofless heads to form the various

Around the space of earth I turn my eye;
But where's the region free from woe?
Where shall the Muse one little spot descry
The seat of happiness below?
Here peace would all its joys dispense,
The vines and olives unmolested grow,
But lo! a purple pestilence
Unpeoples cities, sweeps the plains,
Whilst vainly through deserted fields
Her unreap'd harvests Ceres yields,
And at the noon of day a midnight silence reigns.
There milder heat the healthful climate warms,
But, slaves to arbitrary power,
And pleas'd each other to devour,
The mad possessors rush to arms.
I see, I see them from afar,
I view distinct the mingled war!
I see the changing squadrons press'd
Hand to hand, and breast to breast.
Destruction, like a vulture, hovers nigh;
Lur'd with the hope of human blood,
She hangs upon the wing, uncertain where to fly,
But licks her drouthy jaws, and waits the promis'd food.

Here cruel Discord takes a wider scene,
To exercise more unrelenting rage;
Appointed fleets their numerous powers engage,
With scarce a space of sea between.

Hark! what a brazen burst of thunder
Rends the elements asunder!
Affrighted Ocean flies the roar,
And drives the billows to the distant shore;
The distant shore,
That such a storm ne'er felt before,
Transmits it to the rocks around; [sound.
The rocks and hollow creeks prolong the rolling

Still greater horrors strike my eyes.
Behold convulsive earthquakes there
And shatter'd land in pieces tear,
And ancient cities sink, and sudden mountains rise!
Through opening mines the' astonish'd wretches go,
Hurried to unknown depths below.
The buried ruin sleeps; and nought remains
But dust above and desert plains,
Unless some stone this sad inscription wear,]
Rais'd by some future traveller,
'The prince, his people, and his kingdom, here,
One common tomb contains.'

Again, behold where seas, disdaining bound,
O'er the firm land usurping ride,
And bury spacious towns beneath their sweeping tide. [sound.
Dash'd with the sudden flood the vaulted temples
Waves roll'd on waves, deep burying deep, lift high
A watery monument, in which profound
The courts and cottages together lie,
Ev'n now the floating wreck I spy,
And the wide surface far around
With spoils of plunder'd countries crown'd,

Such, Belgia, was the ravage and affright,
When late thou saw'st thy ancient foe
Swell o'er thy dikes, oppos'd in vain,
With deadly rage, and rising in its might
Pour down swift ruin on thy plains below.
Thus fire, and air, and earth, and main,
A never-ceasing fight maintain,
While man on every side is sure to lose;
And fate has furnish'd out the stage of life
With war, misfortune, and with strife; [woes.
Till death the curtain drops, and shuts the scene of

But why do I delay my flight?
Or on such gloomy objects gaze?
I go to realms serene with ever-living light.
Haste, clouds and whirlwinds, haste a raptur'd bard to raise;
Mount me sublime along the shining way,
Where planets, in pure streams of ether driv'n,
Swim through the blue expanse of heav'n.
And lo! the' obsequious clouds and winds obey!
And lo! again the nations downward fly,
And wide-stretch'd kingdoms perish from my eye.
Heaven! what bright visions now arise!
What opening worlds my ravish'd sense surprise!
I pass cerulean gulfs, and now behold
New solid globes their weight, self-balanc'd, bear,
Unprop'd amidst the fluid air, [roll'd.
And all, around the central sun, in circling eddies
Unequal in their course see they advance,
And form the planetary dance!
Here the pale moon, whom the same laws ordain
To' obey the earth, and rule the main;

Here spots no more in shadowy streaks appear;
But lakes instead, and groves of trees,
The wondering muse transported sees,
And their tall heads discover'd mountains rear.
And now once more I downward cast my sight,
When lo! the earth, a larger moon, displays
Far off, amidst the heavens, her silver face,
And to her sister moon by turns gives light!
Her seas are shadowy spots, her land a milky white.

What power unknown my course still upwards guides,
Where Mars is seen his ruddy rays to throw
Through heatless skies that round him seem to glow,
And where remoter Jove o'er his four moons pre- [sides?
And now I urge my way more bold,
Unpierc'd by Saturn's chilling cold, [behold.
And pass his planetary guards, and his bright ring
Here the sun's beams so faintly play,
The mingled shades almost extinguish day.
His rays reverted hence the fire withdraws,
For here his wide dominions end;
And other suns, that rule by other laws,
Hither their bordering realms extend.

And now far off through the blue vacant borne,
I reach at last the milky road,
Once thought to lead to Jove's supreme abode,
Where stars, profuse in heaps, heaven's glittering heights adorn.
Lost in each other's neighbouring rays,
They undistinguish'd shine in one promiscuous blaze.

So thick the lucid gems are strown,
As if the' Almighty builder here
Laid up his stores for many a sphere
In destin'd worlds, as yet unknown.
Hither the nightly-wakeful swain,
That guards his folds upon the plain,
Oft turns his gazing eyes,
Yet marks no stars, but o'er his head
Beholds the streamy twilight spread,
Like distant morning in the skies;
And wonders from what source its dawning splendors rise.

But lo!—what's this I see appear?
It seems far off a pointed flame;
From earth-wards too the shining meteor came.
How swift it climbs th' aerial space!
And now it traverses each sphere,
And seems some living guest, familiar to the place.
'Tis he—as I approach more near,
The great Columbus of the skies I know!
'Tis Newton's soul, that daily travels here
In search of knowledge for mankind below.
O stay, thou happy spirit, stay,
And lead me on through all the' unbeaten wilds of day;
As when the Sibyl did Rome's father guide
Safe through the downward roads of night,
And in Elysium bless'd his sight
With views till then to mortal eyes denied.
Here let me, thy companion, stray
From orb to orb, and now behold
Unnumber'd suns, all seas of molten gold;
And trace each comet's wandering way,

And now descry light's fountain-head,
And measure its descending speed;
Or learn how sun-born colours rise
In rays distinct, and in the skies
Blended in yellow radiance flow,
Or stain the fleecy cloud, or streak the watry bow;
Or now diffus'd their beauteous tinctures shed
On every planet's rising hills, and every verdant
mead.

Thus, rais'd sublime on contemplation's wings,
Fresh wonders I would still explore,
Still the great Maker's power adore,
Lost in the thought—nor ever more
Return to earth, and earthly things;
But here with native freedom take my flight,
An inmate of the heavens, adopted into light!
So for a while the royal eagle's brood
In his low nest securely lies,
Amid the darkness of the sheltering wood,
Yet there with in-born vigour hopes the skies:
Till fledg'd with wings full-grown, and bold to rise,
The bird of heaven to heaven aspires,
Soars midst the meteors and celestial fires,
With generous pride his humbler birth disdains,
And bears the thunder through the' ethereal plains.

TO MR. ADDISON,

ON HIS TRAGEDY OF CATO.

THOUGH Cato shines in Virgil's epic song,
Prescribing laws among the' Elysian throng;
Though Lucan's verse, exalted by his name,
O'er gods themselves has rais'd the hero's fame;
The Roman stage did ne'er his image see,
Drawn at full length; a task reserv'd for thee.
By thee we view the finish'd figure rise,
And awful march before our ravish'd eyes;
We hear his voice, asserting virtue's cause;
His fate renew'd our deep attention draws,
Excites by turns our various hopes and fears,
And all the patriot in thy scene appears.
On Tiber's bank thy thought was first inspir'd:
'Twas there, to some indulgent grove retir'd,
Rome's ancient fortunes rolling in thy mind,
Thy happy muse this manly work design'd:
Or in a dream thou saw'st Rome's genius stand,
And, leading Cato in his sacred hand,
Point out the' immortal subject of thy lays,
And ask this labour to record his praise.
'Tis done—the hero lives and charms our age!
While nobler morals grace the British stage.
Great Shakspeare's ghost, the solemn strain to hear,
(Methinks I see the laurel'd shade appear!)
Will hover o'er the scene, and wondering view
His favourite Brutus rival'd thus by you.
Such Roman greatness in each action shines,
Such Roman eloquence adorns your lines,

That sure the Sibyls' books this year foretold,
And in some mystic leaf was found inroll'd,
'Rome, turn thy mournful eyes from Afric's shore,
Nor in her sands thy Cato's tomb explore!
When thrice six hundred times the circling sun
His annual race shall through the zodiac run,
An isle remote his monument shall rear,
And every generous Briton pay a tear.'

ADVICE TO MR. POPE,

ON HIS

INTENDED TRANSLATION OF HOMER'S ILIAD, 1714.

O THOU, who, with a happy genius born,
Canst tuneful verse in flowing numbers turn,
Crown'd on thy Windsor's plains with early bays,
Be early wise, nor trust to barren praise.
Blind was the bard that sung Achilles' rage,
He sung, and begg'd, and curs'd the' ungiving age.
If Britain his translated song would hear,
First take the gold—then charm the listening ear;
So shall thy father Homer smile to see
His pension paid—though late, and paid to thee.

TO MR. CONSTANTINE,

ON HIS PAINTINGS.

WHILE o'er the cloth thy happy pencil strays,
And the pleas'd eye its artful course surveys,
Behold the magic power of shade and light!
A new creation opens to our sight.

Here tufted groves rise boldly to the sky,
There spacious lawns more distant charm the eye:
The crystal lakes in borrow'd tinctures shine,
And misty hills the fair horizon join,
Lost in the azure borders of the day,
Like sounds remote that die in air away.
The peopled prospect various pleasure yields,
Sheep grace the hills, and herds or swains the fields;
Harmonious order o'er the whole presides,
And Nature crowns the work which Judgment guides.

Nor with less skill display'd by thee appear
The different products of the fertile year;
While fruits with imitated ripeness glow,
And sudden flowers beneath thy pencil blow.
Such, and so various, thy extensive hand,
Oft in suspense the pleas'd spectators stand,
Doubtful to choose, and fearing still to err,
When to thyself they would thyself prefer.
So when the rival gods at Athens strove,
By wondrous works, their power divine to prove,
As Neptune's trident struck the teeming earth,
Here the proud horse upstarted to his birth;
And there, as Pallas bless'd the fruitful scene,
The spreading olive rear'd its stately green;
In dumb surprise the gazing crowds were lost,
Nor knew on which to fix their wonder most.

TO THE MEMORY OF MILTON.

HOMER'S DESCRIPTION OF HIMSELF,

Under the Character of Demodochus the Musician, at the Feast of King Alcinous.

FROM THE EIGHTH BOOK OF THE ODYSSEY.

THE muse with transport lov'd him; yet, to fill
His various lot, she blended good with ill;
Depriv'd him of his eyes, but did impart
The heavenly gift of song, and all the tuneful art.

THE CHARACTER

OF THE LADY HENRIETTA CAVENDISH HOLLES, 1712-13.

SUCH early wisdom, such a lovely face,
Such modest greatness, such attractive grace;
Wit, beauty, goodness, charity, and truth,
The riper sense of age, the bloom of youth!
Whence is it, that in one fair piece we find
Those various beauties of the female kind?
Sure but in one such different charms agree,
And Henrietta is that phœnix-she.

TRUTH, HONOUR, HONESTY:

THE MOTTO

CHOSEN BY LADY HENRIETTA CAVENDISH HOLLES.

In thee, bright maid, though all the virtues shine
With rival beams, and every grace is thine,
Yet three, distinguish'd by thy early voice,
Excite our praise, and well deserve thy choice.

Immortal Truth in heaven itself displays
Her charms celestial-born, and purest rays,
Which thence in streams, like golden sunshine, flow,
And shed their light on minds like yours below.

Fair Honour, next in beauty and in grace,
Shines in her turn, and claims the second place;
She fills the well-born soul with noble fires,
And generous thoughts and godlike acts inspires.

Then Honesty, with native air, succeeds,
Plain is her look, unartful are her deeds;
And, just alike to friends and foes, she draws
The bounds of right and wrong, nor errs from equal
laws.

From Heaven this scale of virtue thus descends,
By just degrees, and thy full choice defends:
So when, in visionary trains, by night
Attending angels bless'd good Jacob's sight,
The mystic ladder thus appear'd to rise,
Its foot on earth, its summit in the skies.

MONUMENTAL ODE,

TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. ELIZABETH HUGHES,

Late Wife of Edward Hughes, Esq. of Hertingfordbury in the County of Hertford, and Daughter of Richard Harrison, Esq. of Balls, in the same County. Obiit Nov. 15, 1714.

SEE! how those drooping monuments decay!
Frail mansions of the silent dead,
Whose souls, to uncorrupting regions fled,
With a wise scorn their mouldering dust survey.
Their tombs are rais'd from dust as well as they;
For see! to dust they both return,
And time consumes alike the ashes and the urn.

We ask the sculptor's art in vain
To make us for a space ourselves survive;
In Parian stone we proudly breathe again,
Or seem in figur'd brass to live.
Yet stone and brass our hopes betray,
Age steals the mimic forms and characters away.
In vain, O Egypt, to the wondering skies
With giant pride thy pyramids arise;
Whate'er their vast and gloomy vaults contain;
No names distinct of their great dead remain.
Beneath the mass confus'd, in heaps thy monarchs [lie,
Unknown, and blended in mortality.

To death ourselves and all our works we owe.
But is there nought, O muse, can save
Our memories from darkness and the grave,
And some short after-life bestow?

'That task is mine,' the muse replies:—
And hark! she tunes the sacred lyre!
Verse is the last of human works that dies,
When virtue does the song inspire.

Then look, Eliza, happy saint, look down!
Pause from immortal joys a while
To hear, and gracious with a smile
The dedicated numbers own;
Say how in thy life's scanty space,
So short a space, so wondrous bright,
Bright as a summer's day, short as a summer's night,
Could'st thou find room for every crowded grace?
As if the thrifty soul foreknew,
Like a wise envoy, Heaven's intent,
Soon to recal whom it had sent,
And all its task resolv'd at once to do.
Or wert thou but a traveller below,
That hither didst a while repair,
Curious our customs and our laws to know?
And, sickening in our grosser air,
And tir'd of vain repeated sights,
Our foolish cares, our false delights,
Back to thy native seats would'st go?
Oh! since to us thou wilt no more return,
Permit thy friends, the faithful few
Who best thy numerous virtues knew,
Themselves, not thee, to mourn.

Now, pensive muse, enlarge thy flight!
(By turns the pensive muses love
The hilly heights and shady grove)
Behold where, swelling to the sight,
Balls, a fair structure, graceful stands

And from yon verdant rising brow
Sees Hertford's ancient town, and lands
Where Nature's hand in slow meanders leads
The Lee's clear stream its course to flow
Through flowery vales, and moisten'd meads,
And far around in beauteous prospects spreads
Her map of plenty all below.
'Twas here—and sacred be the spot of earth!
Eliza's soul, borne first above,
Descended to an humbler birth,
And with a mortal's frailties strove.
So, on some towering peak that meets the sky,
When missive seraphs downward fly,
They stop, and for a while alight,
Put off their rays celestial bright,
Then take some milder form familiar to our eye.

Swiftly her infant virtues grew;
Water'd by Heaven's peculiar care,
Her morning bloom was doubly fair,
Like summer's day-break, when we see
The fresh-dropt stores of rosy dew
(Transparent beauties of the dawn)
Spread o'er the grass their cobweb-lawn,
Or hang moist pearls on every tree.
Pleas'd with the lovely sight a-while
Her friends behold, and joyful smile,
Nor think the sun's exhaling ray
Will change the scene ere noon of day,
Dry up the glistering drops, and draw those dews
away.

Yet first, to fill her orb of life
Behold, in each relation dear,

The pious saint, the duteous child appear,
The tender sister, and the faithful wife.
Alas! but must one circlet of the year
Unite in bliss, in grief divide
The destin'd bridegroom and the bride?
Stop, generous youth, the gathering tear,
That, as you read these lines or hear,
Perhaps may start, and seem to say,
That short-liv'd year, was but a day!
Forbear—nor fruitless sorrowings now employ,
Think she was lent a while, not given,
(Such was the' appointed will of Heaven)
Then grateful call that year an age of virtuous joy.

A FRAGMENT.

O SAY, ye saints who shine in realms above,
And tune your harps to sing eternal love,
When shall my voice attain your high degree;
When shall my soul, from clouds of sorrow free,
Hear your celestial song, and aid the harmony?

AN ALLUSION TO HORACE,

BOOK I. ODE XXII.

Printed at the breaking out of the Rebellion, in the year 1715.

THE man that loves his king and nation,
And shuns each vile association,
That trusts his honest deeds i' the' light,
Nor meets in dark cabals, by night,

With fools, who, after much debate,
Get themselves hang'd, and save the state;
Needs not his hall with weapons store;
Nor dreads each rapping at his door;
Nor sculks in fear of being known,
Or hides his guilt in parson's gown;
Nor wants, to guard his generous heart,
The poniard or the poison'd dart;
And, but for ornament and pride,
A sword of lath might cross his side.
If o'er St. James's park he stray,
He stops not, pausing in his way;
Nor pulls his hat down o'er his face,
Nor starts, looks back, and mends his pace:
Or if he ramble to the Tower,
He knows no crime, and dreads no power,
But thence returning, free as wind,
Smiles at the bars he left behind.
Thus, as I loiter'd t' other day,
Humming—'O every month was May'—
And, thoughtless how my time I squander'd,
From Whitehall, through the Cockpit wander'd,
A messenger with surly eye
View'd me quite round, and yet pass'd by.
No sharper look or rougher mien
In Scotish Highlands e'er was seen;
Nor ale and brandy ever bred
More pimpled cheeks, or nose more red;
And yet, with both hands in my breast,
Careless I walk'd, nor shun'd the beast.
Place me among a hundred spies,
Let all the room be ears and eyes;
Or search my pocket-books and papers,
No word or line shall give me vapours.

Send me to Whigs as true and hearty
As ever pitied poor Maccarty;
Let Townsend, Sunderland, be there,
Or Robin Walpole in the chair;
Or send me to a club of Tories,
That damn and curse at Marlborough's glories,
And drink (but sure none such there are)—
The devil, the pope, and rebel Mar:
Yet still my loyalty I'll boast,
King George shall ever be my toast;
Unbrib'd his glorious cause I'll own,
And fearless scorn each traitor's frown.

ODE

TO THE LORD CHANCELLOR COWPER.

ANNO 1717.

In Allusion to Horace, Lib. ii. *Ode* xx.

I'M rais'd, transported, chang'd all o'er!
Prepar'd, a towering swan, to soar
Aloft; see, see the down arise,
And clothe my back, and plume my thighs!
My wings shoot forth; now will I try
New tracks, and boldly mount the sky;
Nor envy, nor ill-fortune's spite,
Shall stop my course, or damp my flight.

Shall I, obscure or disesteem'd,
Of vulgar rank henceforth be deem'd?
Or vainly toil my name to save
From dark oblivion and the grave?

No—He can never wholly die,
Secure of immortality,
Whom Britain's Cowper condescends
To own, and numbers with his friends.

'Tis done—I scorn mean honours now;
No common wreaths shall bind my brow.
Whether the muse vouchsafe to' inspire
My breast with the celestial fire;
Whether my verse be fill'd with flame,
Or I deserve a poet's name,
Let Fame be silent; only tell
That generous Cowper loves me well.

Through Britain's realms I shall be known
By Cowper's merit, not my own.
And when the tomb my dust shall hide,
Stripp'd of a mortal's little pride,
Vain pomp be spar'd, and every tear;
Let but some stone this sculpture bear;
'Here lies his clay, to earth consign'd,
To whom great Cowper once was kind.'

THE PATRIOT.

TO WILLIAM EARL COWPER,

LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR OF GREAT BRITAIN.

How godlike is the man, how truly great,
Who, midst contending factions of the state,
In council cool, in resolution bold,
Nor brib'd by hopes, nor by mean fears control'd,
And proof alike against both foes and friends,
Ne'er from the golden mean of virtue bends!

But wisely fix'd, nor to extremes inclin'd,
Maintains the steady purpose of his mind.
So Atlas, pois'd on his broad base, defies
The shock of gathering storms and wintry skies;
Above the clouds, serene, he lifts his brow,
And sees, unmov'd, the thunder break below.
But where's the patriot, by these virtues known,
Unsway'd by others' passions, or his own?
Just to his prince, and to the public true,
That shuns, in all events, each partial view!
That ne'er forgets the whole of things to weigh,
And scorns the short-liv'd wisdom of a day?
If there be one—hold muse, nor more reveal—
(Yet oh, that numbers could his name conceal!)
Thrice happy Britain, of such wealth possess'd!
On thy firm throne, great George, unshaken rest,
Safe in his judgment, on his faith rely,
And prize the worth which kingdoms cannot buy!
Rich in itself, the genuine diamond shines,
And owes its value to its native mines;
Yet set in Britain's crown, drinks ampler rays
Of the sun's light, and casts a wider blaze.
With pleasure we the well-plac'd gem behold,
That adds a lustre to the royal gold.

January 25, 1717-18.

WHAT IS MAN?

O son of man! O creature of a day!
Proud of vain wisdom, with false greatness gay!
Heir of thy father's vice, to whose bad store
Thy guilty days are spent in adding more;

Thou propagated folly!—What in thee
Could Heaven's Supreme, could perfect Wisdom see,
To fix one glance of his regarding eye?
Why art thou chose the favourite of the sky?
While angels wonder at the mercy known,
And scarce the wretch himself the debt immense
will own!

AN IMAGE OF PLEASURE,

IN IMITATION OF AN ODE IN CASIMIRE.

SOLACE of life, my sweet companion lyre!
On this fair poplar bough I'll hang thee high,
While the gay fields all soft delights inspire,
And not one cloud deforms the smiling sky.

While whispering gales, that court the leaves and
flowers,
Play through thy strings, and gently make them
sound,
Luxurious I'll dissolve the flowing hours
In balmy slumbers on the carpet ground.

But see—what sudden gloom obscures the air!
What falling showers impetuous change the day!
Let's rise, my lyre—Ah, pleasure false as fair!
How faithless are thy charms, how short thy stay!

SUPPLEMENT AND CONCLUSION

TO MR. MILTON'S INCOMPARABLE POEM, ENTITLED, 'IL PENSEROSO,' OR THE PENSIVE MAN.

It seems necessary to quote the eight foregoing lines for the right understanding of it.

'And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit, and rightly spell
Of every star that heaven doth shew,
And every herb that sips the dew;
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.'
There let time's creeping winter shed
His hoary snow around my head;
And while I feel, by fast degrees,
My sluggard blood wax chill, and freeze,
Let thought unveil to my fix'd eye
The scenes of deep eternity,
Till life dissolving at the view,
I wake, and find those visions true!

SELECT POEMS

OF

JOHN SHEFFIELD,

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

JOHN SHEFFIELD,

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

A LETTER FROM SEA.

FAIREST! if time and absence can incline
Your heart to wandering thoughts no more than mine;
Then shall my hand, as changeless as my mind,
From your glad eyes a kindly welcome find;
Then while this note my constancy assures,
You'll be almost as pleas'd, as I with yours.
And trust me, when I feel that kind relief,
Absence itself awhile suspends its grief:
So may it do with you, but straight return;
For it were cruel not sometimes to mourn
His fate, who this long time he keeps away,
Mourns all the night, and sighs out all the day;
Grieving yet more, when he reflects that you
Must not be happy, or must not be true.
But since to me it seems a blacker fate
To be inconstant, than unfortunate;
Remember all those vows between us pass'd,
When I from all I value parted last;
May you alike with kind impatience burn,
And something miss, till I with joy return;
And soon may pitying heaven that blessing give,
As in the hopes of that alone I live.

LOVE'S SLAVERY.

GRAVE fops my envy now beget,
  Who did my pity move;
They, by the right of wanting wit,
  Are free from cares of love.

Turks honour fools, because they are
  By that defect secure
From slavery and toils of war,
  Which all the rest endure.

So I, who suffer cold neglect
  And wounds from Celia's eyes,
Begin extremely to respect
  These fools that seem so wise.

'Tis true, they fondly set their hearts
  On things of no delight;
To pass all day for men of parts,
  They pass alone the night.

But Celia never breaks their rest;
  Such servants she disdains;
And so the fops are dully bless'd,
  While I endure her chains.

THE WARNING.

Lovers, who waste your thoughts and youth
  In passion's fond extremes,
Who dream of women's love and truth,
  And doat upon your dreams:

I should not here your fancy take
  From such a pleasing state,
Were you not sure at last to wake,
  And find your fault too late.

Then learn betimes, the love which crowns
  Our cares, is all but wiles;
Compos'd of false fantastic frowns,
  And soft dissembling smiles.

With anger, which sometimes they feign,
  They cruel tyrants prove;
And then turn flatterers again,
  With as affected love.

As if some injury was meant
  To those they kindly us'd,
Those lovers are the most content
  That have been still refus'd.

Since each has in his bosom nurs'd
  A false and fawning foe,
'Tis just and wise, by striking first,
  To 'scape the fatal blow.

TO AMORETTA.

When I held out against your eyes,
  You took the surest course
A heart unwary to surprise,
  You ne'er could take by force.

However, though I strive no more,
  The fort will now be priz'd,
Which, if surrender'd up before,
  Perhaps had been despis'd.

But, gentle Amoretta, though
  I cannot love resist,
Think not, when you have caught me so,
  To use me as you list.

Inconstancy or coldness will
  My foolish heart reclaim :
Then I come off with honour still,
  But you, alas! with shame.

A heart by kindness only gain'd,
  Will a dear conquest prove ;
And, to be kept, must be maintain'd
  At vast expense of love.

THE RECONCILEMENT.

Come, let us now resolve at last
  To live and love in quiet;
We'll tie the knot so very fast,
  That time shall ne'er untie it.

The truest joys they seldom prove,
  Who free from quarrels live;
'Tis the most tender part of love,
  Each other to forgive.

When least I seem'd concern'd, I took
  No pleasure, nor no rest;
And when I feign'd an angry look,
  Alas! I lov'd you best.

Own but the same to me, you'll find
  How bless'd will be our fate;
Oh, to be happy, to be kind,
  Sure never is too late.

THE RELAPSE.

Like children in a starry night,
  When I beheld those eyes before,
I gaz'd with wonder and delight,
  Insensible of all their power.

I play'd about the flame so long,
  At last I felt the scorching fire;
My hopes were weak, my passion strong,
  And I lay dying with desire.

By all the helps of human art,
  I just recover'd so much sense,
As to avoid, with heavy heart,
  The fair, but fatal, influence.

But, since you shine away despair,
  And now my sighs no longer shun,
No Persian in his zealous prayer
  So much adores the rising sun.

If once again my vows displease,
  There never was so lost a lover;
In love, that languishing disease,
  A sad relapse we ne'er recover.

THE RECOVERY.

Sighing and languishing I lay,
  A stranger grown to all delight,
Passing with tedious thoughts the day,
  And with unquiet dreams the night.

For your dear sake, my only care
  Was how my fatal love to hide;
For ever drooping with despair,
  Neglecting all the world beside:

Till, like some angel from above,
  Cornelia came to my relief;
And then I found the joys of love
  Can make amends for all the grief.

Those pleasing hopes I now pursue
  Might fail if you could prove unjust;
But promises from heaven and you,
  Who is so impious to mistrust?

Here all my doubts and troubles end,
  One tender word my soul assures;
Nor am I vain, since I depend
  Not on my own desert, but yours.

THE CONVERT.

Dejected, as true converts die,
  But yet with fervent thoughts inflam'd,
So, fairest! at your feet I lie,
  Of all my sex's faults asham'd.

Too long! alas! have I abus'd
  Love's innocent and sacred flame,
And that divinest power have us'd
  To laugh at, as an idle name.

But since so freely I confess
  A crime which may your scorn produce
Allow me now to make it less
  By any just and fair excuse.

I then did vulgar joys pursue,
  Variety was all my bliss;
But ignorant of love and you,
  How could I choose but do amiss?

If ever now my wandering eyes
  Seek out amusements as before;
If e'er I look, but to despise
  Such charms, and value yours the more;

May sad remorse, and guilty shame,
  Revenge your wrongs on faithless me;
And, what I tremble even to name,
  May I lose all in losing thee!

ON LUCINDA'S DEATH.

Come all ye doleful, dismal cares,
  That ever haunted guilty mind!
The pangs of love when it despairs,
  And all those stings the jealous find:
Alas! heart-breaking though ye be,
Yet welcome, welcome all to me!
Who now have lost—but oh! how much?
  No language, nothing can express,
Except my grief! for she was such,
  That praises would but make her less.
Yet who can ever dare to raise
His voice on her, unless to praise?
Free from her sex's smallest faults,
  And fair as womankind can be;
Tender and warm as lover's thoughts,
  Yet cold to all the world but me.
Of all this nothing now remains,
But only sighs and endless pains!

AN ESSAY ON POETRY.

Of all those arts in which the wise excel,
Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well:
No writing lifts exalted man so high,
As sacred and soul-moving poesy:
No kind of work requires so nice a touch,
And, if well finish'd, nothing shines so much.
But Heaven forbid we should be so profane,
To grace the vulgar with that noble name.
'Tis not a flash of fancy, which sometimes,
Dazzling our minds, sets off the slightest rhymes;
Bright as a blaze, but in a moment done:
True wit is everlasting, like the sun,
Which, though sometimes behind a cloud retir'd,
Breaks out again, and is by all admir'd.
Number and rhyme, and that harmonious sound,
Which not the nicest ear with harshness wound,
Are necessary, yet but vulgar arts;
And all in vain these superficial parts
Contribute to the structure of the whole,
Without a genius too; for that's the soul:
A spirit which inspires the work throughout,
As that of nature moves the world about;
A flame that glows amidst conceptions fit;
Ev'n something of divine, and more than wit;
Itself unseen, yet all things by it shown,
Describing all men, but describ'd by none.
Where dost thou dwell? what caverns of the brain
Can such a vast and mighty thing contain?

When I, at vacant hours, in vain thy absence mourn,
Oh! where dost thou retire? and why dost thou return,
Sometimes with powerful charms to hurry me away,
From pleasures of the night, and business of the day?
Ev'n now, too far transported, I am fain
To check thy course, and use the needful rein.
As all is dullness, when the fancy's bad;
So, without judgment, fancy is but mad:
And judgment has a boundless influence
Not only in the choice of words, or sense,
But on the world, on manners, and on men;
Fancy is but the feather of the pen;
Reason is that substantial useful part,
Which gains the head, while t'other wins the heart.
Here I shall all the various sorts of verse,
And the whole art of poetry rehearse;
But who that task would after Horace do?
The best of masters, and examples too!
Echoes at best, all we can say is vain;
Dull the design, and fruitless were the pain.
'Tis true, the ancients we may rob with ease;
But who with that mean shift himself can please,
Without an actor's pride? A player's art
Is above his, who writes a borrow'd part.
Yet modern laws are made for later faults,
And new absurdities inspire new thoughts:
What need has satire then to live on theft,
When so much fresh occasion still is left?
Fertile our soil, and full of rankest weeds,
And monsters worse than ever Nilus breeds.
But hold, the fools shall have no cause to fear;
'Tis wit and sense that is the subject here:

Defects of witty men deserve a cure;
And those who are so, will ev'n this endure.
First then, of Songs; which now so much abound,
Without his song no fop is to be found;
A most offensive weapon, which he draws
On all he meets, against Apollo's laws.
Though nothing seems more easy, yet no part
Of poetry requires a nicer art;
For as in rows of richest pearl there lies
Many a blemish that escapes our eyes,
The least of which defects is plainly shown
In one small ring, and brings the value down:
So songs should be to just perfection wrought;—
Yet where can one be seen without a fault?
Exact propriety of words and thought;
Expression easy, and the fancy high;
Yet that not seem to creep, nor this to fly;
No words transpos'd, but in such order all,
As wrought with care, yet seem by chance to fall.
Here, as in all things else, is most unfit,
Bare ribaldry, that poor pretence to wit;
Such nauseous songs by a late author[1] made,
Call an unwilling censure on his shade.
Not that warm thoughts of the transporting joy
Can shock the chastest, or the nicest cloy;
But words obscene, too gross to move desire,
Like heaps of fuel, only choke the fire.
On other themes he well deserves our praise;
But palls that appetite he meant to raise.
Next, Elegy, of sweet, but solemn voice,
And of a subject grave, exacts the choice;
The praise of beauty, valour, wit contains;
And there too oft despairing love complains;

[1] The Earl of Rochester.

In vain, alas! for who by wit is mov'd?
That phœnix-she deserves to be belov'd;
But noisy nonsense, and such fops as vex
Mankind, take most with that fantastic sex.
This to the praise of those who better knew;
The many raise the value of the few.
But here (as all our sex too oft have tried)
Women have drawn my wandering thoughts aside.
Their greatest fault, who in this kind have writ,
Is not defect in words, or want of wit;
But should this muse harmonious numbers yield,
And every couplet be with fancy fill'd;
If yet a just coherence be not made
Between each thought; and the whole model laid
So right, that every line may higher rise,
Like goodly mountains, till they reach the skies:
Such trifles may perhaps of late have past,
And may be lik'd awhile, but never last;
'Tis epigram, 'tis point, 'tis what you will,
But not an elegy, nor writ with skill,
No 'Panegyric [2],' nor a 'Cooper's-hill [3].'

A higher flight, and of a happier force,
Are Odes: the Muses' most unruly horse,
That bounds so fierce the rider has no rest,
Here foams at mouth, and moves like one possess'd.
The poet here must be indeed inspir'd,
With fury too, as well as fancy fir'd.
Cowley might boast to have perform'd this part,
Had he with nature join'd the rules of art;
But sometimes diction mean, or verse ill-wrought,
Deadens or clouds his noble frame of thought.
Though all appear in heat and fury done,
The language still must soft and easy run.

[2] Waller's. [3] Denham's

These laws may sound a little too severe;
But judgment yields, and fancy governs here,
Which, though extravagant, this muse allows,
And makes the work much easier than it shows.
Of all the ways that wisest men could find
To mend the age, and mortify mankind,
Satire well-writ has most successful prov'd,
And cures, because the remedy is lov'd.
'Tis hard to write on such a subject more,
Without repeating things said oft before!
Some vulgar errors only we'll remove,
That stain a beauty which we so much love.
Of chosen words some take not care enough,
And think they should be, as the subject, rough;
This poem must be more exactly made,
And sharpest thoughts in smoothest words convey'd.
Some think, if sharp enough, they cannot fail,
As if their only business was to rail:
But human frailty nicely to unfold,
Distinguishes a satyr from a scold.
Rage you must hide, and prejudice lay down;
A satyr's smile is sharper than his frown;
So while you seem to slight some rival youth,
Malice itself may pass sometimes for truth.
The Laureate [4] here may justly claim our praise,
Crown'd by Mac Fleckno [5] with immortal bays;
Yet once his Pegasus [6] has borne dead weight,
Rid by some lumpish minister of state.
Here rest, my Muse, suspend thy cares awhile,
A more important task attends thy toil.

[4] Dryden.
[5] A famous satirical poem of his.
[6] A poem called 'The Hind and Panther.'

As some young eagle, that designs to fly
A long unwonted journey through the sky,
Weighs all the dangerous enterprise before,
O'er what wide lands and seas she is to soar:
Doubts her own strength so far, and justly fears
The lofty road of airy travellers;
But yet, incited by some bold design,
That does her hopes beyond her fears incline,
Prunes every feather, views herself with care,
At last, resolv'd, she cleaves the yielding air;
Away she flies, so strong, so high, so fast,
She lessens to us, and is lost at last;
So (though too weak for such a weighty thing)
The muse inspires a sharper note to sing.
And why should truth offend, when only told
To guide the ignorant, and warn the bold?
On then, my muse, adventurously engage
To give instructions that concern the Stage.
The unities of action, time, and place,
Which, if observ'd, give plays so great a grace,
Are, though but little practis'd, too well known
To be taught here, where we pretend alone
From nicer faults to purge the present age,
Less obvious errors of the English stage.
First then, soliloquies had need be few,
Extremely short, and spoke in passion too.
Our lovers talking to themselves, for want
Of others, make the pit their confidant;
Nor is the matter mended yet, if thus
They trust a friend, only to tell it us;
The' occasion should as naturally fall,
As when Bellario [7] confesses all.

[7] In 'Philaster,' a play of Beaumont and Fletcher.

Figures of speech, which poets think so fine,
(Art's needless varnish to make nature shine)
All are but paint upon a beauteous face,
And in descriptions only claim a place:
But, to make rage declaim, and grief discourse,
From lovers in despair fine things to force,
Must needs succeed; for who can choose but pity
A dying hero, miserably witty?
But oh! the dialogues, where jest and mock
Is held up like a rest at shittlecock;
Or else, like bells, eternally they chime,
They sigh in simile, and die in rhyme.
What things are these who would be poets thought,
By nature not inspir'd, nor learning taught?
Some wit they have, and therefore may deserve
A better course than this, by which they starve:
But to write plays! why, 'tis a bold pretence
To judgment, breeding, wit, and eloquence:
Nay more; for they must look within, to find
Those secret turns of nature in the mind:
Without this part, in vain would be the whole,
And but a body all, without a soul.
All this united yet but makes a part
Of dialogue, that great and powerful art,
Now almost lost, which the old Grecians knew,
From whom the Romans fainter copies drew,
Scarce comprehended since, but by a few.
Plato and Lucian are the best remains
Of all the wonders which this art contains;
Yet to ourselves we justice must allow,
Shakspeare and Fletcher are the wonders now:
Consider them, and read them o'er and o'er,
Go see them play'd; then read them as before;

For though in many things they grossly fail,
Over our passions still they so prevail,
That our own grief by theirs is rock'd asleep;
The dull are forc'd to feel, the wise to weep.
Their beauties imitate, avoid their faults;
First, on a plot employ thy careful thoughts;
Turn it, with time, a thousand several ways;
This oft, alone, has given success to plays.
Reject that vulgar error (which appears
So fair) of making perfect characters;
There's no such thing in nature, and you'll draw
A faultless monster which the world ne'er saw.
Some faults must be, that his misfortunes drew,
But such as may deserve compassion too.
Besides the main design compos'd with art,
Each moving scene must be a plot apart;
Contrive each little turn, mark every place,
As painters first chalk out the future face:
Yet be not fondly your own slave for this,
But change hereafter what appears amiss.
Think not so much where shining thoughts to [place,
As what a man would say in such a case:
Neither in comedy will this suffice,
The player too must be before your eyes!
And, though 'tis drudgery to stoop so low,
To him you must your secret meaning show.
Expose no single fop, but lay the load
More equally, and spread the folly broad;
Mere coxcombs are too obvious; oft we see
A fool derided by as bad as he:
Hawks fly at nobler game; in this low way
A very owl may prove a bird of prey.
Small poets thus will one poor fop devour,
But to collect, like bees, from every flower,

Ingredients to compose that precious juice,
Which serves the world for pleasure and for use,
In spite of faction this would favour get;
But Falstaff[8] stands inimitable yet.
Another fault which often may befal,
Is, when the wit of some great poet shall
So overflow (that is, be none at all)
That ev'n his fools speak sense, as if possess'd,
And each by inspiration breaks his jest.
If once the justness of each part be lost,
Well may we laugh, but at the poet's cost.
That silly thing men call sheer-wit avoid,
With which our age so nauseously is cloy'd:
Humour is all; wit should be only brought
To turn agreeably some proper thought.
But since the poets we of late have known
Shine in no dress so much as in their own,
The better by example to convince,
Cast but a view on this wrong side of sense.
First, a soliloquy is calmly made,
Where every reason is exactly weigh'd;
Which once perform'd, most opportunely comes
Some hero frighted at the noise of drums;
For her sweet sake, whom at first sight he loves,
And all in metaphor his passion proves:
But some sad accident, though yet unknown,
Parting this pair, to leave the swain alone;
He straight grows jealous, though we know not why;
Then, to oblige his rival, needs will die:
But first he makes a speech, wherein he tells
The absent nymph how much his flame excels;
And yet bequeaths her generously now
To that lov'd rival whom he does not know!

[8] The matchless character of Shakspeare.

Who straight appears; but who can fate withstand?
Too late, alas! to hold his hasty hand,
That just has given himself the cruel stroke!
At which his very rival's heart is broke:
He, more to his new friend than mistress kind,
Most sadly mourns at being left behind;
Of such a death prefers the pleasing charms
To love, and living in a lady's arms.
What shameful and what monstrous things are these!
And then they rail at those they cannot please;
Conclude us only partial to the dead,
And grudge the sign of old Ben Jonson's head;
When the intrinsic value of the sage
Can scarce be judg'd but by a following age:
For dances, flutes, Italian songs, and rhyme,
May keep up sinking nonsense for a time;
But that must fail, which now so much o'errules,
And sense no longer will submit to fools.
By painful steps at last we labour up
Parnassus' hill, on whose bright-airy top
The epic poets so divinely show,
And with just pride behold the rest below.
Heroic poems have a just pretence
To be the utmost stretch of human sense;
A work of such inestimable worth,
There are but two the world has yet brought forth:
Homer and Virgil! with what sacred awe
Do those mere sounds the world's attention draw!
Just as a changeling seems below the rest
Of men, or rather as a two-legg'd beast;
So these gigantic souls amaz'd we find
As much above the rest of humankind:
Nature's whole strength united! endless fame,
And universal shouts attend their name!

Read Homer once, and you can read no more;
For all books else appear so mean, so poor,
Verse will seem prose; but still persist to read,
And Homer will be all the books you need.
Had Bossu never writ, the world had still,
Like Indians, view'd this wondrous piece of skill;
As something of divine the work admir'd;
Not hop'd to be instructed, but inspir'd:
But he, disclosing sacred mysteries,
Has shown where all the mighty magic lies;
Describ'd the seeds, and in what order sown,
That have to such a vast proportion grown.
Sure from some angel he the secret knew,
Who through their labyrinth has lent the clue.
  But what, alas! avails it poor mankind,
To see this promis'd land, yet stay behind?
The way is shown, but who has strength to go?
Who can all sciences profoundly know?
Whose fancy flies beyond weak reason's sight,
And yet has judgment to direct it right?
Whose just discernment, Virgil-like, is such
Never to say too little or too much?
Let such a man begin without delay;
But he must do beyond what I can say;
Must above Tasso's lofty flights prevail,
Succeed where Spenser, and ev'n Milton, fail.

ON

MR. HOBBES AND HIS WRITINGS.

SUCH is the mode of these censorious days,
The art is lost of knowing how to praise;
Poets are envious now, and fools alone
Admire at wit, because themselves have none.
Yet whatsoe'er is by vain critics thought,
Praising is harder much than finding fault;
In homely pieces ev'n the Dutch excel,
Italians only can draw beauty well.
As strings, alike wound up, so equal prove,
That one resounding makes the other move;
From such a cause our satires please so much,
We sympathize with each ill-natur'd touch;
And as the sharp infection spreads about,
The reader's malice helps the writer out.
To blame, is easy; to commend, is bold;
Yet, if the muse inspires it, who can hold?
To merit we are bound to give applause,
Content to suffer in so just a cause.
While in dark ignorance we lay afraid
Of fancies, ghosts, and every empty shade;
Great Hobbes appear'd, and by plain reason's light
Put such fantastic forms to shameful flight.
Fond is their fear, who think men needs must be
To vice enslav'd, if from vain terrors free;
The wise and good morality will guide,
And superstition all the world beside.
In other authors, though the thought be good,
'Tis not sometimes so easily understood;

That jewel oft unpolish'd has remain'd;
Some words should be left out, and some explain'd;
So that, in search of sense, we either stray,
Or else grow weary in so rough a way.
But here sweet eloquence does always smile,
In such a choice, yet unaffected style,
As must both knowledge and delight impart,
The force of reason, with the flowers of art;
Clear as a beautiful transparent skin,
Which never hides the blood, yet holds it in:
Like a delicious stream it ever ran,
As smooth as woman, but as strong as man.
  Bacon himself, whose universal wit
Does admiration through the world beget,
Scarce more his age's ornament is thought,
Or greater credit to his country brought.
  While fame is young, too weak to fly away,
Malice pursues her, like some bird of prey;
But once on wing, then all the quarrels cease;
Envy herself is glad to be at peace,
Gives over, wearied with so high a flight,
Above her reach, and scarce within her sight.
Hobbes, to this happy pitch arriv'd at last,
Might have look'd down with pride on dangers past:
But such the frailty is of humankind,
Men toil for fame, which no man lives to find;
Long ripening under ground this China lies;
Fame bears no fruit, till the vain planter dies.
  Thus Nature, tir'd with his unusual length
Of life, which put her to her utmost strength,
Such stock of wit unable to supply,
To spare herself, was glad to let him die.

ON

MR. POPE AND HIS POEMS.

With age decay'd, with courts and business tir'd,
Caring for nothing but what ease requir'd,
Too serious now a wanton muse to court,
And from the critics safe arriv'd in port;
I little thought of launching forth again,
Amidst adventrous rovers of the pen;
And, after some small undeserv'd success,
Thus hazarding at last to make it less.
  Encomiums suit not this censorious time,
Itself a subject for satiric rhyme;
Ignorance honour'd, wit and worth defam'd,
Folly triumphant, and ev'n Homer blam'd.
But to this genius, join'd with so much art,
Such various learning mix'd in every part,
Poets are bound a loud applause to pay;
Apollo bids it, and they must obey.
  And yet so wondrous, so sublime a thing,
As the great Iliad, scarce could make me sing;
Except I justly could at once commend
A good companion, and as firm a friend.
One moral, or a mere well-natur'd deed,
Can all desert in sciences exceed.
  'Tis great delight to laugh at some men's ways!
But a much greater to give merit praise.

ODE

ON THE DEATH OF HENRY PURCELL.

Good angels snatch'd him eagerly on high;
Joyful they flew, singing and soaring through the [sky,
Teaching his new-fledg'd soul to fly;
While we, alas! lamenting lie.
He went musing all along
Composing new their heavenly song.
Awhile his skilful notes loud hallelujahs drown'd;
But soon they ceas'd their own, to catch his pleasing sound.
David himself improv'd the harmony,
David, in sacred story so renown'd
No less for music, than for poetry;
Genius sublime in either art;
Crown'd with applause surpassing all desert:
A man just after God's own heart!
If human cares are lawful to the bless'd,
Already settled in eternal rest;
Needs must he wish that Purcell only might
Have liv'd to set what he vouchsaf'd to write;
For, sure, the noble thirst of fame
With the frail body never dies;
But with the soul ascends the skies,
From whence at first it came.
'Tis sure no little proof we have
That part of us survives the grave,
And in our fame below still bears a share:
Why is the future else so much our care,
Ev'n in our latest moment of despair? [brave?
And death despis'd for fame by all the wise and

Oh, all ye bless'd harmonious choir! [mire!
Who power almighty only love, and only that ad-
Look down with pity from your peaceful bower,
On this sad isle perplex'd,
And ever, ever vex'd
With anxious care of trifles, wealth, and power.
In our rough minds due reverence infuse [muse:
For sweet melodious sounds, and each harmonious
Music exalts man's nature, and inspires
High elevated thoughts, or gentle, kind desires.

ON THE LOSS OF AN ONLY SON,

ROBERT MARQUIS OF NORMANDY.

Our morning's gay and shining;
The day our joys declare;
At evening no repining;
And night's all void of care.

A fond transported mother
Was often heard to cry,
'Oh, where is such another
So bless'd by Heaven as I?

'A child at first was wanting;
Now such a son is sent,
As parents, most lamenting,
In him would find content.

'A child, of whom kind Heaven
Not only hope bestows,
But has already given
Him all our hopes propose.

'The happy sire's possessing
  His share in such a boy,
Adds still a greater blessing
  To all my other joy.'

But ah! this shiny weather
  Became too hot at last;
Black clouds began to gather,
  And all the sky o'ercast.

So fierce a fever rages,
  We all lie drown'd in tears;
And dismal sad presages
  Come thundering in our ears.

The doubts that made us languish,
  Did worse, far worse than kill:
Yet, oh, with all their anguish,
  Would we had doubted still!

But why so much digression,
  This fatal loss to show?
Alas, there's no expression
  Can tell a parent's woe!

STANZAS.

WHENE'ER my foolish bent to public good,
  Or fonder zeal for some misguided prince,
Shall make my dangerous humour understood,
  For changing ministers for men of sense:

When, vainly proud to show my public care,
  And ev'n asham'd to see three nations fool'd,
I shall no longer bear a wretched share
  In ruling ill, or being over-rul'd:

Then, as old lechers in a winter's night
  To yawning hearers all their pranks disclose;
And what decay deprives them of delight,
  Supply with vain endeavours to impose:

Just so shall I as idly entertain
  Some stripling patriots, fond of seeming wise;
Tell, how I still could great employments gain,
  Without concealing truths, or whispering lies!

Boast of succeeding in my country's cause,
  Ev'n against some almost too high to blame;
Whom, when advanc'd beyond the reach of laws,
  I oft had ridicul'd to sense and shame:

Say, I resisted the most potent fraud;
  But friendless merit openly approv'd;
And that I was above the being aw'd
  Not only by my prince, but those he lov'd:

Who knows but my example then may please
  Such noble, hopeful spirits as appear
Willing to slight their pleasures and their ease,
  For fame and honour? till at last they hear,

After much trouble borne, and danger run,
  The crown assisted, and my country serv'd;
Without good fortune I had been undone,
  Without a good estate I might have starv'd.

WRITTEN OVER A GATE.

HERE lives a man who, by relation,
Depends upon predestination;
For which the learned and the wise
His understanding much despise:
But I pronounce with loyal tongue
Him in the right, them in the wrong;
For how could such a wretch succeed,
But that, alas, it was decreed?

THE MIRACLE.

1707.

MERIT they hate, and wit they slight;
They neither act nor reason right,
  And nothing mind but pence.
Unskilful they victorious are,
Conduct a kingdom without care,
  A council without sense.

So Moses once, and Joshua,
And that virago Debora,
  Bestrid poor Israel:
Like reverence pay to these! for who
Could ride a nation as they do,
  Without a miracle?

THE

ELECTION OF A POET-LAUREAT[1],

IN 1719.

A FAMOUS assembly was summon'd of late:
To crown a new laureat, came Phœbus in state,
With all that Montfaucon himself could desire[2],
His bow, laurel, harp, and abundance of fire.

At Bartlemew-fair ne'er did bullies so justle,
No country election e'er made such a bustle:
From garret, mint, tavern, they all post away,
Some thirsting for sack, some ambitious of bay.

All came with full confidence, flush'd with vain hope,
From Cibber and Durfey, to Prior and Pope:
Phœbus smil'd on these last, but yet, ne'ertheless,
Said, 'he hop'd they had got enough by the press.'

With a huge mountain-load of heroical lumber,
Which from Tonson to Curll every press had groan'd under,
Came Blackmore, and cried, 'Look, all these are my lays,
But at present I beg you'd but read my Essays[3].'

[1] Occasioned by the appointment of Eusden to that office, on the death of Rowe.

[2] In allusion probably to the *Antiquité expliquée* of Montfaucon.

[3] Prose Essays upon several Subjects, published in 1716.

Lampooners and critics rush'd in like a tide,
Stern Dennis and Gildon came first side-by-side:
Apollo confess'd that their lashes had stings,
But beadles and hangmen were never chose kings.

Steele long had so cunningly manag'd the town,
He could not be blam'd for expecting the crown;
Apollo demurr'd as to granting his wish,
But wish'd him good luck in his project of fish [4].

Lame Congreve, unable such things to endure,
Of Apollo begg'd either a crown or a cure [5];
To refuse such a writer, Apollo was loth,
And almost inclin'd to have granted him both.

When Buckingham[6] came, he scarce car'd to be seen,
Till Phœbus desir'd his old friend to walk in;
But a laureat-peer had never been known,
The commoners claim'd that place as their own.

Yet if the kind god had been ne'er so inclin'd
To break an old rule, yet he well knew his mind,
Who of such preferment would only make sport,
And laugh'd at all suitors for places at court.

Notwithstanding this law, yet Lansdown was nam'd,
But Apollo with kindness his indolence blam'd,
And said he would choose him, but that he should fear
An employment of trouble he never could bear.

[4] Steele had obtained a patent for bringing fish to market alive.

[5] In the latter years of his life, Congreve was much afflicted with the gout.

[6] The noble Author.

A prelate [7] for wit and for eloquence fam'd,
Apollo soon miss'd, and he need not be nam'd;
Since amidst a whole bench, of which some are so bright,
No one of them shines so learn'd and polite.

To Shippen, Apollo was cold with respect,
Since he for the state could the Muses neglect:
But said, in a greater assembly he shin'd,
And places were things he had ever declin'd.

Trapp, Young, and Vanbrugh, expected reward,
For some things writ well: but Apollo declar'd
That one was too flat, the other too rough,
And the third sure already had places enough.

Pert Budgell came next, and, demanding the bays,
Said, 'those works must be good, which had Addison's praise;'
But Apollo replied, 'Child Eustace, 'tis known,
Most authors will praise whatsoever's their own [8].'

When Philips [9] came forth as starch as a quaker,
Whose simple profession's a pastoral-maker;
Apollo advis'd him from playhouse to keep,
And pipe to nought else but his dog and his sheep.

[7] Dr. Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester.

[8] This may allude to the Epilogue to The Distressed Mother; which, though passing under Budgell's name, is by many supposed to have been written by Addison. See Johnson's Lives of the Poets; also Dr. Drake's Essays illustrative of the Tatler, Spectator, and Guardian, vol. iii. p. 4. note.

[9] Ambrose Philips.

Hughes, Fenton, and Gay, came last in the train,
Too modest to ask for the crown they would gain:
Phœbus thought them too bashful, and said they would need
More boldness, if ever they hop'd to succeed.

Apollo, now driven to a cursed quandary,
Was wishing for Swift, or the fam'd Lady Mary [10]:
Nay, had honest Tom Southern but been within call—
But at last he grew wanton, and laugh'd at them all:

And so spying one who came only to gaze,
A hater of verse, and despiser of plays;
To him in great form, without any delay,
(Though a zealous fanatic) presented the bay.

All the wits stood astonish'd at hearing the god
So gravely pronounce an election so odd;
And though Prior and Pope only laugh'd in his face,
Most others were ready to sink in the place.

Yet some thought the vacancy open was kept,
Concluding the bigot would never accept:
But the hypocrite told them, he well understood,
Though the function was wicked, the stipend was good.

At last in rush'd Eusden, and cried, 'Who shall have it,
But I, the true laureat, to whom the king gave it?'
Apollo beg'd pardon, and granted his claim;
But vow'd, though, till then, he ne'er heard of his name.

[10] Wortley Montague.

ON THE TIMES.

SINCE in vain our parsons teach,
Hear for once a poet preach.
Vice has lost its very name,
Skill and cozenage thought the same;
Only playing well the game.
Foul contrivances we see
Call'd but ingenuity:
Ample fortunes often made
Out of frauds in every trade,
Which an awkward child afford
Enough to wed the greatest lord.
The miser starves to raise a son,
But, if once the fool is gone,
Years of thrift scarce serve a day,
Rake-hell squanders all away.
Husbands seeking for a place,
Or toiling for their pay;
While their wives undo their race
By petticoats and play:
Breeding boys to drink and dice,
Carrying girls to comedies,
Where mamma's intrigues are shown,
Which ere long will be their own.
Having first at sermon slept,
Tedious day is weekly kept
By worse hypocrites than men,
Till Monday comes to cheat again.
Ev'n among the noblest born,
Moral virtue is a scorn:

Gratitude but rare at best,
And fidelity a jest.
All our wit but party-mocks,
All our wisdom raising stocks:
Counted folly to defend
Sinking side, or falling friend.
Long an officer may serve,
Prais'd and wounded, he may starve:
No receipt, to make him rise,
Like inventing loyal lies.
We, whose ancestors have shin'd
  In arts of peace, and fields of fame,
To ill and idleness inclin'd,
  Now are grown a public shame.
Fatal that intestine jar,
Which produc'd our civil war!
Ever since, how sad a race!
Senseless, violent, and base!

ON THE DEITY.

WRETCHED mankind! void of both strength and [skill;
Dextrous at nothing but at doing ill:
In merit humble, in pretensions high,
Among them none, alas! more weak than I,
And none more blind: though still I worthless thought
The best I ever spoke, or ever wrote.
  But zealous heat exalts the humblest mind;
Within my soul such strong impulse I find
The heavenly tribute of due praise to pay:
Perhaps 'tis sacred, and I must obey.

Yet such the subjects, various, and so high,
Stupendous wonders of the Deity!
Miraculous effects of boundless power!
And that, as boundless goodness shining more!
All these so numberless my thoughts attend,
Oh where shall I begin, or ever end?
But on that theme which ev'n the wise abuse,
So sacred, so sublime, and so abstruse,
Abruptly to break off, wants no excuse.
While others vainly strive to know thee more,
Let me in silent reverence adore!
Wishing that human power were higher rais'd,
Only that thine might be more nobly prais'd!
Thrice happy angels in their high degree,
Created worthy of extolling thee!

SELECT POEMS

OF

WILLIAM CONGREVE.

WILLIAM CONGREVE.

THE

MOURNING MUSE OF ALEXIS.

A PASTORAL.

Lamenting the Death of Queen Mary.

Infandum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem.
VIRG.

ALEXIS, MENALCAS.

MENALCAS.

BEHOLD, Alexis, see this gloomy shade,
Which seems alone for sorrow's shelter made;
Where no glad beams of light can ever play,
But night succeeding night excludes the day,
Where never birds with harmony repair,
And lightsome notes, to cheer the dusky air:
To welcome day, or bid the sun farewell,
By morning lark, or evening Philomel.
No violet here, nor daisy, e'er was seen;
No sweetly-budding flower, nor springing green;
For fragrant myrtle, and the blushing rose,
Here baleful yew with deadly cypress grows.
Here then, extended on this wither'd moss,
We'll lie, and thou shalt sing of Albion's loss;

Of Albion's loss, and of Pastora's death,
Begin thy mournful song, and raise thy tuneful
breath.

ALEXIS.

Ah, woe too great! Ah, theme which far exceeds
The lowly lays of humble shepherds' reeds!
O could I sing in verse of equal strain
With the Sicilian bard, or Mantuan swain:
Or melting words and moving numbers choose,
Sweet as the British Colin's mourning muse;
Could I, like him, in tuneful grief excel,
And mourn like Stella for her Astrophel;
Then might I raise my voice, (secure of skill)
And with melodious woe the valleys fill;
The listening echo on my song shall wait,
And hollow rocks Pastora's name repeat; [tell,
Each whistling wind, and murmuring stream should
How lov'd she liv'd, and how lamented fell.

MENALCAS.

Wert thou with every bay and laurel crown'd,
And high as Pan himself in song renown'd;
Yet would not all thy art avail, to show
Verse worthy of her name, or of our woe:
But such true passion in thy face appears,
In thy pale lips, thick sighs, and gushing tears;
Such tender sorrow in thy heart I read,
As shall supply all skill, if not exceed.
Then leave this common line of dumb distress,
Each vulgar grief can sighs and tears express;
In sweet complaining notes thy passion vent,
And not in sighs, but words explaining sighs, la-
ment.

ALEXIS.

Wild be my words, Menalcas, wild my thought,
Artless as nature's notes in birds untaught;
Boundless my verse, and roving be my strains,
Various as flowers on unfrequented plains.
And thou, Thalia! darling of my breast,
By whom inspir'd, I sung at Comus' feast;
While in a ring, the jolly rural throng
Have sat and smil'd to hear my cheerful song:
Begone, with all thy mirth and sprightly lays,
My pipe no longer now thy power obeys;
Learn to lament, my muse! to weep, and mourn,
Thy springing laurels all to cypress turn;
Wound with thy dismal cries the tender air,
And beat thy snowy breast, and rend thy yellow hair;
Far hence, in utmost wilds, thy dwelling choose,
Begone, Thalia! sorrow is my muse.
I mourn Pastora dead; let Albion mourn,
And sable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.
No more these woods shall with her sight be bless'd,
Nor with her feet these flowery plains be press'd;
No more the winds shall with her tresses play,
And from her balmy breath steal sweets away;
No more these rivers cheerfully shall pass,
Pleas'd to reflect the beauties of her face;
While on their banks the wondering flocks have stood,
Greedy of sight, and negligent of food.
No more the nymphs shall with soft tales delight
Her ears, no more with dances please her sight:
Nor ever more shall swain make song of mirth,
To bless the joyous day that gave her birth;

Lost is that day which had from her its light,
For ever lost with her in endless night:
In endless night and arms of death she lies,
Death in eternal shades has shut Pastora's eyes.
Lament, ye nymphs, and mourn, ye wretched swains;
Stray all ye flocks, and desert be ye plains;
Sigh all ye winds, and weep ye crystal floods;
Fade all ye flowers, and wither all ye woods.
I mourn Pastora dead; let Albion mourn,
And sable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.
Within a dismal grot, which damps surround,
All cold she lies upon the' unwholesome ground;
The marble weeps, and with a silent pace,
Its trickling tears distil upon her face.
Falsely ye weep, ye rocks, and falsely mourn;
For never will you let the nymph return!
With a feign'd grief the faithless tomb relents,
And, like the crocodile, its prey laments.
O she was heavenly fair, in face and mind!
Never in nature were such beauties join'd:
Without, all shining; and within, all white;
Pure to the sense, and pleasing to the sight;
Like some rare flower, whose leaves all colours yield,
And, opening, is with sweetest odours fill'd.
As lofty pines o'ertop the lowly reed,
So did her graceful height all nymphs exceed;
To which excelling height, she bore a mind,
Humble, as osiers bending to the wind.
Thus excellent she was—
Ah, wretched fate! she was, but is no more;
Help me, ye hills and valleys, to deplore.
I mourn Pastora dead; let Albion mourn,
And sable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.

From that bless'd earth, on which her body lies,
May blooming flowers with fragrant sweets arise.
Let Myrrha weeping aromatic gum,
And ever-living laurel, shade her tomb.
Thither let all the' industrious bees repair,
Unlade their thighs, and leave their honey there:
Thither let fairies with their train resort,
Neglect their revels and their midnight sport;
There in unusual wailings waste the night,
And watch her by the fiery glow-worm's light.
There may no dismal yew nor cypress grow,
Nor holly-bush, nor bitter alder's bough;
Let each unlucky bird far build his nest,
And distant dens receive each howling beast;
Let wolves be gone, be ravens put to flight,
With hooting owls, and bats that hate the light.
But let the sighing doves that sorrows bring,
And nightingales in sweet complainings sing;
Let swans from their forsaken rivers fly,
And, sickening at her tomb, make haste to die,
That they may help to sing her elegy.
Let Echo too, in mimic moan, deplore,
And cry with me, Pastora is no more!
I mourn Pastora dead! let Albion mourn,
And sable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.
And see the heavens to weep in dew prepare,
And heavy mists obscure the burden'd air;
A sudden damp o'er all the plain is spread,
Each lily folds its leaves, and hangs its head;
On every tree the blossoms turn to tears,
And every bough a weeping moisture bears.
Their wings the feather'd airy people droop,
And flocks beneath their dewy fleeces stoop.

The rocks are cleft, and new-descending rills
Furrow the brows of all the' impending hills:
The water-gods to floods their rivulets turn,
And each, with streaming eyes, supplies his wanting urn.
The fawns forsake the woods, the nymphs the grove,
And round the plain in sad distraction rove;
In prickly brakes their tender limbs they tear,
And leave on thorns their locks of golden hair.
With their sharp nails, themselves the satyrs wound,
And tug their shaggy beards, and bite with grief the ground.
Lo, Pan himself, beneath a blasted oak
Dejected lies, his pipe in pieces broke.
See Pales weeping too, in wild despair,
And to the piercing winds her bosom bare.
And see yon fading myrtle, where appears
The queen of love, all bath'd in flowing tears:
See how she wrings her hands, and beats her breast,
And tears her useless girdle from her waist:
Hear the sad murmurs of her sighing doves,
For grief they sigh, forgetful of their loves.
Lo, Love himself, with heavy woes oppress'd!
See how his sorrows swell his tender breast;
His bow he breaks, and wide his arrows flings,
And folds his little arms, and hangs his drooping wings;
Then lays his limbs upon the dying grass,
And all with tears bedews his beauteous face,
With tears, which from his folded lids arise,
And even Love himself has weeping eyes.

All nature mourns; the floods and rocks deplore,
And cry with me, Pastora is no more!
I mourn Pastora dead; let Albion mourn,
And sable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.
The rocks can melt, and air in mists can mourn,
And floods can weep, and winds to sighs can turn;
The birds, in songs, their sorrows can disclose,
And nymphs and swains, in words, can tell their woes.
But, oh! behold that deep and wild despair,
Which neither winds can show, nor floods, nor air.
See the great shepherd, chief of all the swains,
Lord of these woods, and wide-extended plains,
Stretch'd on the ground, and close to earth his face,
Scalding with tears the' already-faded grass;
To the cold clay he joins his throbbing breast,
No more within Pastora's arms to rest!
No more! for those once soft and circling arms
Themselves are clay, and cold are all her charms;
Cold are those lips, which he no more must kiss,
And cold that bosom, once all downy bliss;
On whose soft pillows, lull'd in sweet delights,
He us'd in balmy sleep to lose the nights.
Ah! where is all that love and fondness fled?
Ah! where is all that tender sweetness laid?
To dust must all that heaven of beauty come?
And must Pastora moulder in the tomb?
Ah, death! more fierce and unrelenting far,
Than wildest wolves or savage tigers are:
With lambs and sheep their hungers are appeas'd,
But ravenous death the shepherdess has seiz'd.
I mourn Pastora dead; let Albion mourn,
And sable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.

But see, Menalcas, where a sudden light
With wonder stops my song, and strikes my sight!
And where Pastora lies, it spreads around,
Showing all radiant bright the sacred ground:
While from her tomb, behold, a flame ascends
Of whitest fire, whose flight to Heaven extends!
On flaky wings it mounts, and quick as sight
Cuts through the yielding air with rays of light;
Till the blue firmament at last it gains,
And, fixing there, a glorious star remains:
Fairest it shines of all that light the skies,
As once on earth were seen Pastora's eyes.

ON

MRS. ARABELLA HUNT, SINGING.

IRREGULAR ODE.

Let all be hush'd, each softest motion cease,
Be every loud tumultuous thought at peace,
And every ruder gasp of breath
Be calm, as in the arms of death.
And thou, most fickle, most uneasy part,
Thou restless wanderer, my heart,
Be still; gently, ah gently, leave,
Thou busy, idle thing, to heave!
Stir not a pulse; and let my blood,
That turbulent, unruly flood,
Be softly stay'd:
Let me be all, but my attention, dead.

Go rest, unnecessary springs of life,
  Leave your officious toil and strife;
For I would hear her voice, and try
If it be possible to die.

Come, all ye love-sick maids, and wounded swains,
    And listen to her healing strains:
A wondrous balm between her lips she wears,
    Of sovereign force to soften cares;
  And this through every ear she can impart
  (By tuneful breath diffus'd) to every heart.
  Swiftly the gentle charmer flies,
And to the tender grief soft air applies,
      Which, warbling mystic sounds,
    Cements the bleeding panter's wounds.
    But ah! beware of clamorous moan;
Let no unpleasing murmur, or harsh groan,
      Your slighted loves declare;
Your very tenderest moving sighs forbear,
For even they will be too boisterous here:
Hither let nought but sacred silence come,
      And let all saucy praise be dumb.

  And lo! Silence himself is here;
Methinks I see the midnight god appear,
  In all his downy pomp array'd,
      Behold the reverend shade:
  An ancient sigh he sits upon,
Whose memory of sound is long since gone,
And purposely annihilated for his throne;
Beneath, two soft transparent clouds do meet,
In which he seems to sink his softer feet:
A melancholy thought, condens'd to air,
      Stol'n from a lover in despair,

Like a thin mantle, serves to wrap
In fluid folds his visionary shape.
A wreath of darkness round his head he wears,
Where curling mists supply the want of hairs;
While the still vapours, which from poppies rise,
Bedew his hoary face, and lull his eyes.
But hark! the heavenly sphere turns round,
And silence now is drown'd
In ecstasy of sound!
How on a sudden the still air is charm'd,
As if all harmony were just alarm'd!
And every soul, with transport fill'd,
Alternately is thaw'd and chill'd.
See how the heavenly choir
Come flocking to admire,
And with what speed and care
Descending angels cull the thinnest air!
Haste then, come all the' immortal throng,
And listen to her song!
Leave your lov'd mansions in the sky,
And hither, quickly hither fly:
Your loss of heaven nor shall you need to fear;
While she sings, 'tis heaven here.

See how they crowd, see how the little cherubs skip!
While others sit around her mouth, and sip
Sweet hallelujahs from her lip,
Those lips, where in surprise of bliss they rove;
For ne'er before did angels taste
So exquisite a feast,
Of music and of love.
Prepare then, ye immortal choir,
Each sacred minstrel tune his lyre,

And with her voice in chorus join;
Her voice, which next to yours is most divine.
Bless the glad earth with heavenly lays,
And to that pitch the' eternal accents raise,
Which only breath inspir'd can reach,
To notes, which only she can learn, and you can teach:
While we, charm'd with the lov'd excess,
Are wrapt in sweet forgetfulness
Of all, of all, but of the present happiness:
Wishing for ever in that state to lie,
For ever to be dying so, yet never die.

STANZAS

IN IMITATION OF HORACE,

LIB. II. ODE XIV.

Eheu fugaces, Posthume, Posthume,
Labuntur anni, &c.

Ah! no, 'tis all in vain, believe me 'tis,
This pious artifice.
Not all these prayers and alms can buy
One moment tow'rd eternity.
Eternity! that boundless race,
Which Time himself can never run
(Swift as he flies, with an unwearied pace):
Which, when ten thousand, thousand years are done,
Is still the same, and still to be begun.

Fix'd are those limits, which prescribe
A short extent to the most lasting breath;
And though thou could'st for sacrifice lay down
Millions of other lives to save thy own,
'Twere fruitless all; not all would bribe
One supernumerary gasp from death.

In vain's thy inexhausted store
Of wealth, in vain thy power;
Thy honours, titles, all must fail,
Where piety itself can nought avail.
The rich, the great, the innocent, and just,
Must all be huddled to the grave,
With the most vile and ignominious slave,
And undistinguish'd lie in dust.
In vain the fearful flies alarms,
In vain he is secure from wounds of arms,
In vain avoids the faithless seas,
And is confin'd to home and ease,
Bounding his knowledge, to extend his days.
In vain are all those arts we try,
All our evasions, and regret to die:
From the contagion of mortality,
No clime is pure, no air is free:
And no retreat
Is so obscure, as to be hid from fate.

Thou must, alas! thou must, my friend;
(The very hour thou now dost spend
In studying to avoid, brings on thy end)
Thou must forego the dearest joys of life;
Leave the warm bosom of thy tender wife,
And all the much-lov'd offspring of her womb,
To moulder in the cold embraces of a tomb.

All must be left, and all be lost;
Thy house, whose stately structure so much cost,
Shall not afford
Room for the stinking carcase of its lord.
Of all thy pleasant gardens, grots, and bowers,
Thy costly fruits, thy far-fetch'd plants and flowers,
Nought shalt thou save;
Or but a sprig of rosemary shalt have,
To wither with thee in the grave:
The rest shall live and flourish, to upbraid
Their transitory master dead.

Then shall thy long-expecting heir
A joyful mourning wear;
And riot in the waste of that estate
Which thou hast taken so much pains to get
All thy hid stores he shall unfold,
And set at large thy captive gold.
That precious wine, condemn'd by thee
To vaults and prisons, shall again be free:
Buried alive, though now it lies,
Again shall rise;
Again its sparkling surface show,
And free as element profusely flow.
With such high food he shall set forth his feasts,
That cardinals shall wish to be his guests;
And pamper'd prelates see
Themselves outdone in luxury.

SONG.

I LOOK'D, and I sigh'd, and I wish'd I could speak,
And very fain would have been at her;
But when I strove most my great passion to break,
Still then I said least of the matter.

I swore to myself, and resolv'd I would try
Some way my poor heart to recover;
But that was all vain, for I sooner could die,
Than live with forbearing to love her.

Dear Cælia, be kind then; and since your own eyes
By looks can command adoration,
Give mine leave to talk too, and do not despise
Those oglings that tell you my passion.

We'll look, and we'll love, and though neither should speak,
The pleasure we'll still be pursuing;
And so, without words, I don't doubt we may make
A very good end of this wooing.

THE RECONCILIATION.

RECITATIVE.

FAIR Cælia love pretended,
And nam'd the myrtle bower,
Where Damon long attended
Beyond the promis'd hour.

At length, impatient growing
Of anxious expectation,
His heart with rage o'erflowing,
He vented thus his passion.

ODE.

To all the sex deceitful,
A long and last adieu!
Since women prove ungrateful
As oft as men prove true.
The pains they cause are many,
And long and hard to bear;
The joys they give, (if any)
Few, short, and insincere.

RECITATIVE.

But Celia now, repenting
Her breach of assignation,
Arriv'd with eyes consenting,
And sparkling inclination.
Like Citherea smiling,
She blush'd, and laid his passion;
The shepherd ceas'd reviling,
And sung this recantation.

PALINODE.

How engaging, how endearing,
Is a lover's pain and care!
And what joy the nymph's appearing,
After absence or despair:
Women wise increase desiring,
By contriving kind delays;
And advancing, or retiring,
All they mean is more to please.

ABSENCE.

Alas! what pains, what racking thoughts he proves,
Who lives remov'd from her he dearest loves!
In cruel absence doom'd past joys to mourn,
And think on hours that will no more return!
Ah, let me ne'er the pangs of absence try,
Save me from absence, Love, or let me die!

SONG.

False though she be to me and love,
  I'll ne'er pursue revenge;
For still the charmer I approve,
  Though I deplore her change.

In hours of bliss we oft have met,
  They could not always last;
And though the present I regret,
  I'm grateful for the past.

SONG.

Tell me no more I am deceiv'd,
  That Chloe's false and common;
I always knew (at least believ'd)
  She was a very woman:
As such I lik'd, as such caress'd,
She still was constant when possess'd,
  She could do more for no man.

But, oh! her thoughts on others ran,
  And that you think a hard thing;
Perhaps she fancied you the man,
  And what care I one farthing?
You think she's false, I'm sure she's kind;
I take her body, you her mind,
  Who has the better bargain?

THE PETITION.

'GRANT me, gentle Love, (said I)
One dear blessing ere I die;
Long I've borne excess of pain,
Let me now some bliss obtain.'
  Thus to almighty Love I cried,
When, angry, thus the god replied:
'Blessings greater none can have,
Art thou not Amynta's slave?
Cease, fond mortal, to implore,
For Love, ev'n Love himself's no more.'

SONG.

CRUEL Amynta, can you see
  A heart thus torn, which you betray'd?
Love of himself ne'er vanquish'd me,
  But through your eyes the conquest made.

In ambush there the traitor lay,
  Where I was led by faithless smiles;
No wretches are so lost as they
  Whom much security beguiles.

SONG.

SEE, see, she wakes, Sabina wakes!
  And now the sun begins to rise;
Less glorious is the morn that breaks
  From his bright beams, than her fair eyes.

With light united, day they give,
  But different fates ere night fulfil;
How many by his warmth will live!
  How many will her coldness kill!

OCCASIONED BY A LADY'S

HAVING WRIT VERSES IN COMMENDATION OF A POEM WHICH WAS WRITTEN IN PRAISE OF ANOTHER LADY.

HARD is the task, and bold the' adventurous flight,
Of him, who dares in praise of beauty write;
For when to that high theme our thoughts ascend,
'Tis to detract, too poorly to commend.
And he, who, praising beauty, does no wrong,
May boast to be successful in his song:
But when the fair themselves approve his lays,
And one accepts, and one vouchsafes to praise;
His wide ambition knows no farther bound,
Nor can his muse with brighter fame be crown'd.

EPIGRAM,

WRITTEN, AFTER THE DECEASE OF MRS. ARABELLA HUNT, UNDER HER PICTURE DRAWN PLAYING ON A LUTE.

WERE there on earth another voice like thine,
Another hand so bless'd with skill divine!
The late afflicted world some hopes might have,
And harmony retrieve thee from the grave.

SONG.

PIOUS Selinda goes to prayers,
  If I but ask the favour;
And yet the tender fool's in tears,
  When she believes I'll leave her.

Would I were free from this restraint,
  Or else had hopes to win her!
Would she could make of me a saint,
  Or I of her a sinner!

ODE TO HARMONY,

IN HONOUR OF ST. CECILIA'S DAY, 1701.

O HARMONY, to thee we sing,
To thee the grateful tribute bring
Of sacred verse, and sweet resounding lays;
Thy aid invoking while thy power we praise!
All hail to thee,
All-powerful Harmony!
Wise nature owns thy undisputed sway,
Her wondrous works resigning to thy care:
The planetary orbs thy rule obey,
And tuneful roll, unerring in their way,
Thy voice informing each melodious sphere.

Thy voice, O Harmony, with awful sound
Could penetrate the' abyss profound,
Explore the realms of ancient night,
And search the living source of unborn light.
Confusion heard thy voice, and fled,
And Chaos deeper plung'd his vanquish'd head.
Then didst thou, Harmony, give birth
To this fair form of heaven and earth;
Then all those shining worlds above
In mystic dance began to move
Around the radiant sphere of central fire,
A never-ceasing, never-silent choir.

Thou only, goddess, first could'st tell
The mighty charms in numbers found;
And didst to heavenly minds reveal
The secret force of tuneful sound.

When first Cyllenius form'd the lyre,
Thou didst the god inspire;
When first the vocal shell he strung,
To which the muses sung;
Then first the muses sung; melodious strains Apollo play'd,
And music first began by thy auspicious aid.
Hark, hark! again Urania sings!
Again Apollo strikes the trembling strings!
And see, the listening deities around
Attend insatiate, and devour the sound.

Descend, Urania, heavenly fair!
To the relief of this afflicted world repair;
See, how, with various woes oppress'd,
The wretched race of men is worn;
Consum'd with cares, with doubts distress'd,
Or by conflicting passions torn.
Reason in vain employs her aid,
The furious will on fancy waits;
While reason still by hopes or fears betray'd,
Too late advances or too soon retreats.
Music alone with sudden charms can bind
The wandering sense, and calm the troubled mind.

Begin the powerful song, ye sacred nine!
Your instruments and voices join;
Harmony, peace, and sweet desire,
In every breast inspire.
Revive the melancholy drooping heart,
And soft repose to restless thoughts impart.
Appease the wrathful mind,
To dire revenge, and death inclin'd:

With balmy sounds his boiling blood assuage,
And melt to mild remorse his burning rage.
'Tis done; and now tumultuous passions cease;
And all is hush'd, and all is peace.
The weary world with welcome ease is bless'd,
By music lull'd to pleasing rest.

Ah, sweet repose, too soon expiring!
Ah, foolish man, new toils requiring!
Curs'd ambition, strife pursuing,
Wakes the world to war and ruin.
See, see, the battle is prepar'd!
Behold the hero comes!
Loud trumpets with shrill fifes are heard;
And hoarse resounding drums.
War, with discordant notes and jarring noise,
The harmony of peace destroys.

See the forsaken fair, with streaming eyes,
Her parting lover mourn;
She weeps, she sighs, despairs, and dies,
And watchful wastes the lonely livelong nights,
Bewailing past delights
That may no more, no never more return.
O soothe her cares
With softest, sweetest airs,
Till victory and peace restore
Her faithful lover to her tender breast,
Within her folding arms to rest;
Thence never to be parted more,
No, never to be parted more.

Enough, Urania, heavenly fair!
Now to thy native skies repair,

And rule again the starry sphere;
Cecilia comes, with holy rapture fill'd,
To ease the world of care,
Cecilia, more than all the muses skill'd!
Phœbus himself to her must yield,
And at her feet lay down
His golden harp and laurel crown.
The soft enervate lyre is drown'd
In the deep organ's more majestic sound:
In peals the swelling notes ascend the skies,
Perpetual breath the swelling notes supplies,
And lasting as her name,
Who form'd the tuneful frame,
The' immortal music never dies.

EPITAPH

UPON

ROBERT HUNTINGTON, OF STANTON HARCOURT, ESQ.
AND ROBERT HIS SON.

THIS peaceful tomb does now contain
Father and son, together laid;
Whose living virtues shall remain,
When they and this are quite decay'd.

What man should be, to ripeness grown,
And finish'd worth should do, or shun,
At full was in the father shown;
What youth could promise in the son.

But death, obdurate, both destroy'd
The perfect fruit, and opening bud:
First seiz'd those sweets we had enjoy'd,
Then robb'd us of the coming good.

TO MR. DRYDEN,

ON HIS TRANSLATION OF PERSIUS.

As when of old heroic story tells,
Of knights imprison'd long by magic spells,
Till future time the destin'd hero send,
By whom the dire enchantment is to end:
Such seems this work, and so reserv'd for thee,
Thou great revealer of dark poësy!
  Those sullen clouds, which have for ages past
O'er Persius' too-long suffering muse been cast,
Disperse, and fly before thy sacred pen;
And, in their room, bright tracks of light are seen.
Sure Phœbus' self thy swelling breast inspires,
The god of music, and poetic fires:
Else, whence proceeds this great surprise of light!
How dawns this day, forth from the womb of night!
  Our wonder now, does our past folly show,
Vainly contemning what we did not know:
So unbelievers impiously despise
The sacred oracles in mysteries.
Persius before in small esteem was had,
Unless what to antiquity is paid;
But like Apocrypha, with scruple read
(So far our ignorance our faith misled);
Till you, Apollo's darling priest, thought fit
To place it in the poet's sacred writ.
  As coin, which bears some awful monarch's face,
For more than its intrinsic worth will pass;
So your bright image, which we here behold,
Adds worth to worth, and dignifies the gold;

To you we all this following treasure owe,
This Hippocrene, which from a rock did flow.
  Old stoic virtue, clad in rugged lines,
Polish'd by you, in modern brilliant shines;
And as before, for Persius, our esteem
To his antiquity was paid, not him:
So now, whatever praise from us is due,
Belongs not to old Persius, but the new.
For still obscure, to us no light he gives;
Dead in himself in you alone he lives.
  So stubborn flints their inward heat conceal,
Till art and force the' unwilling sparks reveal;
But through your skill, from those small seeds of fire
Bright flames arise, which never can expire.

AMORET.

Fair Amoret is gone astray;
  Pursue and seek her, every lover;
I'll tell the signs by which you may
  The wandering shepherdess discover.

Coquet and coy at once her air,
  Both studied, though both seem neglected;
Careless she is with artful care,
  Affecting to seem unaffected.

With skill her eyes dart every glance,
  Yet change so soon you'd ne'er suspect them;
For she'd persuade they wound by chance,
  Though certain aim and art direct them.

She likes herself, yet others hates
  For that which in herself she prizes;
And, while she laughs at them, forgets
  She is the thing that she despises.

LESBIA.

When Lesbia first I saw so heavenly fair,
With eyes so bright, and with that awful air,
I thought my heart, which durst so high aspire,
As bold as his who snatch'd celestial fire:
But soon as e'er the beauteous idiot spoke,
Forth from her coral lips such folly broke,
Like balm the trickling nonsense heal'd my wound,
And what her eyes enthrall'd her tongue unbound.

TO SLEEP.

ELEGY.

O sleep! thou flatterer of happy minds,
How soon a troubled breast thy falsehood finds!
Thou common friend, officious in thy aid,
Where no distress is shown, nor want betray'd:
But oh! how swift, how sure thou art to shun
The wretch by fortune or by love undone!
Where are thy gentle dews, thy softer powers,
Which us'd to wait upon my midnight hours?
Why dost thou cease thy hovering wings to spread,
With friendly shade, around my restless bed?

Can no complainings thy compassion move?
Is thy antipathy so strong to love?
O no! thou art the prosperous lover's friend,
And dost uncall'd his pleasing toils attend.
With equal kindness, and with rival charms,
Thy slumbers lull him in his fair-one's arms;
Or from her bosom he to thine retires,
Where, sooth'd with ease, the panting youth respires,
Till soft repose restore his drooping sense,
And rapture is reliev'd by indolence.
But oh! what torture does the lover bear,
Forlorn by thee, and haunted by despair!
From racking thoughts by no kind slumber freed,
But painful nights his joyless days succeed.
But why, dull god, do I of thee complain?
Thou didst not cause, nor canst thou ease my pain.
Forgive what my distracting grief has said;
I own, unjustly I thy sloth upbraid.
For oft I have thy proffer'd aid repell'd,
And my reluctant eyes from rest withheld;
Implor'd the muse to break thy gentle chains,
And sung with Philomel my nightly strains.
With her I sing, but cease not with her song,
For more enduring woes my days prolong.
The morning lark to mine accords his note,
And tunes to my distress his warbling throat:
Each setting and each rising sun I mourn,
Wailing alike his absence and return.
And all for thee—what had I well nigh said?
Let me not name thee, thou too charming maid!
No, as the wing'd musicians of the grove,
The' associates of my melody and love,
In moving sound alone relate their pain,
And not with voice articulate complain;

So shall my muse my tuneful sorrows sing,
And lose in air her name from whom they spring.
O may no wakeful thoughts her mind molest,
Soft be her slumbers, and sincere her rest!
For her, O Sleep! thy balmy sweets prepare;
The peace I lose for her, to her transfer.
Hush'd as the falling dews, whose noiseless showers
Impearl the folded leaves of evening flowers,
Steal on her brow: and as those dews attend,
Till warn'd by waking day to re-ascend,
So wait thou for her morn; then gently rise,
And to the world restore the day-break of her eyes.

TO A CANDLE.

ELEGY.

Thou watchful taper, by whose silent light
I lonely pass the melancholy night;
Thou faithful witness of my secret pain,
To whom alone I venture to complain;
O learn with me my hopeless love to moan;
Commiserate a life so like thy own.
Like thine, my flames to my destruction turn,
Wasting that heart by which supplied they burn.
Like thine, my joy and suffering they display;
At once are signs of life, and symptoms of decay.
And as thy fearful flames the day decline,
And only during night presume to shine;
Their humble rays not daring to aspire
Before the sun, the fountain of their fire:

So mine, with conscious shame, and equal awe,
To shades obscure and solitude withdraw;
Nor dare their light before her eyes disclose,
From whose bright beams their being first arose.

OF PLEASING.

AN EPISTLE TO SIR RICHARD TEMPLE.

'Tis strange, dear Temple, how it comes to pass,
That no one man is pleas'd with what he has.
So Horace sings—and sure as strange is this,
That no one man's displeas'd with what he is.
The foolish, ugly, dull, impertinent,
Are with their persons and their parts content:
Nor is that all; so odd a thing is man,
He most would be what least he should or can.
Hence, homely faces still are foremost seen,
And cross-shap'd fops affect the nicest mien;
Cowards extol true courage to the skies,
And fools are still most forward to advise;
The' untrusted wretch to secresy pretends,
Whispering his nothing round to all as friends:
Dull rogues affect the politician's part,
And learn to nod, and smile, and shrug with art;
Who nothing has to lose, the war bewails,
And he who nothing pays, at taxes rails.
Thus man perverse against plain nature strives,
And to be artfully absurd contrives.
Plautus will dance, Luscus at ogling aims,
Old Tritus keeps, and undone Probus games.
Noisome Curculio, whose envenom'd breath,
Though at a distance utter'd, threatens death,

Full in your teeth his stinking whisper throws;
Nor mends his manners, though you hold your nose.
Thersites, who seems born to give offence,
From uncouth form, and frontless impudence,
Assumes soft airs, and with a slur comes in,
Attempts a smile, and shocks you with a grin.
Raucus harangues with a dissuasive grace,
And Helluo invites with a forbidding face.
  Nature to each allots his proper sphere,
But, that forsaken, we like comets err:
Toss'd through the void, by some rude shock we're [broke,
And all her boasted fire is lost in smoke.
Next to obtaining wealth, or power, or ease,
Men most affect, in general, to please;
Of this affection vanity's the source,
And vanity alone obstructs its course;
That telescope of fools, through which they spy
Merit remote, and think the object nigh.
The glass remov'd, would each himself survey,
And in just scales his strength and weakness weigh,
Pursue the path for which he was design'd,
And to his proper force adapt his mind;
Scarce one but to some merit might pretend,
Perhaps might please, at least would not offend,
Who would reprove us while he makes us laugh,
Must be no Bavius, but a Bickerstaff.
If Garth, or Blackmore, friendly potions give,
We bid the dying patient, 'drink and live:'
When Marus comes, we cry, 'Beware the pill;'
And wish the tradesman were a tradesman still.
If Addison, or Rowe, or Prior write,
We study them with profit and delight:
But when vile Macer and Mundungus rhyme,
We grieve we've learnt to read, aye, curse the time.

All rules of pleasing in this one unite,
'Affect not any thing in nature's spite.'
Baboons and apes ridiculous we find;
For what? For ill-resembling humankind.
'None are, for being what they are, in fault,
But for not being what they would be thought.
Thus I, dear friend, to you my thoughts impart,
As to one perfect in the pleasing art;
If art it may be call'd in you, who seem
By nature form'd for love and for esteem.
Affecting none, all virtues you possess,
And really are what others but profess.
I'll not offend you, while myself I please;
I loath to flatter, though I love to praise.
But when such early worth so bright appears,
And antedates the fame which waits on years;
I can't so stupidly affected prove,
Not to confess it in the man I love.
Though now I aim not at that known applause
You've won in arms, and in your country's cause;
Nor patriot now, nor hero I commend,
But the companion praise, and boast the friend.
But you may think, and some, less partial, say,
That I presume too much in this essay.
How should I show what pleases? How explain
A rule, to which I never could attain?
To this objection I'll make no reply,
But tell a tale, which, after, we'll apply.
I've read, or heard, a learned person once
(Concern'd to find his only son a dunce)
Compos'd a book in favour of the lad,
Whose memory, it seems, was very bad.
This work contain'd a world of wholesome rules,
To help the frailty of forgetful fools.

The careful parent laid the treatise by,
Till time should make it proper to apply.
Simon, at length, the look'd-for age attains,
To read and profit by his father's pains;
And now the sire prepares the book to' impart,
Which was yclept, 'of memory the art.'
But, ah! how oft is human care in vain!
For, now he could not find his book again.
The place where he had laid it he forgot,
Nor could himself remember what he wrote.
Now to apply the story that I tell,
Which, if not true, is yet invented well.
Such is my case: like most of theirs who teach;
I ill may practise what I well may preach.
Myself not trying, or not turn'd to please,
May lay the line, and measure out the ways.
The Mulcibers, who in the minories sweat,
And massive bars on stubborn anvils beat,
Deform'd themselves, yet forge those stays of steel,
Which arm Aurelia with a shape to kill.
So Macer and Mundungus school the times,
And write in rugged prose the rules of softer rhymes.
Well do they play the careful critic's part,
Instructing doubly by their matchless art:
Rules for good verse they first with pains indite,
Then show us what is bad by what they write.

A LETTER

TO LORD VISCOUNT COBHAM, 1729.

'Albi sermonum nostrorum candide judex.'

SINCEREST critic of my prose or rhyme,
Tell how thy pleasing Stowe employs thy time;
Say, Cobham, what amuses thy retreat?
Or stratagems of war, or schemes of state?
Dost thou recal to mind with joy or grief,
Great Marlborough's actions; that immortal chief,
Whose slightest trophy rais'd in each campaign
More than suffic'd to signalize a reign?
Does thy remembrance, rising, warm thy heart
With glory past, where thou thyself had'st part?
Or dost thou grieve indignant now to see
The fruitless end of all thy victory?
To see the' audacious foe, so late subdued,
Dispute those terms for which so long they sued,
As if Britannia now were sunk so low,
To beg that peace she wonted to bestow?
Be far that guilt! be never known that shame!
That England should retract her rightful claim,
Or, ceasing to be dreaded and ador'd,
Stain with her pen the lustre of her sword.
Or dost thou give the winds afar to blow
Each vexing thought, and heart-devouring woe,

And fix thy mind alone on rural scenes;
To turn the levell'd lawns to liquid plains,
To raise the creeping rills from humble beds,
And force the latent springs to lift their heads;
On watery columns, capitals to rear,
That mix their flowing curls with upper air!
Or dost thou, weary grown, these works neglect,
No temples, statues, obelisks, erect,
But catch the morning breeze from fragrant meads?
Or shun the noontide ray in wholesome shades?
Or slowly walk along the mazy wood,
To meditate on all that's wise and good?
For nature, bountiful, in thee has join'd
A person pleasing with a worthy mind:
Nor given thee form alone, but means and art,
To draw the eye, or to allure the heart.
Poor were the praise in fortune to excel,
Yet want the way to use that fortune well.
While thus adorn'd, while thus with virtue crown'd,
At home in peace, abroad in arms renown'd;
Graceful in form, and winning in address;
While well you think, what aptly you express;
With health, with honour, with a fair estate,
A table free, and elegantly neat,
What can be added more to mortal bliss?
What can he want who stands possess'd of this?
What can the fondest wishing mother more
Of heaven attentive for her son implore?
And yet a happiness remains unknown,
Or to philosophy reveal'd alone;
A precept, which, unpractis'd, renders vain
Thy flowing hopes, and pleasure turns to pain.
Should hope and fear thy heart alternate tear,
Or love, or hate, or rage, or anxious care,

Whatever passions may thy mind infest,
(Where is that mind which passions ne'er molest?)
Amidst the pangs of such intestine strife,
Still think the present day the last of life;
Defer not till to-morrow to be wise,
To-morrow's sun to thee may never rise;
Or should to-morrow chance to cheer thy sight
With her enlivening and unlook'd-for light,
How grateful will appear her dawning rays!
As favours unexpected doubly please.
Who thus can think, and who such thoughts pursues,
Content may keep his life, or calmly lose:
All proofs of this thou may'st thyself receive,
When leisure from affairs will give thee leave.
Come, see thy friend, retir'd without regret,
Forgetting care, or striving to forget;
In easy contemplation soothing time
With morals much, and now and then with rhyme:
Not so robust in body, as in mind,
And always undejected, though declin'd;
Not wondering at the world's new wicked ways,
Compar'd with those of our forefathers' days;
For virtue now is neither more nor less,
And vice is only varied in the dress:
Believe it, men have ever been the same,
And all the golden age is but a dream.

SELECT POEMS

OF

ELIJAH FENTON.

ELIJAH FENTON.

AN ODE TO THE SUN,

FOR THE NEW YEAR, 1707.

Augur, et fulgente decorus arcu
Phœbus acceptusque novem Camœnis
Qui salutari levat arte fessos
Corporis artus ;———
Alterum in lustrum meliusque semper
Proroget ævum. HOR.

BEGIN, celestial source of light,
To gild the new revolving sphere ;
And from the pregnant womb of night,
Urge on to birth the infant year.
Rich with auspicious lustre rise,
Thou fairest regent of the skies,
Conspicuous with thy silver bow!
To thee, a god, 'twas given by Jove,
To rule the radiant orbs above,
To Gloriana this below.

With joy renew thy destin'd race,
And let the mighty months begin :
Let no ill omen cloud thy face,
Through all thy circle smile serene.

While the stern ministers of fate
Watchful o'er pale Lutetia wait,
To grieve the Gaul's perfidious head;
The Hours, thy offspring heavenly fair,
Their whitest wings should ever wear,
And gentle joys on Albion shed.

When Ilia bore the future fates of Rome,
And the long honours of her race began,
Thus, to prepare the graceful age to come,
They from thy stores in happy order ran.
Heroes elected to the list of fame
Fix'd the sure columns of her rising state;
Till the loud triumphs of the Julian name
Render'd the glories of her reign complete,
Each year advanc'd a rival to the rest,
In comely spoils of war, and great achievements dress'd.

Say, Phœbus, for thy searching eye
Saw Rome the darling child of fate,
When nothing equal here could vie
In strength with her imperious state;
Say, if high virtues there did reign
Exalted in a nobler strain,
Than in fair Albion thou hast seen;
Or can her demi-gods compare
Their trophies for successful war,
To those that rise for Albion's queen!

When Albion first majestic show'd
High o'er the circling seas her head,
Her the great Father smiling view'd,
And thus to bright Victoria said:

'Mindful of Phlegra's happy plain,
On which, fair nymph, you fix'd my reign,
This isle to you shall sacred be;
Her hand shall hold the rightful scale,
And crowns be vanquish'd, or prevail,
As Gloriana shall decree.'

Victoria, triumph in thy great increase!
With joy the Julian stem the Tyber claims;
Young Ammon's might the Granic waves confess:
The Heber had a Mars, a Churchill Thames.
Roll, sovereign of the streams! thy rapid tide,
And bid thy brother floods revere the queen,
Whose voice the hero's happy hand employ'd
To save the Danubé, and subdue the Seine;
And, boldly just to Gloriana's fame,
Exalt thy silver urn, and duteous homage claim.

Advanc'd to thy meridian height,
On earth, great God of day, look down:
Let Windsor entertain thy sight,
Clad in fair emblems of renown:
And whilst in radiant pomp appear
The names to bright Victoria dear,
Intent the long procession view:
Confess none worthier ever wore
Her favours, or was deck'd with more,
Than she confers on Churchill's brow.

But oh! withdraw thy piercing rays,
The nymph anew begins to moan,
Viewing the much-lamented space,
Where late her warlike William shone:
There fix'd by her officious hand,
His sword and sceptre of command,

To deathless fame, adopted rest;
Nor wants there to complete her woe,
Plac'd with respectful love below,
The star that beam'd on Gloucester's breast.

O Phœbus! all thy saving power employ,
Long let our vows avert the distant woe,
Ere Gloriana re-ascends the sky,
And leaves a land of orphans here below!
But when (so Heaven ordains!) her smiling ray
Distinguish'd o'er the balance shall preside,
Whilst future kings her ancient sceptre sway,
May her mild influence all their councils guide:
To Albion ever constant in her love,
Of sovereigns here the best, the brightest star above.

For lawless power, reclaim'd to right,
And virtue rais'd by pious arms,
Let Albion be thy fair delight,
And shield her safe from threaten'd harms:
With flowers and fruit her bosom fill,
Let laurel rise on every hill,
Fresh as the first on Daphne's brow:
Instruct her tuneful sons to sing,
And make each vale with Pæans ring,
To Blenheim and Ramillia due.

Secure of bright eternal fame,
With happy wing the Theban swan
Towering from Pisa's sacred stream,
Inspir'd by thee, the song began:
Through deserts of unclouded night,
[illegible] he harmonious took his flight,

The gods constrain'd the sounding spheres:
Still envy darts her rage in vain,
The lustre of his worth to stain,
He growing whiter with his years.

But, Phœbus, god of numbers, high to raise
The honours of thy art, and heavenly lyre,
What muse is destin'd to our sovereign's praise,
Worthy her acts, and thy informing fire?
To him for whom this springing laurel grows,
Eternal on the topmost heights of fame,
Be kind, and all thy Helicon disclose;
And all intent on Gloriana's name,
Let silence brood o'er ocean, earth, and air,
As when to victor Jove thou sung'st the giant's war.

In sure records each shining deed,
When faithful Clio sets to view,
Posterity will doubting read,
And scarce believe her annals true:
The muses toil with art to raise
Fictitious monuments of praise,
When other actions they rehearse:
But half of Gloriana's reign,
That so the rest may credit gain,
Should pass unregister'd in verse.

High on its own establish'd base
Prevailing virtue's pleas'd to rise;
Divinely deck'd with native grace,
Rich in itself with solid joys!
Ere Gloriana on the throne,
Quitting for Albion's rest her own,

In types of regal power was seen:
With fair pre-eminence confess'd,
It triumph'd in a private breast,
And made the princess more than queen.

O Phœbus! would thy godhead not refuse
This humble incense, on thy altar laid;
Would thy propitious ear attend the muse,
That suppliant now invokes thy certain aid;
With Mantuan force I'd mount a stronger gale,
And sing the parent of her land, who strove
To' exceed the transports of her people's zeal,
With acts of mercy, and majestic love;
By fate, to fix Britannia's empire, given
The guardian power of earth, and public care of
Heaven.

Then, Churchill, should the muse record
The conquests by thy sword achiev'd;
Quiet to Belgian states restor'd,
And Austrian crowns by thee retriev'd.
Imperious Leopold confess'd
His hoary majesty distress'd;
To arms, to arms, Bavaria calls,
Nor with less terror shook his throne,
Than when the rising crescent shone
Malignant o'er his shatter'd walls.

The warrior led the Britons forth
On foreign fields to dare their fate,
Distinguish'd souls of shining worth,
In war unknowing to retreat:
Thou, Phœbus, saw'st the hero's face,
When Mars had breath'd a purple grace,

And mighty fury fill'd his breast:
How like thyself, when to destroy
The Greeks thou didst thy darts employ,
Fierce with thy golden quiver dress'd!

Sudden, whilst banish'd from his native land,
Red with dishonest wounds, Bavaria mourn'd,
The chief, at Gloriana's high command,
Like a rous'd lion to the Maese return'd;
With vengeful speed the British sword he drew,
Unus'd to grieve his host with long delay;
Whilst wing'd with fear the force of Gallia flew;
As when the morning-star restores the day,
The wandering ghosts of twenty thousand slain
Fleet sullen to the shades from Blenheim's mournful plain.

Britannia, wipe thy dusty brow,
And put the Bourbon laurels on;
To thee deliver'd nations bow,
And bless the spoils thy wars have won.
For thee Bellona points her spear,
And whilst lamenting mothers fear,
On high her signal torch displays;
But when thy sword is sheath'd, again
Obsequious she receives thy chain,
And smooths her violence of face.

Parent of arms! for ever stand
With large increase of fame rever'd,
Whilst arches to thy saving hand
On Danube's grateful banks are rear'd.
Eugene, inspir'd to war by thee,
Ausonia's weeping states to free,

Swift on the' imperial eagle flies;
Whilst, bleeding, from his azure bed
The' asserted Iber lifts his head,
And safe his Austrian lord enjoys.

Io Britannia! fix'd on foreign wars,
Guiltless of civil rage extend thy name:
The waves of utmost ocean, and the stars,
Are bounds but equal to thy sovereign's fame.
With deeper wrath thy victor lion roars,
Wide o'er the subject world diffusing fear,
Whilst Gallia weeps her guilt, and peace implores;
So earth, transfix'd by fierce Minerva's spear,
A gentler birth obedient did disclose,
And sudden from the wound eternal olives rose.

When, with establish'd freedom bless'd,
The globe to great Alcides bow'd,
Whose happy power reliev'd the' oppress'd
From lawless chains, and check'd the proud;
Mature in fame, the grateful gods
Receiv'd him to their bright abodes:
Where Hebe crown'd his blooming joys;
Garlands the willing muses wove,
And each with emulation strove
To' adorn the Churchill of the skies.

For Albion's chief, ye sacred nine!
Your harps with generous ardour string,
With fame's immortal trumpet join,
And safe beneath his laurel sing;
When clad in vines the Seine shall glide,
And duteous in a smoother tide,

To British seas her tribute yield;
Wakeful at honour's shrine attend,
And long with living beams defend
From night, the warrior's votive shield.

And, Woodstock, let his dome exalt thy fame,
Great o'er thy Norman ruins be restor'd;
Thou that with pride dost Edward's[1] cradle claim,
Receive an equal hero for thy lord:
Whilst every column to record their toils
Eternal monuments of conquest wears,
And all thy walls are dress'd with mingled spoils,
Gather'd on fam'd Ramillia and Poictiers,
High on thy tower the grateful flag display,
Due to thy queen's reward, and Blenheim's glorious day.

LIFE.

AN ODE.

What art thou, Life, whose stay we court?
What is thy rival Death we fear?
Since we're but fickle Fortune's sport,
Why should we wish to' inhabit here,
And think the race we find so rough too short?

While in the womb we forming lie,
While yet the lamp of life displays
A doubtful dawn with feeble rays,
New issuing from non-entity;

[1] The Black Prince.

The shell of flesh pollutes with sin
Its gem, the soul, just enter'd in;
And, by transmitted vice defil'd,
The fiend commences with the child.

In this dark region future fates are bred,
And mines of secret ruin laid:
Hot fevers here long kindling lie,
Prepar'd with flaming whips to rage,
And lash on lingering destiny:
Whene'er excess has fir'd our riper age,
Here brood in infancy the gout and stone,
Fruits of our fathers' follies, not our own.
Ev'n with our nourishment we death receive,
For here our guiltless mothers give
Poison for food when first we live.
Hence noisome humours[1] sweat through every pore,
And blot us with an undistinguish'd sore:
Nor, mov'd with beauty, will the dire disease
Forbear on faultless forms to seize;
But vindicates the good, the gay,
The wise, the young, its common prey.
Had all, conjoin'd in one, had power to save,
The Muses had not wept o'er Blandford's grave.

The spark of pure ethereal light
That actuates this fleeting frame,
Darts through the cloud of flesh a sickly flame,
And seems a glow-worm in a winter-night.
But man would yet look wondrous wise,
And equal chains of thought devise;
Intends his mind on mighty schemes,
Refutes, defines, confirms, declaims;
And diagrams he draws, to' explain
The learn'd chimeras of his brain:

[1] The small-pox.

And, with imaginary wisdom proud,
Thinks on the goddess while he clips the cloud.

Through error's mazy grove, with fruitless toil,
Perplex'd with puzzling doubts we roam;
False images our sight beguile,
But still we stumble through the gloom,
And science seek, which still deludes the mind.
Yet, more enamour'd with the race,
With disproportion'd speed we urge the chase:
In vain! the various prey no bounds restrain:
Fleeting it only leaves, to' increase our pain,
A cold unsatisfying scent behind.

Yet, gracious God! presumptuous man
With random guesses makes pretence
To sound thy searchless providence
From which he first began:
Like hooded hawks we blindly tower,
And circumscribe, with fancied laws, thy power.
Thy will the rolling orbs obey,
The moon, presiding o'er the sea,
Governs the waves with equal sway:
But man perverse, and lawless still,
Boldly runs counter to thy will;
Thy patient thunder he defies;
Lays down false principles, and moves
By what his vicious choice approves;
And, when he's vainly wicked, thinks he's wise.

Return, return, too long misled!
With filial fear adore thy God:
Ere the vast deep of heaven was spread,
Or body first in space abode,
Glories ineffable adorn'd his head.

Unnumber'd seraphs round the burning throne,
Sung to the' incomprehensible Three-One;
Yet then his clemency did please
With lower forms to augment his train,
And made thee, wretched creature, man,
Probationer of happiness.

On the vast ocean of his wonders here,
We momentary bubbles ride,
Till, crush'd by the tempestuous tide,
Sunk in the parent flood we disappear;
We, who so gaudy on the waters shone,
Proud, like the showery bow, with beauties not
our own.

But, at the signal given, this earth and sea
Shall set their sleeping vassals free;
And the belov'd of God,
The faithful, and the just,
Like Aaron's chosen rod,
Though dry, shall blossom in the dust:
Then, gladly bounding from their dark restraints,
The skeletons shall brighten into saints,
And, from mortality refin'd, shall rise
To meet their Saviour coming in the skies:
Instructed then by intuition, we
Shall the vain efforts of our wisdom see;
Shall then impartially confess
Our demonstration was but guess;
That knowledge, which from human reason flows,
Unless religion guide its course,
And faith her steady mounds oppose,
Is ignorance at best, and often worse.

THE PLATONIC SPELL.

'WHENE'ER I wed, (young Strephon cried)
Ye powers, that o'er the noose preside!
Wit, beauty, wealth, good-humour give,
Or let me still a rover live;
But if all these no nymph can share,
Let mine, ye powers! be doubly *fair.*'
Thus pray'd the swain in heat of blood,
Whilst nigh celestial Cupid stood,
And, tapping him, said, 'Youth! be wise,'
And let a child for once advise.
A faultless make, a manag'd wit,
Humour, and riches, rarely meet:
But if a beauty you'd obtain,
Court some bright Phyllis of the brain;
The dear idea long enjoy;
Pure is the bliss, and ne'er will cloy.
'But trust me, youth! for I'm sincere,
And know the ladies to a hair;
Howe'er small poets whine upon it,
In madrigal, song, and sonnet,
Their beauty's but a spell, to bring
A lover to the' enchanted ring.
Ere the sack-posset is digested,
Or half of Hymen's taper wasted;
The winning air, the wanton trip,
The radiant eye, the velvet lip,

From which you fragrant kisses stole,
And seem'd to suck her springing soul;
These, and the rest you doated on,
Are nauseous or insipid grown;
The spell dissolves, the cloud is gone,
And Sacharissa turns to Joan.'

TO A LADY,

SITTING BEFORE HER GLASS.

So smooth and clear the fountain was,
  In which his face Narcissus spied,
When, gazing in that liquid glass,
  He for himself despair'd and died:
Nor, Chloris, can you safer see
Your own perfections here than he.

The lark before the mirror plays,
  Which some deceitful swain has set;
Pleas'd with herself, she fondly stays
  To die deluded in the net.
Love may such frauds for you prepare,
Yourself the captive, and the snare.

But, Chloris, whilst you there review
  Those graces opening in their bloom,
Think how disease and age pursue,
  Your riper glories to consume.
Then sighing you would wish your glass
Could show to Chloris what she was.

Let pride no more give nature law,
  But free the youth your power enslaves:
Her form, like yours, bright Cynthia saw,
  Reflected on the crystal waves;
Yet priz'd not all her charms above
The pleasure of Endymion's love.

No longer let your glass supply
  Too just an emblem of your breast;
Where oft to my deluded eye
  Love's image has appear'd impress'd;
But play'd so lightly on your mind,
It left no lasting print behind.

AN EPISTLE TO MR. SOUTHERNE.

FROM KENT, JANUARY 28, 1710-11.

Bold is the Muse to leave her humble cell,
And sing to thee, who know'st to sing so well:
Thee! who to Britain still preserv'st the crown,
And mak'st her rival Athens in renown.
Could Sophocles behold in mournful state
The weeping graces on Imoinda wait;
Or hear thy Isabella's moving moan,
Distress'd and lost, for vices not her own:
If envy could permit, he'd sure agree,
To write by nature were to copy thee:
So full, so fair, thy images are shown,
He by thy pencil might improve his own.
  There was an age (its memory will last!)
Before Italian airs debauch'd our taste,
In which the sable Muse with hopes and fears
Fill'd every breast, and every eye with tears.
But where's that art which all our passions rais'd,
And mov'd the springs of nature as it pleas'd?
Our poets only practise on the pit
With florid lines, and trifling turns of wit.
Howe'er 'tis well the present times can boast
The race of Charles's reign not wholly lost.

Thy scenes, immortal in their worth, shall stand
Among the chosen classics of our land.
And whilst our sons are by tradition taught
How Barry spoke what thou and Otway wrote,
They'll think it praise to relish and repeat,
And own thy works inimitably great.

Shakspeare, the genius of our isle, whose mind
(The universal mirror of mankind)
Express'd all images, enrich'd the stage,
But sometimes stoop'd to please a barbarous age:
When his immortal bays began to grow
Rude was the language, and the humour low:
He, like the God of day, was always bright,
But rolling in its course, his orb of light
Was sullied, and obscur'd, though soaring high,
With spots contracted from the nether sky.
But whither is the' adventurous Muse betray'd?
Forgive her rashness, venerable shade!
May spring with purple flowers perfume thy urn,
And Avon with his greens thy grave adorn:
Be all thy faults, whatever faults there be,
Imputed to the times, and not to thee.

Some scions shot from this immortal root,
Their tops much lower, and less fair the fruit:
Jonson the tribute of my verse might claim,
Had he not strove to blemish Shakspeare's name.
But, like the radiant twins that gild the sphere,
Fletcher and Beaumont next in pomp appear:
The first a fruitful vine, in blooming pride,
Had been by superfluity destroy'd,
But that his friend, judiciously severe,
Prun'd the luxuriant boughs with artful care;
On various sounding harps the Muses play'd,
And sung and quaff'd their nectar in the shade.

Few moderns in the lists with these may stand,
For in those days were giants in the land:
Suffice it now by lineal right to claim,
And bow with filial awe to Shakspeare's fame;
The second honours are a glorious name.
Achilles dead, they found no equal lord
To wear his armour, and to wield his sword.

An age most odious and accurs'd ensued,
Discolour'd with a pious monarch's blood;
Whose fall when first the tragic virgin saw,
She fled, and left her province to the law.
Her merry sister still pursued the game,
Her garb was alter'd, but her gifts the same.
She first reform'd the muscles of her face,
And learn'd the solemn screw for signs of grace;
Then circumcis'd her locks, and form'd her tone,
By humming to a tabor and a drone;
Her eyes she disciplin'd precisely right,
Both when to wink, and how to turn the white:
Thus banish'd from the stage, she gravely next
Assum'd a cloke, and quibbled o'er a text.

But when, by miracles of mercy shown,
Much-suffering Charles regain'd his father's throne;
When peace and plenty overflow'd the land,
She straight pull'd off her satin cap and band;
Bade Wycherley be bold in her defence,
With pointed wit, and energy of sense:
Etherege and Sedley join'd him in her cause,
And all deserv'd, and all receiv'd, applause.

Restor'd with less success, the tragic muse
Had long forgot her style by long disuse;
She taught her Maximins to rant in rhyme,
Mistaking rattling nonsense for sublime;

Till witty Buckingham reform'd her taste,
And sneering sham'd her into sense at last.
But now, relaps'd, she dwindles to a song,
And weakly warbles on an eunuch's tongue;
And with her minstrelsy may still remain,
Till Southerne court her to be great again.
Perhaps the beauties of thy Spartan-dame [1],
Who (long defrauded of the public fame)
Shall, with superior majesty avow'd,
Shine like a goddess breaking from a cloud;
Once more may reinstate her on the stage,
Her action graceful, and divine her rage.

Arts have their empires, and, like other states,
Their rise and fall are govern'd by the fates:
They, when their period's measur'd out by time,
Transplant their laurels to another clime.
The Grecian muse once fill'd with loud alarms
The court of heaven, and clad the gods in arms;
The trumpet silent, humbly she essay'd
The doric reed, and sunk beneath the shade;
Extoll'd a frugal life, and taught the swains
To' observe the seasons, and manure the plains;
Sometimes in warbled hymns she paid her vow,
Or wove Olympic wreaths for Theron's brow;
Sometimes on flowery beds she lay supine,
And gave her thoughts a loose to love and wine;
Or in her sable stole and buskins dress'd,
Show'd vice enthron'd, and virtuous kings oppress'd.

The nymph still fair, however past her bloom,
From Greece at length was led in chains to Rome:

[1] A tragedy by Southerne so called: the subject taken from Plutarch's life of Agis. It was written before the Restoration, though not acted till 1719, when its success verified the poetic augury of Fenton.

Whilst wars abroad, and civil discord reign'd,
Silent the beauteous captive long remain'd;
That interval employ'd her timely care
To study and refine the language there.
She views with anguish on the Roman stage
The Grecian beauties weep, the warriors rage:
But most those scenes delight the' immortal maid,
Which Scipio had revis'd, and Roscius play'd.
Thence to the pleadings of the gown she goes,
(For Themis then could speak in polish'd prose:)
Charm'd at the bar, amid the' attentive throng,
She bless'd the syren-power of Tully's tongue.
But when, Octavius, thy successful sword
Was sheath'd, and universal peace restor'd,
Fond of a monarch, to the court she came,
And chose a numerous choir to chant his fame.
First from the green retreats and lowly plains,
Her Virgil soar'd sublime in epic strains;
His theme so glorious, and his flight so true,
She with Mæonian garlands grac'd his brow;
Taught Horace then to touch the Lesbian lyre,
And Sappho's sweetness join'd with Pindar's fire,
By Cæsar's bounty all the tuneful train
Enjoy'd, and sung of Saturn's golden reign;
No genius then was left to live on praise,
Or curs'd the barren ornament of bays;
On all her sons he cast a kind regard,
Nor could they write so fast as he reward.
The muse, industrious to record his name
In the bright annals of eternal fame,
Profuse of favours, lavish'd all her store,
And for one reign made many ages poor.
Now from the rugged North unnumber'd swarms
Invade the Latian coasts with barbarous arms;

A race unpolish'd, but inur'd to toil,
Rough as their heaven, and barren as their soil.
These locusts every springing art destroy'd,
And soft humanity before them died.
Picture no more maintain'd the doubtful strife
With nature's scenes, nor gave the canvass life;
Nor Sculpture exercis'd her skill, beneath
Her forming hand to make the marble breathe:
Struck with despair, they stood devoid of thought,
Less lively than the works themselves had wrought.
On those twin-sisters such disasters came,
Though colours and proportions are the same
In every age and clime; their beauties known
To every language, and confin'd by none.
But fate less freedom to the muse affords,
And checks her genius with the choice of words:
To paint her thoughts, the diction must be found
Of easy grandeur, and harmonious sound.
Thus when she rais'd her voice divinely great
To sing the founder of the Roman state;
The language was adapted to the song,
Sweet and sublime, with native beauty strong:
But when the Goth's insulting troops appear'd,
Such dissonance the trembling virgin heard!
Chang'd to a swan, from Tyber's troubled streams
She wing'd her flight, and sought the silver Thames.
  Long in the melancholy grove she staid,
And taught the pensive Druids in the shade;
In solemn and instructive notes they sung
From whence the beauteous frame of nature sprung,
Who polish'd all the radiant orbs above,
And in bright order made the planets move:
Whence thunders roar, and frightful meteors fly,
And comets roll unbounded through the sky;

Who wing'd the winds, and gave the streams to flow,
And rais'd the rocks, and spread the lawns below;
Whence the gay spring exults in flowery pride,
And autumn with the bleeding grape is dy'd;
Whence summer suns imbrown the labouring swains,
And shivering winter pines in icy chains:
And prais'd the Power-Supreme, nor dar'd advance
So vain a theory as that of chance.
But in this isle she found the nymphs so fair,
She chang'd her hand, and chose a softer air,
And love and beauty next became her care.
Greece, her lov'd country, only could afford
A Venus and a Helen to record;
A thousand radiant nymphs she here beheld,
Who match'd the goddess, and the queen excell'd.
To' immortalize their loves she long essay'd,
But still the tongue her generous toil betray'd.
Chaucer had all that beauty could inspire,
And Surrey's numbers glow'd with warm desire:
Both now are priz'd by few, unknown to most,
Because the thoughts are in the language lost.
Ev'n Spenser's pearls in muddy waters lie,
Yet soon their beams attract the diver's eye:
Rich was their imagery, till time defac'd
The curious works; but Waller came at last.
Waller, the muse with heavenly verse supplies,
Smooth as the fair, and sparkling as their eyes;
'All but the nymph that should redress his wrong,
Attend his passion, and approve his song.'
But when this Orpheus sunk, and hoary age
Suppress'd the lover's and the poet's rage,
To Granville his melodious lute she gave,
Granville, whose faithful verse is beauty's slave;

'Accept this gift, my favourite youth!' she cried,
'To sound a brighter theme, and sing of Hyde,
Hyde's and thy lovely Myra's praise proclaim;
And match Carlisle's and Sacharissa's fame.'
O! would he now forsake the myrtle grove,
And sing of arms, as late he sung of love!
His colours and his hand alone should paint
In Britain's queen[2] the warrior and the saint;
In whom conspire, to form her truly great,
Wisdom with power, and piety with state.
Whilst from her throne the streams of justice flow,
Strong and serene, to bless the land below;
O'er distant realms her dreaded thunders roll,
And the wild rage of tyranny control.
Her power to quell, and pity to redress,
The Maese, the Danube, and the Rhine confess;
Whence bleeding Iber hopes around his head
To see fresh olive spring, and plenty spread:
And whilst they sound their great deliverer's fame,
The Seine retires, and sickens at her name.
O Granville! all these glorious scenes display,
Instruct succeeding monarchs how to sway;
And make her memory rever'd by all, [fall.
When triumphs are forgot, and mouldering arches
Pardon me, friend! I own my muse too free,
To write so long on such a theme to thee:
To play the critic here—with equal right
Bid her pretend to teach Argyll to fight;
Instruct the' unerring sun to guide the year,
And Harley by what schemes he ought to steer;
Give Harcourt eloquence to' adorn the seal,
Maxims of state to Leeds, to Beaufort zeal;

[2] Queen Anne.

Try to correct what Orrery shall write,
And make harmonious St. John more polite;
Teach law to Isla for the crown's support,
And Jersey how to serve and grace a court;
Dictate soft warbling airs to Sheffield's hand,
When Venus and her loves around him stand;
In sage debates to Rochester impart
A searching head, and ever faithful heart;
Make Talbot's finish'd virtue more complete,
High without pride, and amiably great,
Where nature all her powers with fortune join'd,
At once to please and benefit mankind.

When cares were to my blooming youth un-
My fancy free, and all my hours my own; [known,
I lov'd along the laureat grove to stray,
The paths were pleasant, and the prospect gay:
But now my genius sinks, and hardly knows
To make a couplet tinkle in the close.
Yet when you next to Medway shall repair,
And quit the town to breathe a purer air;
Retiring from the crowd to steal the sweets
Of easy life in Twysden's calm retreats,
(As Terence to his Lælius lov'd to come,
And in Campania scorn'd the pomp of Rome;)
Where Lambard, form'd for business, and to please,
By sharing, will improve your happiness;
In both their souls imperial reason sways,
In both the patriot and the friend displays;
Belov'd, and prais'd by all, who merit love and
praise.
With bright ideas there inspir'd anew,
By them excited, and inform'd by you,
I may with happier skill essay to sing
Sublimer notes, and strike a bolder string.

Languid and dull, when absent from her cave,
No oracles of old the Sibyl gave;
But when beneath her sacred shrine she stood,
Her fury soon confess'd the coming god;
Her breast began to heave, her eyes to roll,
And wondrous visions fill'd her labouring soul.

TO MR. POPE.

AN IMITATION OF A GREEK EPIGRAM IN HOMER.

In which a Poet supposeth Apollo to have given this answer to one who inquired who was the author of the Iliad.

Ηειδον μεν Ἐγων, εχαρασσε δε Θειος Ὁμηρος.
Hæc modulabar ego, scripsit divinus Homerus.

When Phœbus, and the nine harmonious maids,
Of old assembled in the Thespian shades,
'What theme, (they cried) what high immortal air,
Befits these harps to sound, and thee to hear?'
Replied the god, 'Your loftiest notes employ
To sing young Peleus, and the fall of Troy.'
The wondrous song with rapture they rehearse,
Then ask who wrought that miracle of verse.
He answer'd with a frown; 'I now reveal
A truth that envy bids me not conceal.
Retiring frequent to his laureat vale,
I warbled to the lyre that favourite tale,
Which, unobserv'd, a wandering Greek and blind,
Heard me repeat, and treasur'd in his mind;

And, fir'd with thirst of more than mortal praise,
From me the god of wit usurp'd the bays.
'But let vain Greece indulge her growing fame,
Proud with celestial spoils to grace her name;
Yet when my arts shall triumph in the west,
And the White Isle with female power is bless'd,
Fame, I foresee, will make reprisals there,
And the translator's palm to me transfer;
With less regret my claim I now decline,
The world will think this English Iliad mine.'

AN EPISTLE

TO THOMAS LAMBARD, ESQ.

Omnia me tua delectant; sed maxime, maxima cum fides in amicitia, consilium, gravitas, constantia; tum lepos, humanitas, literæ.

CICERO, Ep. xxvii. Lib. xi.

SLOW though I am to wake the sleeping lyre,
Yet should the muse some happy song inspire,
Fit for a friend to give, and worthy thee,
That favourite verse to Lambard I decree:
Such may the muse inspire, and make it prove
A pledge and monument of lasting love!
Meantime, intent the fairest plan to find,
To form the manners, and improve the mind;
Me the fam'd wits of Rome and Athens please,
By Orrery's indulgence wrapt in ease;
Whom all the rival muses strive to grace
With wreaths familiar to his letter'd race,

Now truth's bright charms employ my serious
thought,
In flowing eloquence by Tully taught:
Then from the shades of Tusculum I rove,
And studious wander in the Grecian grove;
While wonder and delight the soul engage
To sound the depths of Plato's sacred page;
Where science in attractive fable lies,
And, veil'd, the more invites her lover's eyes.
Transported thence, the flowery heights I gain
Of Pindus, and admire the warbling train,
Whose wings the muse in better ages prun'd,
And their sweet harps to moral airs attun'd.
As night is tedious while, in love betray'd,
The wakeful youth expects the faithless maid;
As wearied hinds accuse the lingering sun,
And heirs impatient wish for twenty-one:
So dull to Horace [1] did the moments glide,
Till his free muse her sprightly force employ'd
To combat vice, and follies to expose,
In easy numbers near allied to prose:
Guilt blush'd and trembled, when she heard him
sing;
He smil'd reproof, and tickled with his sting.
With such a graceful negligence express'd,
Wit, thus applied, will ever stand the test:
But he, who blindly led by whimsy strays,
And from gross images would merit praise,
When nature sets the noblest stores in view,
Affects to polish copper in Peru:
So while the seas on barren sands are cast,
The saltness of their waves offend the taste;

[1] Epist. 1. Lib. 1.

But when to heaven exhal'd, in fruitful rain,
In fragrant dews they fall, to cheer the swain,
Revive the fainting flowers, and swell the meagre grain.

Be this their care, who, studious of renown,
Toil up the' Aonian steep to reach the crown;
Suffice it me, that (having spent my prime
In picking epithets, and yoking rhyme)
To steadier rule my thoughts I now compose,
And prize ideas clad in honest prose.
Old Dryden, emulous of Cæsar's praise,
Cover'd his baldness with immortal bays;
And death perhaps, to spoil poetic sport,
Unkindly cut an Alexandrine short:
His ear had a more lasting itch than mine,
For the smooth cadence of a golden line:
Should lust of verse prevail, and urge the man
To run the trifling race the boy began,
Mellow'd with sixty winters, you might see
My circle end in second infancy.
I might ere long an awkward humour have,
To wear my bells and coral to the grave,
Or round my room alternate take a course,
Now mount my hobby, then the muses' horse:
Let others wither gay, but I'd appear
With sage decorum in my easy chair;
Grave as Libanius, slumbering o'er the laws,
Whilst gold and party-zeal decide the cause,
A nobler task our riper age affords
Than scanning syllables, and weighing words.
To make his hours in even measures flow,
Nor think some fleet too fast, and some too slow;
Still equal in himself, and free to taste
The now, without repining at the past;

Nor the vain prescience of the spleen to' employ,
To pall the flavour of a promis'd joy;
To live tenacious of the golden mean,
In all events of various fate serene;
With virtue steel'd, and steady to survey
Age, death, disease, or want, without dismay:
These arts, my Lambard! useful in their end,
Make man to others and himself a friend.
  Happiest of mortals he, who, timely wise,
In the calm walks of truth his bloom enjoys;
With books and patrimonial plenty bless'd,
Health in his veins, and quiet in his breast!
Him no vain hopes attract, no fear appals,
Nor the gay servitude of courts enthrals;
Unknowing how to mask concerted guile,
With a false cringe, or undermining smile!
His manners pure, from affectation free,
And prudence shines through clear simplicity,
Though no rich labours of the Persian loom,
Nor the nice sculptor's art, adorn his room,
Sleep unprovok'd will softly seal his eyes,
And innocence the want of down supplies;
Health tempers all his cups, and at his board
Reigns the cheap luxury the fields afford:
Like the great Trojan, mantled in a cloud,
Himself unseen, he sees the labouring crowd,
Where all industrious to their ruin run,
Swift to pursue what most they ought to shun.
Some, by the sordid thirst of gain control'd,
Starve in their stores, and cheat themselves for gold;
Preserve the precious bane with anxious care,
In vagrant lusts to feed a lavish heir:
Others devour ambition's glittering bait,
To sweat in purple, and repine in state;

Devote their powers to every wild extreme
For the short pageant of a pompous dream:
Nor can the mind to full perfection bring
The fruits it early promis'd in the spring,
But in a public sphere those virtues fade,
Which open'd fair, and flourish'd in the shade:
So while the night her ebon sceptre sways,
Her fragrant blooms the Indian plant [2] displays;
But the full day the short-liv'd beauties shun,
Elude our hopes, and sicken at the sun.
  Fantastic joys in distant views appear,
And tempt the man to make the rash career.
Fame, power, and wealth, which glitter at the goal,
Allure his eye, and fire his eager soul;
For these are ease and innocence resign'd,
For these he strips; farewell the tranquil mind!
Headstrong he urges on till vigour fails,
And grey experience (but too late!) prevails:
But, in his evening, view the hoary fool,
When the nerves slacken, and the spirits cool;
When joy and blushy youth forsake his face,
Sicklied with age, and sour with self-disgrace;
No flavour then the sparkling cups retain,
Music is harsh, the Syren sings in vain;
To him what healing balm can art apply,
Who lives diseas'd with life, and dreads to die?
In that last scene, by fate in sables dress'd,
Thy power, triumphant virtue! is confess'd;
Thy vestal flames diffuse celestial light
Through death's dark vale, and vanquish total night;
Lenient of anguish, o'er the breast prevail,
When the gay toys of flattering fortune fail.

[2] The nure-tree.

Such, happy Twisden! (ever be thy name
Mourn'd by the muse, and fair in deathless fame!)
While the bright effluence of her glory shone,
Were thy last hours, and such I wish my own:
So cassia bruis'd, exhales her rich perfumes,
And incense in a fragrant cloud consumes.
Most spoil the boon that nature's pleas'd to' im-
By too much varnish, or by want of art; [part,
By solid science all her gifts are grac'd,
Like gems new polish'd, and with gold enchas'd.
Votes to the' unletter'd 'squire the laws allow,
As Rome receiv'd dictators from the plough:
But arts, address, and force of genius, join
To make a Hanmer in the senate shine.
Yet one presiding power in every breast
Receives a stronger sanction than the rest:
And they who study and discern it well,
Act unrestrain'd, without design excel;
But court contempt, and err without redress,
Missing the master-talent they possess.
Whiston, perhaps, in Euclid may succeed,
But shall I trust him to reform my creed?
In sweet assemblage every blooming grace
Fix love's bright throne in Teraminta's face,
With which her faultless shape and air agree,
But, wanting wit, she strives to repartee;
And, ever prone her matchless form to wrong,
Lest envy should be dumb, she lends her tongue.
By long experience D—y may, no doubt,
Ensnare a gudgeon, or sometimes a trout;
Yet Dryden once exclaim'd (in partial spite!)
He fish!—Because the man attempts to write.
Oh, if the water-nymphs were kind to none
But those the muses bathe in Helicon;

In what far distant age would Belgia raise
One happy wit to net the British seas!
  Nature permits her various gifts to fall
On various climes, nor smiles alike on all:
The Latian vales eternal verdure wear;
And flowers spontaneous crown the smiling year;
But who manures a wild Norwegian hill,
To raise the jasmine, or the coy jonquil?
Who finds the peach among the savage sloes,
Or in bleak Scythia seeks the blushing rose?
Here golden grain waves o'er the teeming fields,
And there the vine her racy purple yields.
High on the cliffs the British oak ascends,
Proud to survey the seas her power defends;
Her sovereign title to the flag she proves,
Scornful of softer India's spicy groves.
  These instances, which true in fact we find,
Apply we to the culture of the mind.
This soil, in early youth improv'd with care,
The seeds of gentle science best will bear;
That with more particles of flame inspir'd,
With glittering arms and thirst of fame is fir'd;
Nothing of greatness in a third will grow,
But, barren as it is, 'twill bear a beau.
If these from nature's genial bent depart,
In life's dull farce to play a borrow'd part;
Should the sage dress, and flutter in the Mall,
Or leave his problems for a birth-night ball;
Should the rough homicide unsheath his pen,
And in heroics only murder men;
Should the soft fop forsake the lady's charms,
To face the foe with inoffensive arms;
Each would variety of acts afford,
Fit for some new Cervantes to record.

'Whither (you cry) tends all this dry discourse?
To prove, like Hudibras, a man's no horse.
I look'd for sparkling lines, and something gay,
To frisk my fancy with; but, sooth to say!
From her Apollo now the muse elopes,
And trades in syllogisms more than tropes.'
Faith, sir, I see you nod, but can't forbear;
When a friend reads, in honour you must hear:
For all enthusiasts, when the fit is strong,
Indulge a volubility of tongue:
Their fury triumphs o'er the men of phlegm,
And, counsel-proof, will never balk a theme.
So Burgess on his tripod rav'd the more,
When round him half the saints began to snore.
To lead us safe through error's thorny maze,
Reason exerts her pure ethereal rays;
But that bright daughter of eternal day
Holds in our mortal frame a dubious sway.
Though no lethargic fumes the brain invest,
And opiate all her active powers to rest;
Though on that magazine no fevers seize,
To calcine all her beauteous images:
Yet banish'd from the realms by right her own,
Passion, a blind usurper, mounts the throne:
Or, to known good preferring specious ill,
Reason becomes a cully to the will:
Thus man, perversely fond to roam astray,
Hoodwinks the guide, assign'd to show the way;
And, in life's voyage, like the pilot fares,
Who breaks the compass, and contemns the stars,
To steer by meteors; which at random fly,
Preluding to a tempest in the sky.
Vain of his skill, and led by various views,
Each to his end a different path pursues;

And seldom is one wretch so humble known
To think his friend's a better than his own:
The boldest they, who least partake the light,
As game-cocks in the dark are train'd to fight.
Nor shame, nor ruin, can our pride abate,
But what became our choice we call our fate.
'Villain, (said Zeno to his pilfering slave)
What frugal nature needs, I freely gave;
With thee my treasure I depos'd in trust,
What could provoke thee now to prove unjust?'
'Sir, blame the stars, (felonious Culprit cried)
We'll by the statute of the stars be tried.'
If their strong influence all our actions urge,
Some are foredoom'd to steal—and some to scourge:
The beadle must obey the fates' decree,
As powerful destiny prevail'd with thee.'
This heathen logic seems to bear too hard
On me, and many a harmless modern bard:
The critics hence may think themselves decreed
To jerk the wits, and rail at all they read;
Foes to the tribe from which they trace their clan,
As monkies draw their pedigree from man;
To which (though by the breed our kind's disgrac'd)
We grant superior elegance of taste:
But, in their own defence, the wits observe
That, by impulse from heaven, they write and starve;
Their patron-planet, with resistless power,
Irradiates every poet's natal hour;
Engendering in his head a solar heat,
For which the college has no sure receipt,
Else from their garrets would they soon withdraw,
And leave the rats to revel in the straw.
Nothing so much intoxicates the brain
As Flattery's smooth insinuating bane:

She on the unguarded ear employs her art,
While vain self-love unlocks the yielding heart;
And reason oft submits when both invade,
Without assaulted, and within betray'd.
When flattery's magic-mists suffuse the sight,
The don is active, and the boor polite;
Her mirror shows perfection through the whole,
And ne'er reflects a wrinkle or a mole;
Each character in gay confusion lies,
And all alike are virtuous, brave, and wise:
Nor fail her fulsome arts to soothe our pride,
Though praise to venom turns, if wrong applied.
Me thus she whispers while I write to you:
'Draw forth a banner'd host in fair review:
Then every Muse invoke thy voice to raise,
"*Arms and the man*", to sing in lofty lays:
Whose active bloom heroic deeds employ,
Such as the son of Thetis [3] sung at Troy;
When his high-sounding lyre his valour rais'd,
To emulate the demi-gods he prais'd.
Like him the Briton, warm at honour's call,
At fam'd Blaragnia quell'd the bleeding Gaul;
By France the genius of the fight confess'd,
For which our patron saint adorns his breast.'—
Is this my friend, who sits in full content,
Jovial, and joking with his men of Kent,
And never any scene of slaughter saw,
But those who fell by physic or the law?
Why is he for exploits in war renown'd,
Deck'd with a star, with bloody laurels crown'd?
O often prov'd, and ever found sincere!
Too honest is thy heart, thy sense too clear,

[3] Iliad ix.

On these encomiums to vouchsafe a smile,
Which only can belong to great Argyle.
But most among the brethren of the bays,
The dear enchantress all her charms displays,
In the sly commerce of alternate praise.
If, for his father's sins condemn'd to write,
Some young half-feather'd poet takes a flight,
And to my touchstone brings a puny ode,
Which Swift, and Pope, and Prior, would explode;
Though every stanza glitters thick with stars,
And goddesses descend in ivory cars:
Is it for me to prove in every part
The piece irregular by laws of art?
His genius looks but awkward, yet his fate
May raise him to be premier-bard of state;
I therefore bribe his suffrage to my fame,
Revere his judgment, and applaud his flame;
Then cry, in seeming transport, while I speak,
'Tis well for Pindar that he dealt in Greek!'
He, conscious of desert, accepts the praise,
And, courteous, with increase the debt repays:
Boileau's a mushroom if compar'd to me,
And, Horace, *I* dispute the palm with *thee!*
Both ravish'd, sing *Te Phœbum* for success;
Rise swift, ye laurels: boy! bespeak the press—
Thus on imaginary praise we feed;
Each writes till all refuse to print or read:
From the records of fame condemn'd to pass
To Brisquet's [4] calendar, a rubric-ass.
Few, wonderous few, are eagle-eyed to find
A plain disease, or blemish in the mind:

[4] Brisquet, Jester to Francis I. of France, kept a calendar of fools.

Few can, though wisdom should their health ensure,
Dispassionate and cool attend a cure;
In youth disus'd to' obey the needful rein,
Well-pleas'd a savage liberty to gain,
We sate the keen desire of every sense,
And lull our age in thoughtless indolence?
Yet all are Solons in their own conceit,
Though, to supply the vacancy of wit,
Folly and pride, impatient of control,
The sister-twins of sloth, possess the soul.
By Kneller were the gay Pumilio drawn,
Like great Alcides, with a back of brawn,
I scarcely think his picture would have power
To make him fight the champions of the tower;
Though lions there are tolerably tame,
And civil as the court from which they came.
But yet, without experience, sense, or arts,
Pumilio boasts sufficiency of parts;
Imagines he alone is amply fit
To guide the state, or give the stamp to wit,
Pride paints the mind with an heroic air,
Nor finds he a defect of vigour there.
When Philomel of old essay'd to sing,
And in his rosy progress hail'd the spring,
The' aërial songsters, listening to the lays,
By silent ecstasy confess'd her praise.
At length, to rival her enchanting note,
The peacock strains the discord of his throat,
In hope his hideous shrieks would grateful prove;
But the nice audience hoot him through the grove.
Conscious of wanted worth, and just disdain,
Lowering his crest, he creeps to Juno's fane:
To his protectress there reveals the case;
And for a sweeter voice devoutly prays.

Then thus replied the radiant goddess, known
By her fair rolling eyes and rattling tone:
'My favourite bird! of all the feather'd kind,
Each species had peculiar gifts assign'd:
The towering eagles to the realms of light
By their strong pounces claim a regal right;
The swan, contented with an humbler fate,
Low on the fishy river rows in state;
Gay starry plumes thy length of train bedeck,
And the green emerald twinkles on thy neck;
But the poor nightingale, in mean attire,
Is made chief warbler of the woodland choir.
These various bounties were dispos'd above,
And ratified the' unchanging will of Jove:
Discern thy talent, and his laws adore;
Be what thou wert design'd, nor aim at more.'

TO THE QUEEN,

ON HER MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY.

From this auspicious day, three kingdoms date
The fairest favours of indulgent fate:
From this, the months in radiant circles run,
As stars receive their lustre from the sun.
To you the sceptres of all Europe bend,
The victor those revere, and these the friend;
Your silken reins the willing nations crave,
For 'tis your lov'd prerogative to save.
Mild amidst triumphs, victory bestows
On you renown, and freedom on your foes;
Observant of your will, the goddess brings
Palms in her hand, and healing in her wings.

But, as the brightest beams and gentlest showers
Were once reserv'd for Eden's opening flowers;
So, though remoter realms your influence share,
Britannia boasts to be your darling care.
By your great wisdom and resistless might,
Abroad we conquer, and at home unite:
Nature had join'd the lands; but you alone
Make their affections and their councils one;
You speak—the jarring principles remove,
And, close combin'd, the sister-nations prove
Rivals alone in loyalty and love.

What power would now forbid the warrior-queen
To wave the red-cross banners o'er the Seine?
Others for titles urge the soldier's toil,
Or meanly seek the foe, to seize the spoil:
But you for right your pious arms employ,
And conquer to restore, and not destroy:
Vouchsafing audience to your suppliant foes,
You long to give the labouring world repose;
Concurring justice waits from you the word,
Pleas'd, when you fix the scales to sheath the sword.

From this propitious omen we presage
Unnumber'd blessings to the coming age;
Establish'd faith, the daughter of the skies,
Shall see new temples by your bounty rise:
Commerce beneath the southern stars shall thrive,
Intestine feuds expire, and arts revive;
Safe in their shades the Muses shall remain,
And sing the milder glories of your reign.

So, whilst offended Heaven exerts its power,
Swift fly the lightnings, loud the thunders roar:
But, when our incense reconciles the skies,
Again the radiant beams begin to rise;

Soft Zephyrs gently waft the clouds away,
And fragrant flowers perfume the dawning day;
The groves around rejoice with echoing strains,
And golden plenty covers all the plains.

AN ODE

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE JOHN LORD GOWER.

Written in the Spring, 1716.

O'ER Winter's long inclement sway,
At length the lusty Spring prevails;
And, swift to meet the smiling May,
Is wafted by the western gales.
Around him dance the rosy Hours,
And damasking the ground with flowers,
With ambient sweets perfume the morn:
With shadowy verdure flourish'd high,
A sudden youth the groves enjoy;
Where Philomel laments forlorn.

By her awak'd, the woodland choir
To hail the coming god prepares;
And tempts me to resume the lyre,
Soft warbling to the vernal airs.
Yet once more, O ye muses! deign,
For me, the meanest of your train,
Unblam'd to' approach your bless'd retreat;
Where Horace wantons at your spring,
And Pindar sweeps a bolder string,
Whose notes the' Aonion hills repeat.

Or if invok'd, where Thames's fruitful tides
Slow through the vale in silver volumes play;
Now your own Phœbus o'er the month presides,
Gives love the night, and doubly gilds the day:
Thither, indulgent to my prayer,
Ye bright harmonious nymphs repair,
To swell the notes I feebly raise:
So with inspiring ardours warm'd,
May Gower's propitious ear be charm'd,
To listen to my lays.

Beneath the pole on hills of snow,
Like Thracian Mars, the' undaunted Swede
To dint of sword defies the foe;
In fight unknowing to recede:
From Volga's banks, the' imperious Czar
Leads forth his furry troops to war;
Fond of the softer southern sky:
The Soldan galls the' Illyrian coast;
But soon the miscreant moony host
Before the victor-cross shall fly.

But here no clarion's shrilling note
The muse's green retreat can pierce;
The grove, from noisy camps remote,
Is only vocal with my verse:
Here, wing'd with innocence and joy,
Let the soft hours that o'er me fly
Drop freedom, health, and gay desires:
While the bright Seine, to' exalt the soul,
With sparkling plenty crowns the bowl,
And wit and social mirth inspires.

Enamour'd of the Seine, celestial fair,
(The blooming pride of Thetis' azure train)
Bacchus, to win the nymph who caus'd his care,
Lash'd his swift tigers to the Celtic plain:

There secret in her sapphire cell
He with the Nais wont to dwell;
Leaving the nectar'd feasts of Jove:
And where her mazy waters flow,
He gave the mantling vine, to grow
A trophy to his love.

Shall man from nature's sanction stray,
With blind opinion for his guide;
And, rebel to her rightful sway,
Leave all her bounties unenjoy'd?
Fool! time no change of motion knows;
With equal speed the torrent flows,
To sweep fame, power, and wealth away:
The past is all by death possess'd;
And frugal fate that guards the rest,
By giving, bids him live to-day.

O Gower! through all that destin'd space
What breath the powers allot to me
Shall sing the virtues of thy race
United, and complete in thee.
O flower of ancient English faith,
Pursue the' unbeaten patriot-path,
In which confirm'd thy father shone:
The light his fair example gives,
Already from thy dawn receives
A lustre equal to its own.

Honour's bright dome, on lasting columns rear'd,
Nor envy rusts, nor rolling years consume;
Loud pæans echoing round the roof are heard,
And clouds of incense all the void perfume.
There Phocion, Lælius, Capel, Hyde,
With Falkland seated near his side,

Fix'd by the muse, the temple grace:
Prophetic of thy happier fame,
She, to receive thy radiant name,
Selects a whiter space.

ON THE

FIRST FIT OF THE GOUT.

WELCOME, thou friendly earnest of fourscore,
Promise of wealth, that hast alone the power
To' attend the rich, unenvied by the poor.
Thou that dost Esculapius deride,
And o'er his gallypots in triumph ride;
Thou that art us'd to' attend the royal throne,
And under-prop the head that bears the crown;
Thou that dost oft in privy-council wait,
And guard from drowsy sleep the eyes of state;
Thou that upon the bench art mounted high,
And warn'st the judges how they tread awry
Thou that dost oft from pamper'd prelate's toe
Emphatically urge the pains below;
Thou that art ever half the city's grace,
And add'st to solemn noddles solemn pace;
Thou that art us'd to sit on ladies' knee,
To feed on jellies, and to drink cold tea;
Thou that art ne'er from velvet slipper free;
Whence comes this unsought honour unto me?
Whence does this mighty condescension flow?
To visit my poor tabernacle, O—!
As Jove vouchsaf'd on Ida's top, 'tis said,
At poor Philemon's cot to take a bed;

Pleas'd with the poor but hospitable feast,
Jove bid him ask, and granted his request;
So do thou grant (for thou'rt of race divine,
Begot on Venus by the god of wine)
My humble suit!—And either give me store
To entertain thee, or ne'er see me more.

FINIS.

C. WHITTINGHAM, *Printer*, 103, Goswell Street.

T. WARTON

The mourning Maid forgot her funeral dirge,
And trimm'd her wreath of hyacinths anew.

Drawn by W. Hamilton R.A. *Engrav'd by F. Bartolozzi, R.A. Lisbon.*

Publish'd Jan.y 1.1808. by John Sharpe,
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SUPPLEMENT

TO THE

BRITISH POETS.

COLLATED WITH THE BEST EDITIONS:

BY

THOMAS PARK, F.S.A

VOL. I.

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1808.

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ADDITIONAL POEMS,

Not inserted in the Works of the Poets.

ADDITIONS

TO THE

POEMS OF ADDISON.

(SEE VOL. X.)

THE PLAY-HOUSE.

WHERE gentle Thames through stately channels [glides,
And England's proud metropolis divides;
A lofty fabric does the sight invade,
And stretches o'er the waves a pompous shade;
Whence sudden shouts the neighbourhood surprise,
And thundering claps and dreadful hissings rise.
Here thrifty R——[1] hires monarchs by the day,
And keeps his mercenary kings in pay;
With deep-mouth'd actors fills the vacant scenes,
And rakes the stews for goddesses and queens.
Here the lewd punk, with crowns and sceptres grac'd,
Teaches her eyes a more majestic cast;
And hungry monarchs, with a numerous train
Of suppliant slaves, like Sancho, starve and reign.
But enter in, my Muse; the stage survey,
And all its pomp and pageantry display;
Trap-doors and pit-falls, from the' unfaithful ground,
And magic walls encompass it around:

[1] Probably Rich.

On either side maim'd temples fill our eyes,
And, intermix'd with brothel-houses, rise;
Disjointed palaces in order stand,
And groves, obedient to the mover's hand,
O'ershade the stage, and flourish at command.
A stamp makes broken towns and trees entire:
So when Amphion struck the vocal lyre,
He saw the spacious circuit all around
With crowding woods and rising cities crown'd.
But next the tiring-room survey, and see
False titles, and promiscuous quality,
Confus'dly swarm, from heroes and from queens,
To those that swing in clouds and fill machines.
Their various characters they choose with art,
The frowning bully fits the tyrant's part:
Swoln cheeks and swaggering belly make an host;
Pale meagre looks and hollow voice, a ghost!
From careful brows and heavy downcast eyes,
Dull cits and thick-scull'd aldermen arise;
The comic tone, inspir'd by Congreve, draws
At every word loud laughter and applause:
The whining dame continues as before,
Her character unchang'd, and acts a whore.
Above the rest, the prince with haughty stalks
Magnificent in purple buskins walks:
The royal robes his awful shoulders grace;
Profuse of spangles and of copper-lace:
Officious rascals to his mighty thigh,
Guiltless of blood, the' unpointed weapon tie:
Then the gay glittering diadem put on,
P'ond'rous with brass, and starr'd with Bristol stone.
His royal consort next consults her glass,
And out of twenty boxes culls a face;

The whitening first her ghastly looks besmears,
All pale and wan the' unfinish'd form appears;
Till on her cheeks the blushing purple glows,
And a false virgin-modesty bestows.
Her ruddy lips the deep vermilion dyes;
Length to her brows the pencil's art supplies,
And with black bending arches shades her eyes.
Well pleas'd at length, the picture she beholds,
And spots it o'er with artificial molds;
Her countenance complete, the beaux she warms
With looks not her's; and, spite of nature, charms.
Thus artfully their persons they disguise,
Till the last flourish bids the curtain rise.
The prince then enters on the stage in state;
Behind, a guard of candle-snuffers wait:
There, swoln with empire, terrible and fierce,
He shakes the dome, and tears his lungs with verse:
His subjects tremble; the submissive pit,
Wrapt up in silence and attention, sit:
Till, freed at length, he lays aside the weight
Of public business and affairs of state;
Forgets his pomp, dead to ambition's fires,
And to some peaceful brandy-shop retires;
Where, in full gills, his anxious thoughts he drowns,
And quaffs away the care that waits on crowns.
The princess next her painted charms displays,
Where every look the pencil's art betrays;
The callow 'squire at distance feeds his eyes,
And silently, for paint and washes, dies.
But if the youth behind the scenes retreat,
He sees the blended colours melt with heat,
And all the trickling beauty run in sweat.
The borrow'd visage he admires no more,
And nauseates every charm he lov'd before:

So the fam'd spear, for double force renown'd,
Applied the remedy that gave the wound.
In tedious lists 'twere endless to engage,
And draw at length the rabble of the stage;
Where one for twenty years has given alarms,
And call'd contending monarchs to their arms;
Another fills a more important post,
And rises, every other night, a ghost;
Through the cleft stage his mealy face he rears,
Then stalks along, groans thrice, and disappears;
Others, with swords and shields, the soldier's pride,
More than a thousand times have chang'd their side,
And in a thousand fatal battles died.
Thus several persons, several parts perform;
Soft lovers whine, and blustering heroes storm:
The stern exasperated tyrants rage,
Till the kind bowl of poison clears the stage.
Then honours vanish, and distinctions cease,
Then, with reluctance, haughty queens undress;
Heroes on more their fading laurels boast,
And mighty kings in private men are lost.
He, whom such titles swell'd, such power made proud,
To whom whole realms and vanquish'd nations bow'd,
Throws off the gaudy plume, the purple train,
And in his own vile tatters stinks again.

ON LADY MANCHESTER.

WRITTEN ON THE TOASTING-GLASSES OF THE KIT-KAT CLUB.

While haughty Gallia's dames, that spread
O'er their pale cheeks an artful red,
Beheld this beauteous stranger there,
In native charms divinely fair;
Confusion in their looks they show'd;
And with unborrow'd blushes glow'd.

HYMN I.

FROM PART OF THE XIXTH PSALM.

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes, to every land,
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale;
And, nightly, to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth:
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball:
What though, no real voice, nor sound,
Amidst their radiant orbs be found:
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing, as they shine,
'The hand that made us is divine.'

HYMN II.

When all thy mercies, O my God!
My rising soul surveys;
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

O how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravish'd heart!—
But thou canst read it there.

Thy Providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redress'd;
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd
To form themselves in prayer.

Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
  Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
  From whence those comforts flow'd.

When in the slippery paths of youth
  With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
  And led me up to man.

Through hidden dangers, toils, and death,
  It greatly clear'd my way;
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
  More to be fear'd than they.

When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
  With health renew'd my face;
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
  Reviv'd my soul with grace.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
  Has made my cup run o'er,
And in a kind and faithful friend
  Has doubled all my store.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
  My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
  That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life
  Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
  The glorious theme renew.

When nature fails, and day and night
  Divide thy works no more,
My ever-grateful heart, O Lord!
  Thy mercy shall adore.

Through all eternity to Thee
  A joyful song I'll raise;
For oh! eternity's too short
  To utter all thy praise.

HYMN III.

How are thy servants bless'd, O Lord!
  How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
  Their help Omnipotence.

In foreign realms, and lands remote,
  Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes I pass'd unhurt,
  And breath'd in tainted air.

Thy mercy sweeten'd every soil,
  Made every region please;
The hoary Alpine hills it warm'd,
  And smooth'd the Tyrrhene seas.

Think, O my soul! devoutly think
  How, with affrighted eyes,
Thou saw'st the wide-extended deep
  In all its horrors rise.

Confusion dwelt on every face,
  And fear in every heart;
When waves on waves, and gulfs on gulfs,
  O'ercame the pilot's art.

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord!
  Thy mercy set me free;
Whilst in the confidence of prayer
  My soul took hold on thee.

For though in dreadful whirls we hung
  High on the broken wave,
I knew thou wert not slow to hear,
  Nor impotent to save.

The storm was laid, the winds retir'd,
  Obedient to thy will;
The sea, that roar'd at thy command,
  At thy command was still.

In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
  Thy goodness I'll adore;
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
  And humbly hope for more.

My life, if thou preserv'st my life,
  Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, if death must be my doom,
  Shall join my soul to thee.

HYMN IV.

When rising from the bed of death,
  O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face,
  O how shall I appear?

If yet, while pardon may be found,
  And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
  And trembles at the thought:

When thou, O Lord! shalt stand disclos'd
  In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
  O how shall I appear?

But thou hast told the troubled soul,
  Who does her sins lament,
The timely tribute of her tears
  Shall endless woe prevent.

Then see the sorrows of my heart,
  Ere yet it be too late;
And add my Saviour's dying groans,
  To give those sorrows weight.

For never shall my soul despair
  Her pardon to procure,
Who knows thy only Son has died
  To make that pardon sure.

PARAPHRASE ON PSALM XXIII.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care:
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wandering steps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My stedfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord! art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Though, in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my wants beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

ADDITIONS

TO THE

POEMS OF GAY.

(SEE VOL. XIV.)

TO MR. POPE,

ON HIS

HAVING FINISHED HIS TRANSLATION OF HOMER'S ILIAD.

A WELCOME FROM GREECE.

LONG hast thou, friend! been absent from my soil,
  Like patient Ithacus at siege of Troy;
I have been witness of thy six years' toil,
  Thy daily labours, and thy night's annoy;
Lost to thy native land, with great turmoil,
  On the wide sea, oft threatening to destroy;
Methinks with thee I've trod Sigæan ground,
And heard the shores of Hellespont resound.

Did I not see thee when thou first set'st sail
  To seek adventures fair in Homer's land?
Did I not see thy sinking spirits fail,
  And wish thy bark had never left the strand?
Ev'n in mid ocean often didst thou quail,
  And oft lift up thy holy eye and hand,
Praying the Virgin dear, and saintly choir,
Back to the port to bring thy bark entire.

Cheer up, my friend! thy dangers now are o'er;
  Methinks—nay, sure the rising coasts appear;
Hark! how the guns salute from either shore,
  As thy trim vessel cuts the Thames so fair:
Shouts answering shouts from Kent and Essex roar,
  And bells break loud through every gust of air:
Bonfires do blaze, and bones and cleavers ring,
As at the coming of some mighty king.

Now pass we Gravesend with a friendly wind,
  And Tilbury's white fort, and long Blackwall;
Greenwich, where dwells the friend of humankind,
  More visited than or her park or hall,
Withers the good, and (with him ever join'd)
  Facetious Disney [1], greet thee first of all:
I see his chimney smoke, and hear him say,
'Duke! that's the room for Pope, and that for Gay.

'Come in, my friends! here shall ye dine and lie,
  And here shall breakfast, and here dine again;
And sup and breakfast on, (if ye comply)
  For I have still some dozens of champagne.'
His voice still lessens as the ship sails by;
  He waves his hand to bring us back in vain;
For now I see, I see proud London's spires;
Greenwich is lost, and Deptford dock retires.

Oh, what a concourse swarms on yonder quay!
  The sky re-echoes with new shouts of joy;
By all this show, I ween, 'tis Lord Mayor's-day;
  I hear the voice of trumpet and hautboy.—
No, now I see them near.—Oh, these are they
  Who come in crowds to welcome thee from Troy:

[1] Usually called Duke Disney.

'Hail to the bard, whom long as lost we mourn'd;
From siege, from battle, and from storm, return'd.'

Of goodly dames, and courteous knights, I view
The silken petticoat, and broider'd vest;
Yea, peers and mighty dukes, with ribbands blue,
(True blue, fair emblem of unstained breast).
Others I see, as noble, and more true,
By no court-badge distinguish'd from the rest!
First see I Methuen, of sincerest mind,
As Arthur grave, as soft as womankind.

What lady's that, to whom he gently bends?
Who knows not her? ah! those are Wortley's eyes:
How art thou honour'd, number'd with her friends!
For she distinguishes the good and wise.
The sweet-tongued Murray near her side attends,
Now to my heart the glance of Howard flies;
Now Harvey, fair of face, I mark full well,
With thee, youth's youngest daughter, sweet Lepell.

I see two lovely sisters, hand in hand,
The fair-hair'd Martha and Teresa brown;
Madge Bellenden, the tallest of the land;
And smiling Mary, soft and fair as down.
Yonder I see the cheerful dutchess stand,
For friendship, zeal, and blithesome humours known;
Whence that loud shout in such a hearty strain?
Why, all the Hamiltons are in her train.

See next the decent Scudamore advance,
With Winchelsea, still meditating song;
With her perhaps Miss Howe came there by chance,
Nor knows with whom, or why, she comes along.

Far off from these see Santlow, fam'd for dance;
  And frolic Bicknell, and her sister Young;
With other names, by me not to be nam'd,
Much lov'd in private, not in public fam'd!

But now behold the female band retire,
  And the shrill music of their voice is still'd!
Methinks I see fam'd Buckingham admire,
  That in Troy's ruin thou hadst not been kill'd;
Sheffield, who knows to strike the living lyre
  With hand judicious, like thy Homer skill'd;
Bathurst, impetuous hastens to the coast,
Whom you and I strive who shall love the most.

See generous Burlington, with goodly Bruce,
  (But Bruce comes wafted in a soft sedan;)
Dan Prior next, belov'd by every Muse;
  And friendly Congreve, unreproachful man!
(Oxford by Cunningham hath sent excuse;)
  See hearty Watkins comes with cup and can;
And Lewis, who has never friend forsaken;
And Laughton whispering asks—'Is Troy town taken?'

Earl Warwick comes, of free and honest mind;
  Bold, generous Craggs, whose heart was ne'er disguis'd:
Ah! why, sweet Saint John, cannot I thee find?
  Saint John, for every social virtue priz'd.
Alas! to foreign climates he's confin'd,
  Or else to see thee here I well surmis'd;
Thou too, my Swift, dost breathe Bœotian air;
When wilt thou bring back wit and humour here?

Harcourt I see, for eloquence renown'd,
  The mouth of justice, oracle of law!
Another Simon is beside him found,
  Another Simon, like as straw to straw.
How Lansdowne smiles, with lasting laurel crown'd!
  What mitred prelate there commands our awe?
See Rochester approving nods his head,
And ranks one modern with the mighty dead.

Carleton and Chandos thy arrival grace;
  Hanmer, whose eloquence the' unbiass'd sways;
Harley, whose goodness opens in his face,
  And shows his heart the seat where virtue stays.
Ned Blount advances next, with busy pace,
  In haste, but sauntering, hearty in his ways:
I see the friendly Carylls come by dozens,
Their wives, their uncles, daughters, sons, and cousins.

Arbuthnot there I see, in physic's art
  As Galen learn'd, or famed Hippocrate;
Whose company drives sorrow from the heart,
  As all disease his medicines dissipate:
Kneller, amid the triumph bears his part,
  Who could (were mankind lost) anew create:
What can the' extent of his vast soul confine?
A painter, critic, engineer, divine!

Thee Jervas hails, robust and debonair,
  'Now have [we] conquer'd Homer, friend,' he cries:
Darteneuf, grave joker, joyous Ford is there,
  And wondering Maine, so fat with laughing eyes,
(Gay, Maine, and Cheney, boon companions dear,
  Gay fat, Maine fatter, Cheney huge of size)

Yea Dennis, Gildon, (hearing thou hast riches),
And honest, hatless Cromwell, with red breeches.

O Wanley [2], whence com'st thou with shorten'd hair,
And visage from thy shelves with dust besprent;
'Forsooth, (quoth he) from placing Homer there,
For ancients to compyle is myne entente:
Of ancients only hath Lord Harley care;
But hither me hath my meeke lady sent:—
In manuscript of Greeke rede we thilke same,
But book yprint best plesyth myn gude dame.'

Yonder I see, among the' expecting crowd,
Evans with laugh jocose, and tragic Young;
High-buskin'd Booth, grave Mawbert, wandering Frowde,
And Titcomb's belly waddles slow along.
See Digby faints at Southerne talking loud,
Yea, Steele and Tickell mingle with the throng:
Tickell, whose skiff (in partnership [3] they say)
Set forth for Greece, but founder'd in the way.

Lo, the two Doncastles, in Berkshire known!
Lo, Bickford, Fortescue, of Devon land!
Lo, Tooker, Eckershall, Sykes, Rawlinson!
See hearty Morley takes thee by the hand;
Ayrs, Graham, Buckridge, joy thy voyage done;
But who can count the leaves, the stars, the sand?
Lo, Stonor, Fenton, Caldwell, Ward, and Broome!
Lo, thousands more; but I want rhyme and room!

[2] The learned librarian to Robert and Edward, Earls of Oxford.

[3] This alludes to the share which Addison was supposed to have taken in Tickell's translation of the first book of the Iliad.

How lov'd! how honour'd thou! yet be not vain:
And sure thou art not, for I hear thee say,
'All this, my friends, I owe to Homer's strain,
On whose strong pinions I exalt my lay.
What from contending cities did he gain?
And what rewards his grateful country pay?
None, none were paid:—why then all this for me?
These honours, Homer, had been just to thee!'

TO THE

LEARNED INGENIOUS AUTHOR[1]

OF 'LICENTIA POETICA DISCUSSED; OR, THE TRUE TEST OF POETRY.' WRITTEN IN 1709.

THE vulgar notion of poetic fire
Is, that laborious art can ne'er aspire,
Nor constant studies the bright bays acquire;
And that high flights the unborn bard receives,
And only Nature the due laurel gives:
But you, with innate shining flames endow'd,
To wide Castalian springs point out the god;
Through your perspective we can plainly see
The new-discover'd road of poetry;
To steep Parnassus you direct the way
So smooth, that venturous travellers cannot stray;
But with unerring steps rough ways disdain,
And by you led the beauteous summit gain,
Where polish'd lays shall raise their growing flames,
And with their tuneful guide enrol their honour'd names.

[1] William Coward, M. D. This is the earliest known poem written by Gay.

THE QUIDNUNKIS.

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF THE DUKE REGENT OF FRANCE.

'How vain are mortal man's endeavours!
(Said, at Dame Elliot's [1], Master Travers)
Good Orleans dead! in truth 'tis hard:
Oh! may all statesmen die prepar'd!
I do foresee (and for foreseeing
He equals any man in being)
The army ne'er can be disbanded.
—I wish the King were safely landed.
Ah, friends! great changes threat the land,
All France and England at a stand!
There's Meroweis—mark! strange work!
And there's the Czar, and there's the Turk;
The Pope'—an Indian merchant by,
Cut short the speech with this reply:
'All at a stand? you see great changes?
Ah, sir! you never saw the Ganges:
There dwell the nations of Quidnunkis,
(So Monomotapa calls monkies).
On their bank, from bough to bough,
They meet and chat, as we may now.
Whispers go round, they grin, they shrug,
They bow, they snarl, they scratch, they hug:
And, just as chance or whim provoke them,
They either bite their friends, or stroke them.
'There have I seen some active prig,
To show his parts, bestride a twig:

[1] A coffee-house at that time near St. James's.

Lord! how the chattering tribe admire,
Not that he's wiser, but he's higher:
All long to try the venturous thing,
(For power is but to have one's swing:)
From side to side he springs, he spurns,
And bangs his foes and friends by turns.
Thus, as in giddy freaks he bounces,
Crack goes the twig, and in he flounces!
Down the swift stream the wretch is borne;
Never, ah never, to return!
'Zounds! what a fall had our dear brother;
Morbleu! cries one; and Damme! t'other.
The nations give a general screech;
None cocks his tail, none claws his breech;
Each trembles for the public weal,
And for a while forgets to steal.
'A while, all eyes, intent and steady,
Pursue him, whirling down the eddy.
But, out of mind when out of view,
Some other mounts the twig anew;
And business, on each monkey shore,
Runs the same track it went before.'

BALLAD.

'Twas when the seas were roaring
With hollow blasts of wind,
A damsel lay deploring,
All on a rock reclin'd:
Wide o'er the foaming billows
She cast a wishful look,
Her head was crown'd with willows,
That trembled o'er the brook.

'Twelve months are gone and over,
And nine long tedious days;
Why didst thou, ventrous lover,
Why didst thou trust the seas?
Cease, cease, thou cruel ocean,
And let a lover rest;
Ah! what's thy troubled motion
To that within my breast?

'The merchant, robb'd of pleasure,
Views tempests in despair;
But what's the loss of treasure
To losing of my dear?
Should you some coast be laid on
Where gold and diamonds grow,
You'll find a richer maiden,
But none that loves you so.

'How can they say that nature
Has nothing made in vain;
Why then beneath the water
Do hideous rocks remain?
No eyes those rocks discover,
That lurk beneath the deep,
To wreck the wandering lover,
And leave the maid to weep.'

All melancholy lying,
Thus wail'd she for her dear,
Repaid each blast with sighing,
Each billow with a tear;
When o'er the white waves stooping,
His floating corpse she spied;
Then, like a lily drooping,
She bow'd her head, and died.

ADDITIONS

TO THE

POEMS OF POPE.

(SEE VOL. XIX.)

TO THE AUTHOR

OF A PANEGYRIC ON MRS. GRACE BUTLER,

WHO DIED AGED 86.

The spirit of Mrs. Butler is supposed to speak.

STRIPT to the naked soul, escap'd from clay,
From doubts unfetter'd, and dissolv'd in day;
Unarm'd by vanity; unreach'd by strife;
And all my hopes and fears thrown off by life;
Why am I charm'd by friendship's fond essays,
And, though unbodied, conscious of thy praise?
Has pride a portion in the parted soul?
Does passion still the formless mind control?
Can gratitude out-pant the silent breath?
Or a friend's sorrow pierce the glooms of death?
No,—'tis a spirit's nobler taste of bliss!
That feels the worth it left, in proofs like this;
That not its own applause, but thine, approves;
Whose practice praises, and whose virtue loves!
Who liv'st, to crown departed friends with fame;
Then, dying late, shalt all thou gav'st reclaim.

INSCRIPTION

ON A GROTTO OF SHELLS AT CRUX-EASTON, THE WORK OF NINE YOUNG LADIES.

HERE, shunning idleness at once and praise,
This radiant pile nine rural sisters raise;
The glittering emblem of each spotless dame,
Clear as her soul, and shining as her frame;
Beauty which Nature only can impart,
And such a polish as disgraces art;
But fate dispos'd them in this humble sort,
And hid in deserts what would charm a court.

VERSES

ON READING A POEM ENTITLED 'A FIT OF THE SPLEEN,' BY DR. IBBOT.

WHAT are the falling rills, the pendant shades,
The morning bowers, the evening colonades,
But soft recesses for the' uneasy mind,
To sigh unheard into the passing wind?
So the struck deer, in some sequester'd part,
Lies down to die—the arrow in his heart;
There hid in shades, and wasting day by day,
Inly he bleeds, and pants his soul away.

VERSES LEFT BY MR. POPE,

ON HIS LYING IN THE SAME BED WHICH WILMOT, EARL OF ROCHESTER, USED AT ATTERBURY, A SEAT OF THE DUKE OF ARGYLE'S IN OXFORDSHIRE, JULY 9, 1739.

WITH no poetic ardour fir'd,
  I press the bed where Wilmot lay;
That here he lov'd, or here expir'd,
  Begets no numbers grave or gay.

But in thy roof, Argyle, are bred
  Such thoughts as prompt the brave to lie,
Stretch'd out in honour's nobler bed,
  Beneath a nobler roof—the sky.

Such flames as high in patriots burn,
  Yet stoop to bless a child, or wife;
And such as wicked kings may mourn,
  When freedom is more dear than life.

TO HIS GRACE

THE DUKE OF ARGYLE,

UPON READING THE PREAMBLE TO THE PATENT CREATING HIM DUKE OF GREENWICH.

MINDLESS of fate, in these low vile abodes,
Tyrants have oft usurp'd the style of gods:
But that the mortal may be thought divine,
The herald straight new-modell'd all his line;
And venal priest, with well-dissembled lie,
Preambled to the crowd the mimic deity.
Not so great Saturn's son, imperial Jove,
He reigns, unquestion'd, in his realms above;
No title from descent he need infer,
His red right arm proclaims the thunderer.
This, Campbell, be thy pride, illustrious peer,
Alike to shine distinguish'd in thy sphere.
All merit but thine own thou may'st disdain,
And kings have been thine ancestors in vain.

ADDITION

TO THE

POEMS OF THOMSON.

(SEE VOL. XX.)

ODE

IN THE MASK OF ALFRED.

When Britain first, at Heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sung this strain:
'Rule, Britannia! rule the waves,
Britons never will be slaves.'

The nations not so bless'd as thee,
Must in their turns to tyrants fall;
While thou shalt flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.
'Rule,' &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke;
As the loud blast that tears the skies
Serves but to root thy native oak.
'Rule,' &c.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame,
  All their attempts to bend thee down,
Will but arouse thy generous flame,
  But work their woe, and thy renown.
'Rule,' &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign;
  Thy cities shall with commerce shine;
All thine shall be the subject main,
  And every shore it circles thine.
'Rule,' &c.

The Muses, still with freedom found,
  Shall to thy happy coast repair;
Bless'd isle! with matchless beauty crown'd,
  And manly hearts to guard the fair:
'Rule, Britannia! rule the waves,
Britons never shall be slaves.'

ADDITIONS

TO THE

POEMS OF DR. WATTS.

(SEE VOL. XXI.)

FROM RELIQUIÆ JUVENILES; OR, MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS, IN PROSE AND VERSE.

ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.

My God, I love and I adore!
But souls that love would know thee more.
Wilt thou for ever hide, and stand
Behind the labours of thy hand?
Thy hand, unseen, sustains the poles
On which this huge creation rolls:
The starry arch proclaims thy power,
Thy pencil glows in every flower:
In thousand shapes and colours rise
Thy painted wonders to our eyes;
While beasts and birds with labouring throats
Teach us a God in thousand notes.
The meanest pin in nature's frame
Marks out some letter of thy name.
Where sense can reach or fancy rove,
From hill to hill, from field to grove,
Across the waves, around the sky,
There's not a spot, or deep or high,

Where the Creator has not trod,
And left the footstep of a God.
  But are his footsteps all that we,
Poor grovelling worms, must know or see?
Thou Maker of my vital frame!
Unveil thy face, pronounce thy name,
Shine to my sight, and let the ear
Which thou hast form'd, the language hear.
Where is thy residence? Oh! why
Dost thou avoid my searching eye,
My longing sense? Thou Great Unknown,
Say, do the clouds conceal thy throne?
Divide, ye clouds, and let me see
The Power that gives me leave to be.
  Or, art thou all diffus'd abroad
Through boundless space, a present God,
Unseen, unheard, yet ever near!
What shall I do to find thee here?
Is there not some mysterious art
To feel thy presence at my heart?
To hear thy whispers soft and kind,
In holy silence of the mind?
Then rest my thoughts; nor longer roam
In quest of joy, for Heaven's at home.
  But, oh! thy beams of warmest love;
Sure they were made for worlds above.
How shall my soul her powers extend,
Beyond where time and nature end,
To reach those heights, thy best abode,
And meet thy kindest smiles, my God?
What shall I do? I wait thy call;
Pronounce the word, my life, my all.
Oh, for a wing to bear me far
Beyond the golden morning-star!

Fain would I trace the' immortal way,
That leads to courts of endless day,
Where the Creator stands confess'd,
In his own fairest glories dress'd.
Some shining spirit help me rise,
Come waft a stranger through the skies;
Bless'd Jesus, meet me on the road,
First offspring of the' Eternal God!
Thy hand shall lead a younger son,
Clothe me with vestures yet unknown,
And place me near my Father's throne.

IMITATION OF AN ODE OF CASIMIR.

'Twas an unclouded sky: the day-star sat
On highest noon: no breezes fann'd the grove;
Nor the musicians of the air pursued
Their artless warblings; while the sultry day
Lay all diffus'd and slumbering on the bosom
Of the white lily, the perfum'd jonquil,
And lovely blushing rose. Then first my harp,
Labouring with childish innocence and joy,
Brake silence, and awoke the smiling hour
With infant notes, saluting the fair skies,
(Heaven's highest work) the fair enamell'd meads,
And tall green shades along the winding banks
Of Avon gently flowing. Thence my days
Commenc'd harmonious; there began my skill
To vanquish care by the sweet-sounding string.
Hail happy hour, O bless'd remembrance, hail!
And banish woes for ever. Harps were made

For Heaven's beatitudes: there Jesse's Son
Tunes his bold lyre with majesty of sound,
To the creating and all-ruling power
Not unattentive: while ten thousand tongues
Of hymning seraphs and disbodied saints,
Echo the joys and graces round the hills
Of Paradise, and spread Messiah's name.
Transporting bliss! make haste, ye rolling spheres,
Ye circling suns, ye winged minutes, haste,
Fulfil my destin'd period here; and raise
The meanest son of harmony to join
In that celestial concert.

THE HEBREW POET.

This Ode represents the Difficulty of a just Translation of the Psalms of David, in all their Hebrew Glory; with an Apology for the Imitation of them in Christian Language.—The first Hint borrowed from Casimir, Jessæa quisquis, &c. Book iv. *Ode* 7.

Show me the man that dares and sings
Great David's verse to British strings:
Sublime attempt! but bold and vain
As building Babel's tower again.

The Bard [1] that climb'd to Cooper's-Hill,
Reaching at Zion, sham'd his skill,
And bids the sons of Albion own,
That Judah's Psalmist reigns alone.

[1] Sir John Denham, who gained great reputation by his poem called Cooper's-Hill, failed in his translation of the Psalms of David.

Bless'd Poet! now, like gentle Thames,
He soothes our ears with silver streams:
Like his own Jordan, now he rolls,
And sweeps away our captive souls.

Softly, the tuneful shepherd leads
The Hebrew flocks to flowery meads:
He marks their path with notes divine,
While fountains spring with oil and wine.

Rivers of peace attend his song,
And draw their milky train along:
He jars; and, lo! the flints are broke,
But honey issues from the rock.

When, kindling with victorious fire,
He shakes his lance across the lyre,
The lyre resounds unknown alarms,
And sets the thunderer in arms.

Behold the God! the' almighty King
Rides on a tempest's glorious wing:
His ensigns lighten round the sky,
And moving legions sound on high.

Ten thousand cherubs wait his course,
Chariots of fire and flaming horse:
Earth trembles; and her mountains flow,
At his approach, like melting snow.

But who these frowns of wrath can draw,
That strike heaven, earth, and hell, with awe?
Red lightning from his eye-lids broke;
His voice was thunder, hail, and smoke.

He spake; the cleaving waters fled,
And stars beheld the ocean's bed:
While the great master strikes his lyre,
You see the frighted floods retire:

In heaps the frighted billows stand,
Waiting the changes of his hand:
He leads his Israel through the sea,
And watry mountains guard their way.

Turning his hand with sovereign sweep,
He drowns all Egypt in the deep:
Then guides the tribes, a glorious band,
Through deserts to the promis'd land.

Here camps with wide embattel'd force;
Here gates and bulwarks stop their course:
He storms the mounds, the bulwark falls,
The harp lies strow'd with ruin'd walls.

See his broad sword flies o'er the strings,
And mows down nations with their kings:
From every chord his bolts are hurl'd,
And vengeance smites the rebel world.

Lo! the great Poet shifts the scene;
And shows the face of God serene:
Truth, meekness, peace, salvation ride,
With guards of justice, at his side.

No meaner muse could weave the light,
To form his robes divinely bright;
Or frame a crown of stars to shine
With beams for Majesty divine.

Now in prophetic light he sees
Ages to come, and dark degrees:
He brings the Prince of glory down,
Strip'd of his robe and starry crown.

See Jews and Heathens fir'd with rage;
See, their combining powers engage
Against the' Anointed of the Lord,
The Man whom angels late ador'd;

God's only Son: Behold, he dies!
Surprising grief! The groans arise!
The lyre complains on every string,
And mourns the murder of her King.

But Heaven's Anointed must not dwell
In death: the vanquish'd powers of hell
Yield to the harp's diviner lay;
The grave resigns the' illustrious prey.

MESSIAH lives! MESSIAH reigns!
The song surmounts the airy plains,
To' attend her Lord with joys unknown,
And bear the Victor to his throne.

Rejoice, ye shining worlds on high,
Behold the Lord of glory nigh:
Eternal doors, your leaves display,
To make the Lord of glory way.

What mortal bard has skill or force
To paint these scenes, to tread this course,
Or furnish through the' ethereal road
A triumph for a rising God?

Astonish'd at so vast a flight
Through flaming worlds and floods of light,
My Muse her awful distance keeps,
Still following, but with trembling steps.

She bids her humble verse explain
The Hebrew harp's sublimer strain;
Points to her Saviour still, and shows
What course the Sun of Glory goes.

Here he ascends behind a cloud
Of incense [1], there he sets in blood [2];
She reads his labours and his names
In spicy smoke, and bleeding lambs.

Rich are the graces which she draws
From types, and shades, and Jewish laws;
With thousand glories long foretold
To turn the future age to gold.

Grace is her theme, and joy, and love:
Descend, ye blessings from above,
And crown my song. Eternal God,
Forgive the Muse that dreads thy rod.

Silent, she hears thy vengeance roll,
That crushes mortals to the soul,
Nor dares assume the bolt, nor sheds
The' immortal curses on their heads.

Yet since her God is still the same,
And David's Son is all her theme,
She begs some humble place to sing
In concert with Judea's King.

[1] Christ's Intercession. [2] His Sacrifice.

DIVINE GOODNESS IN THE CREATION.

When God the new-made world survey'd,
His word pronounc'd the building good;
Sun-beams and light the heavens array'd,
And the whole earth was crown'd with food.

Colours that charm and ease the eye,
His pencil spread all nature round;
With pleasing blue he arch'd the sky,
And a green carpet dress'd the ground.

Let envious atheists ne'er complain,
That nature wants or skill, or care:
But turn their eyes all round in vain,
To' avoid their Maker's goodness there.

THE

SACRED CONCERT OF PRAISE.

Come, pretty birds, fly to this verdant shade,
Here let our different notes in praise conspire:
'Twas the same hand your painted pinions spread,
That form'd my nobler powers to raise his honours higher.

Fair songsters, come; beneath the sacred grove
We'll sit, and teach the woods our Maker's name:
Men have forgot his works, his power, his love,
Forgot the mighty arm that rear'd their wondrous frame.

I search the crowded court, the busy street,
Run through the villages, trace every road:
In vain I search; for every heart I meet
Is laden with the world, and empty of its God.

How shall I bear with men to spend my days?
Dear feather'd innocents, you please me best:
My God has fram'd your voices for his praise,
His high designs are answer'd by your tuneful breast.

Sweet warblers, come; wake all your cheerful tongues,
We join with angels and their heavenly choirs:
Our humble airs may imitate their songs,
Though bolder are their notes, and purer are their [fires.

Had I ten thousand hearts, my God, my Love;
Had I ten thousand voices, all are thine:
Where love inflames the soul, the lips must move,
Nor shall the song be mortal where the theme's divine.

THE

WORLD A STRANGER TO GOD.

INFINITE Beauty, everlasting Love,
How are our hearts, our thoughts, estrang'd from [thee!
The' eternal God surrounds us; yet we rove
In chase of airy toys, and follow as they flee.

Oh! could I cry, and make the nations hear,
From North to South my voice should teach thy name:
I'd tell them that they buy their joys too dear,
And pay immortal souls for glittering dust or fame.

Almighty Power, break off these chains of sense,
Melt them away with love's celestial fire,
Create the world anew; let man commence
A seraph here on earth, let man to Heaven aspire.

THE MIDNIGHT ELEVATION.

Now reigns the night in her sublimest noon:
Nature lies hush'd; the stars their watches keep;
I wait thy influence, gentle sleep;
Come, shed thy choicest poppies down
On every sense, sweet slumbers seal my eyes,
Tir'd with these scenes of day, with painted vanities.

In vain I wish, in vain I try
To close my eyes, and learn to die;
Sweet slumbers from my restless pillow fly:
Then be my thoughts serene as day,
Be sprightly as the light,
Swift as the sun's far-shooting ray,
And take a vigorous flight:
Swift fly, my soul, transcend these dusky skies,
And trace the vital world that lies [the night.
Beyond those glimmering fires that gild and cheer

There Jesus reigns, adored name!
The second on the throne supreme:
In whose mysterious form combine
Created glories and divine:
The joy and wonder of the realms above:
At his command all their wing'd squadrons move,
Burn with his fire, and triumph in his love.

There souls releas'd from earth's dark bondage live,
My Reynolds there, with Howe and Boyle are found;
Not time nor nature could their genius bound,
And now they soar, and now they dive
In that unlimitable deep where thought itself is drown'd.
They aid the seraphs while they sing,
God is their unexhausted theme;
Light, life, and joy, from that immortal spring
O'erflow the blessed millions with an endless stream.
Amazing state! Divine abode! [in God.
Where spirits find their Heaven while they are lost

Hail, holy souls, no more confin'd
To limbs and bones that clog the mind,
Ye have escap'd the snares, and left the chains
We wretched prisoners here below, [behind.
What do we see, or learn, or know,
But scenes of various folly, guilt, and woe?
Life's buzzing sounds and flattering colours play
Round our fond sense, and waste the day,
Enchant the fancy, vex the labouring soul;
Each rising sun, each lightsome hour,
Beholds the busy slavery we endure;
Nor is our freedom full, or contemplation pure,
When night and sacred silence overspread the pole.

Reynolds, thou late ascended mind,
Employ'd in various thoughts and tuneful song,
What happy moment shall my soul unbind,
And bid me join the' harmonious throng?
Oh, for a wing to rise to thee!
When shall my eyes these heavenly wonders see?
When shall I taste those comforts with an ear refin'd?

Roll on apace, ye spheres sublime,
Swift drive the chariot round, illustrious moon;
Haste, all ye twinkling measurers of time,
Ye can't fulfil your course too soon.
Kindle, my languid powers, celestial love!
Point all my passions to the courts above,
Then send the convoy down to guard my last remove.

Thrice happy world, where gilded toys [joys!
No more disturb our thoughts, no more pollute our
There light and shade succeed no more by turns,
There reigns the' eternal sun with an unclouded ray,
There all is calm as night, yet all immortal day,
And truth for ever shines, and love for ever burns.

HORACE PARAPHRASED.

Nos numerus sumus, et fruges consumere nati.
——————————Alcinoique juventus
Cui pulchrum fuit in medios dormire dies, &c.

THERE are a number of us creep
Into this world, to eat and sleep;
And know no reason why they're born,
But merely to consume the corn,
Devour the cattle, fowl, and fish,
And leave behind an empty dish:
The crows and ravens do the same,
Unlucky birds of hateful name;
Ravens or crows might fill their place,
And swallow corn and carcases.
Then, if their tombstone, when they die,
Ben't taught to flatter and to lie,

There's nothing better will be said,
Than that, 'They've eat up all their bread,
Drank up their drink, and gone to bed.'

There are other fragments of that Heathen poet, which occur on such occasions; one in the first of his Satires, the other in the last of his Epistles; which seem to represent life only as a season of luxury.

——Exacto contentus tempore vitæ
Cedat uti conviva satur.——
Lusisti satis, edisti satis atque bibisti;
Tempus abire tibi.

Which may be thus put into English:

Life's but a feast; and when we die,
Horace would say, if he were by,
Friend, thou hast eat and drank enough,
'Tis time now to be marching off:
Then like a well-fed guest depart,
With cheerful looks, and ease at heart;
Bid all your friends good-night and say,
'You've done the business of the day.'

REFLECTION.

Deluded souls! that sacrifice
Eternal hopes above the skies,
And pour their lives out all in waste,
To the vile idol of their taste!
The highest heaven of their pursuit
Is to live equal with the brute:
Happy if they could die as well;
Without a judge, without a hell.

BABYLON DESTROYED:

OR THE 137TH PSALM TRANSLATED.

When by the flowing brooks we sat,
  The brooks of Babylon the proud;
We thought on Zion's mournful state,
  And wept her woes, and wail'd aloud.

Thoughtless of every cheerful air,
  (For grief had all our harps unstrung)
Our harps, neglected in despair,
  And silent on the willows hung.

Our foes, who made our land their spoil,
  Our barbarous lords, with haughty tongues
Bid us forget our groans a while,
  And give a taste of Zion's songs.

How shall we sing, in heathen lands,
  Our holy songs to ears profane?
Lord, shall our lips, at their commands,
  Pronounce thy dreadful name in vain?

Forbid it, Heaven! O vile abuse!
  Zion in dust forbids it too:
Shall hymns inspir'd for sacred use
  Be sung to please a scoffing crew;

O let my tongue grow dry, and cleave
  Fast to my mouth in silence still;
Let some avenging power bereave
  My fingers of their tuneful skill:

If I thy sacred rites profane,
  O Salem, or thy dust despise;
If I indulge one cheerful strain,
  Till I shall see thy towers arise.

'Twas Edom bid the conquering foe,
  'Down with the towers and raze thy walls:'
Requite her, Lord: but, Babel, know,
  Thy guilt for fiercer vengeance calls.

As thou hast spar'd nor sex nor age,
  Deaf to our infants' dying groans,
May some bless'd hand, inspir'd with rage,
  Dash thy young babes, and tinge the stones.

AN

EPITAPH ON BIGOTRY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN.

Which was written by the late pious and ingenious Mr. John Reynolds, and inserted in the Occasional Paper, Vol. III. Numb. VI.

HERE lies (and may it here for ever lie)
  The carcase of dead piety,
  Shadow of grace, substantial sin,
  Religion's mask and gaudy dress,
  The form and foe of holiness,
The image and the plague of zeal divine,
Its dwelling was the church; in double shape,
Half was a murdering wolf, and half a mimic ape.

A monster horrid to the sight,
Hideous, deform'd, and void of light;
'Twas born at Rome,
'Twas nurs'd at home,
In the dark cloisters of the Vatican;
Its lungs inspir'd with heaving lies,
Its bulk well fatten'd to prodigious size
With gunpowder and blood of man.

Ancient inhabitant of Spain,
And long in France a welcome guest;
Over the continent and main,
Over the old world and the new,
Mankind and money to pursue,
On dragon's wings the harpy flew,
And gave its feet no rest.

All languages the fury spake,
And did of either sex partake:
Flaming enlightener of the mind,
And headlong leader of the blind,
Oft has it drag'd the doubtful tongue to speak,
While the pain'd conscience left the truth behind:
By gibbet, sword, and fire,
It made whole tribes of men expire;
And to the skies their groaning ghosts it hurl'd,
A swift converter of the world.
Dextrous in all the arts of blood;
Skill'd to contrive or counterfeit
Mysterious mischief, plots of state,
Those murderous engines to destroy the good.

[*The Muse here tiring, begs the reader's leave to release herself from the bonds and labours of rhyme and metre, by a mere imitation of the next thirty lines in prose.*]

Under the name and habit of the church,
Under the countenance and clothing of a sheep,
It became the most savage and rampant
Plunderer and waster of human society:
Made fearful inroads on all civil commerce,
And left religious liberty expiring.

A warrior well furnish'd
With all arts politic and polite,
With the knotty embarrassments of criticism,
The hampering chains and subtilties of logic,
And the javelins of pen and tongue,
With the roaring ordinance of councils and canons,
And all the artillery of the schools and gown.

Fury, hatred, and mischief,
Love of this world, pride, and disdain,
With perjuries, falsehoods, and pious frauds,
And raging party zeal,
Were its necessary and everlasting attendants.
High encomiums and endless applause
Of guides infallible, and faith implicit,
Of hereditary and divine right,
Of unlimited power and passive obedience
To tyrant priests and kings,
With the immortal praise and merit
Of stupid ignorance, and blind submission,
Were heralds to prepare its way.

Trifles, and tricks, and solemn fooleries,
    Legends and silly tales,
Old almanacks, and mouldy musty relics,
    Sweepings of ancient tombs,
Vows, pilgrimages, charms, and consecrations,
Rites obsolete, and novel ceremonies
    Both decent and indecent,
Monkish vows, and superstitious austerities,
With words of sacerdotal absolution,
    And sacerdotal vengeance,
Squibs, crackers, excommunications, curses,
    Roaring bulls, and vain thunders,
Mix'd up with priestly choler, bitter and black,
    Were its delicious food.

[*Now Metre and Rhyme proceed.*]

A purple prelate, chosen to preside
    Over the whole Ignatian drove,
    And all the clergy-tribes beside,
All but the sacred few that mix their zeal with love.
    In every different sect 'twas known,
It made the cassock and the cowl its own, [gown.
Now stalk'd in formal cloak, now flutter'd in the

    At what dark hour soe'er
  The curs'd divan at Rome were met,
  Catholic faith to propagate,
    This monster fill'd the chair.
  The conclave, dress'd in bonnets red,
  With three-crown'd tyrant at their head,
  Made it their privy-counsellor.
The inquisition-court (a bloody crew,
  Artful to set the solemn trap
  That lets no heretic escape)
Owns it her president and founder too.

Oft as the church in east or western lands
  Rising against herself in arms,
  In her own blood embrued her hands;
  This chief led on the' unnatural war,
  Or did the bloody standards bear,
    Or sound the fierce alarms;
Victorious still. (And what can more be said
Of all the living warriors, or the heroes dead?)

Britain, a land well stor'd with every good,
  That nature, law, religion gives;
  A land where sacred freedom thrives;
Bless'd isle! if her own weal she understood!
Her sons, immur'd with guardian ocean, sleep,
    And castles floating on the deep,
Fenc'd from all foreign foes, O shame! O sin!
Her sons had let this baleful mischief in;
This hellish fury, who with flattering breath
    Did first divide, and then devour,
And made wild waste where'er she spread her power,
Behold she meets her fatal hour,
    And lies enchain'd in death.

    Shout at the grave, O traveller!
    Triumphant joys that reach the skies
    Are here the justest obsequies:
    Shout thrice; then flee afar
These poisonous steams and stenches of the sepulchre;
    Go, turn thy face to Heaven, and pray,
That such a hateful monster never may
    Obtain a resurrection-day.

AN HYMN

TO CHRIST JESUS, THE ETERNAL LIFE.

WHERE shall the tribes of Adam find
The sovereign Good to fill the mind?
Ye sons of moral wisdom, show
The spring whence living waters flow.

Say, will the stoic's flinty heart
Melt, and this cordial juice impart?
Could Plato find these blissful streams,
Amongst his raptures and his dreams?

In vain I ask; for Nature's power
Extends but to this mortal hour:
'Twas but a poor relief she gave
Against the terrors of the grave.

Jesus, our kinsman, and our God,
Array'd in majesty and blood,
Thou art our life; our souls in thee
Possess a full felicity.

All our immortal hopes are laid
In Thee, our surety and our head;
Thy cross, thy cradle, and thy throne,
Are big with glories yet unknown.

Let Atheists scoff, and Jews blaspheme
The' eternal life and Jesus' name;
A word of his almighty breath
Dooms the rebellious world to death.

But let my soul for ever lie
Beneath the blessings of thine eye;
'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,
To see thy face, to taste thy love.

DAVID'S LAMENTATION

OVER SAÜL AND JONATHAN, PARAPHRASED.

UNHAPPY day! distressing sight!
Israel, the land of Heaven's delight,
How is thy strength, thy beauty fled!
On the high places of the fight
Behold thy princes fall'n, thy sons of victory dead.

Ne'er be it told in Gath, nor known
Among the streets of Askelon:
How will Philistia's youth rejoice
And triumph in our shame;
And girls, with weak unhallow'd voice,
Chant the dishonours of the Hebrew name!

Mountains of Gilboa, let no dew
Nor fruitful showers descend on you:
Curse on your fields through all the year,
No flowery blessings there appear,
Nor golden ranks of harvest stand
To grace the altar, or to feed the land.
'Twas in those inauspicious fields
Judean heroes lost their shields: [day!)
'Twas there (ah! base reproach and scandal of the
Thy shield, O Saul, was cast away,
As though the prophet's horn had never shed
Its sacred odours on thy head.

The sword of Saul had ne'er, till now,
  Awoke to war in vain,
Nor Jonathan withdrawn his bow,
  Without an army slain.
Where truth and honour mark'd their way,
Not eagles swifter to their prey,
Nor lions strong or bold as they.

Graceful in arms and great in war
  Were Jonathan and Saul;
Pleasant in life, and manly fair;
Nor death divides the royal pair,
  And thousands share their fall.
Daughters of Israel, melt your eyes
To softer tears, and swell your sighs,
Disrob'd, disgrac'd, your monarch lies,
On the bleak mountains, pale and cold!
He made rich scarlet your array;
  Bright were your looks, your bosoms gay
With gems of regal gift, and interwoven gold.

How are the princes sunk in death!
  Fall'n on the shameful ground!
There my own Jonathan resign'd his breath:
  On the high places where he stood,
  He lost his honours and his blood;
Oh, execrable arm that gave the mortal wound!

My Jonathan, my better part,
My brother, and (that dearer name) my friend,
I feel the mortal wound that reach'd thy heart;
    And here my comforts end.
  How pleasant was thy love to me!
  Amazing passion, strong and free!

No dangers could thy steady soul remove:
Not the soft virgin loves to that degree,
Nor man to that degree does the soft virgin love.
To name my joys, awakes my pain;
The dying friend runs cold through every vein.
My Jonathan, my dying friend,
How thick my woes arise! where will my sorrows [end?

Unhappy day! distressing sight!
Israel, the land of Heaven's delight,
How are thy princes fall'n, thy sons of victory slain!
The broken bow, the shiver'd spear,
With all the sullied pomp of war,
In rude confusion spread,
Promiscuous lie among the dead,
A lamentable rout o'er all the' inglorious plain.

ON THE

SIGHT OF QUEEN MARY,

IN THE YEAR 1694.

I saw the' illustrious form, I saw
Beauty that gave the nations law:
Her eyes, like mercy on a throne,
In condescending grandeur shone.

That blooming face! how lovely fair
Hath nature mix'd her wonders there!
The rosy morn such lustre shows,
Glancing along the Scythian snows.

Her shape, her motion, and her mien,
All heavenly; such are angels seen,
When the bright vision grows intense,
And fancy aids our feebler sense.

Earth's proudest idols dare not vie
With such superior Majesty:
A kindling vapour might as soon
Rise from the bogs, and mate the moon.

I'll call no Raphael from his rest;
Such charms can never be express'd:
Pencil and paint were never made
To draw pure light without a shade.

Britain beholds her Queen with pride,
And mighty William at her side
Gracing the throne, while at her feet
With humble joy three nations meet.

Secure of empire, she might lay
Her crown, her robes, and state away,
And midst ten thousand nymphs be seen:
Her beauty would proclaim the queen.

EPANORTHOSIS.

Her guardian angel heard my song:
'Fond man, (he cried) forbear to wrong
My lovely charge. So vulgar eyes
Gaze at the stars, and praise the skies.

Rudely they praise who dwell below,
And Heaven's true glories never know,
Where stars and planets are no more
Than pebbles scatter'd on the floor.

So, where celestial virtues join'd
Form an incomparable mind,
Crowns, sceptres, beauties, charms, and air,
Stand but as shining servants there.

ON

THE EFFIGIES

OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS GEORGE, LATE PRINCE OF DENMARK, AND LORD HIGH ADMIRAL OF GREAT BRITAIN;

Made in Wax, and seated at a Banquet, near the Effigies of her Majesty Queen Anne. All happily performed in a very near Imitation of the Life, by Chrysis. 1705.

So look'd the hero, coming from the board
Of naval counsels, and put off his sword,
So sat the Prince, when with a smiling air
He relish'd Life, and pleas'd his Sovereign Fair.
Surprising form! scarce with a softer mien
Did his first love address his future Queen.
Publish the wonder, fame [1]. But, O! forbear
To' approach the palace and the royal ear,
Lest her impatient love and wishing eye
Seek the dear image, gaze, and mourn, and die.
Or stay: the royal mourner will believe
Her George restor'd, and so forget to grieve.
What cannot Chrysis do? those artful hands
Shall raise the hero: Lo, in arms he stands:
Fairbourn and Leak [2] submissive shall espy
War on his brow, and orders in his eye,
Auspicious, just, and wise: the fleet obeys,
And the French pirates flee the British seas.

[1] This poem was written just after Prince George's death.
[2] Two British admirals.

HINTS FOR WINDOW-POETS.

If they must write the names of their mistresses on the windows, and describe their beauties there, let them do it in such language as may not offend the tongue of modesty to repeat, nor raise a blush on the cheek of virtue.

If the Muse lavish her immortal wit
To paint a fading face,
And the firm diamond the frail honours write
Upon the brittle glass;
Let no foul word pollute that heavenly ray
Which makes the lines appear:
Lewdness would taint the sun-beams in their way;
Lewdness should ne'er be read but when keen lightnings play
To blast the writer's hand, and shake his soul with fear.

If they would write the name of a friend or a stranger there, let it be a name of worth and honour; let it be some example of virtue, and attended with a due encomium.

ALBINUS.

Clear as the glass, his spotless fame,
And lasting diamond writes his name.

Or if a diamond must be used for a pen, and a pane of glass must be the tablet on which we write, I should rather choose that those pellucid mediums, which transmit the light of heaven to

our eyes, should convey some beam of sacred knowledge, or some useful memento to the mind,

Words of eternal truth proclaim
All mortal joys are vain:
A diamond pen engraves the theme
Upon a brittle plain.

AGAINST LEWDNESS.

WHY should you let your wandering eyes
Entice your soul to shameful sin?
Scandal and ruin are the prize
You take such fatal pains to win.

This brutal vice makes reason blind,
And blots the name with hateful stains;
It wastes the flesh, pollutes the mind,
And tears the heart with racking pains.

Let David speak with heavy groans,
How it estrang'd his soul from God,
Made him complain of broken bones,
And fill'd his house with wars and blood.

Let Solomon and Samson tell
Their melancholy stories here,
How bright they shone, how low they fell,
When sin's vile pleasures cost them dear.

In vain you choose the darkest time,
Nor let the sun behold the sight:
In vain you hope to hide your crime
Behind the curtains of the night;

The wakeful stars and midnight moon
  Watch your foul deeds and know your shame;
And God's own eye, like beams of noon,
  Strikes through the shade, and marks your name.

What will you do when Heaven inquires
  Into these scenes of secret sin?
And lust, with all its guilty fires,
  Shall make your conscience rage within?

How will you curse your wanton eyes,
  Curse the lewd partners of your shame,
When death, with horrible surprise,
  Shows you the pit of quenchless flame?

Flee, sinners, flee the' unlawful bed,
  Lest vengeance send you down to dwell
In the dark regions of the dead,
  To feed the fiercest fires of hell.

AGAINST DRUNKENNESS.

Is it not strange that every creature
  Should know the measure of its thirst,
(They drink but to support their nature,
  And give due moisture to their dust;)

While man, vile man, whose nobler kind
  Should scorn to act beneath the beast,
Drowns all the glories of his mind,
  And kills his soul to please his taste!

O what a hateful, shameful sight,
  Are drunkards reeling through the street!
Now they are fond, and now they fight,
  And pour their shame on all they meet.

Is it so exquisite a pleasure
  To troll down liquor through the throat,
And swill, and know no bounds or measure,
  Till sense and reason are forgot?

Do they deserve the' immortal name
  Of man, who sink so far below?
Will God, the maker of their frame,
  Endure to see them spoil it so?

Can they e'er think of Heaven or grace,
  Or hope for glory when they die?
Can such vile ghosts expect a place
  Among the shining souls on high?

The meanest seat is too refin'd
  To entertain a drunkard there.
Ye sinners of this loathsome kind,
  Repent, or perish in despair.

PASSION AND REASON.

Let Astrapé forbear to blaze,
As lightning does with dreadful rays,
Nor spoil the beauties of her face,
  To arm her tongue with thunder:
That reason hardly looks divine,
Where so much fire and sound combine,
And make the way for wit to shine
  By riving sense asunder.

Yet if I found her words grow warm,
I'd learn some lesson by the storm,
Or guard myself at least from harm
  By yielding like Tranquillus.
Tempests will tear the stiffest oak,
Cedars with all their pride are broke
Beneath the fury of that stroke
  That never hurts the willows.

THOUGHTS AND MEDITATIONS

IN A LONG SICKNESS, 1712 AND 1713.

The hurry of the spirits, in a fever, and nervous disorders.

My frame of nature is a ruffled sea,
And my disease the tempest. Nature feels
A strange commotion in her utmost centre;
The throne of reason shakes: 'Be still, my thoughts;
Peace and be still.' In vain my reason gives
The peaceful word, my spirits strive in vain
To calm the tumult and command my thoughts.
This flesh, this circling blood, these brutal powers
Made to obey, turn rebels to the mind,
Nor hear its laws. The engine rules the man.
Unhappy change! when nature's meaner springs
Fir'd to impetuous ferments, break all order;
When little restless atoms rise and reign
Tyrants in sovereign uproar, and impose
Ideas on the mind; confus'd ideas
Of non-existents and impossibles,
Who can describe them? Fragments of old dreams,

Borrow'd from midnight, torn from fairy fields
And fairy skies, and regions of the dead,
Abrupt, ill sorted. O 'tis all confusion!
If I but close my eyes, strange images
In thousand forms and thousand colours rise,
Stars, rainbows, moons, green dragons, bears, and ghosts,
An endless medley rush upon the stage,
And dance and riot wild in Reason's court
Above control. I'm in a raging storm,
Where seas and skies are blended, while my soul,
Like some light worthless chip of floating cork,
Is tost from wave to wave: now overwhelm'd
With breaking floods, I drown, and seem to lose
All being: now high-mounted on a ridge
Of a tall foaming surge, I'm all at once
Caught up into the storm, and ride the wind,
The whistling wind; unmanageable steed,
And feeble rider! hurried many a league
Over the rising hills of roaring brine,
Through airy wilds unknown, with dreadful speed
And infinite surprise; till some few minutes
Have spent the blast, and then perhaps I drop
Near to the peaceful coast; some friendly billow
Lodges me on the beach, and I find rest:
Short rest I find; for the next rolling wave
Snatches me back again; then ebbing far
Sets me adrift, and I'm borne off to sea,
Helpless, amidst the bluster of the winds,
Beyond the ken of shore.——

Ah! when will these tumultuous scenes be gone?
When shall this weary spirit, tost with tempests,
Harass'd and broken, reach the port of rest,

And hold it firm? When shall this wayward flesh,
With all the' irregular springs of vital movement
Ungovernable, return to sacred order,
And pay their duties to the ruling mind?

PEACE OF CONSCIENCE,

AND PRAYER FOR HEALTH.

Yet, gracious God, amidst these storms of nature,
Thine eyes behold a sweet and sacred calm
Reign through the realms of conscience: all within
Lies peaceful, all compos'd. 'Tis wondrous grace
Keeps off thy terrors from the humble bosom,
Though stain'd with sins and follies, yet serene
In penitential peace and cheerful hope,
Sprinkled and guarded with anointing blood.
Thy vital smiles amidst this desolation,
Like heavenly sunbeams hid behind the clouds,
Break out in happy moments, with bright radiance
Cleaving the gloom; the fair celestial light
Softens and gilds the horrors of the storm,
And richest cordials to the heart conveys.
  O glorious solace of immense distress,
A conscience and a God! a friend at home,
And better friend on high! This is my rock
Of firm support, my shield of sure defence
Against infernal arrows. Rise, my soul,
Put on thy courage: here's the living spring
Of joys divinely sweet and ever new,
A peaceful Conscience and a smiling Heaven.
  My God! permit a creeping worm to say,

Thy Spirit knows I love thee. Worthless wretch,
To dare to love a God! But grace requires,
And grace accepts. Thou seest my labouring soul:
Weak as my zeal is, yet my zeal is true;
It bears the trying furnace. Love divine
Constrains me; I am thine. Incarnate love
Has seiz'd and holds me in almighty arms:
Here's my salvation, my eternal hope,
Amidst the wreck of worlds and dying nature,
I am the Lord's, and he for ever mine.

O thou all-powerful Word, at whose first call
Nature arose; this earth, these shining heavens,
These stars, in all their ranks, came forth, and said,
'We are thy servants!' Didst thou not create
My frame, my breath, my being, and bestow
A mind immortal on thy feeble creature
Who faints before thy face? Did not thy pity
Dress thee in flesh to die, that I might live,
And with thy blood redeem this captive soul
From guilt and death? O thrice adored name,
My King, my Saviour, my Emmanuel! say,
Have not thy eye-lids mark'd my painful toil,
The wild confusions of my shatter'd powers,
And broken fluttering thoughts? Hast thou not seen
Each restless atom that with vexing influence
Works through the mass of man? Each noxious juice,
Each ferment that infects the vital humours,
That heaves the veins with huge disquietude,
And spreads the tumult wide? Do they not lie
Beneath thy view, and all within thy reach?
Yes, all at thy command; and must obey
Thy sovereign touch: thy touch is health and life,
And harmony to nature's jarring strings.

When shall my midnight sighs and morning groans
Rise through the heights of Heaven, and reach thy ear
Propitious? see, my spirit's feeble powers
Exhal'd and breathing upwards to thy throne,
Like early incense climbing through the sky
From the warm altar. When shall grace and peace
Descend with blessings, like an evening shower
On the parch'd desert, and renew my bloom?
Or must thy creature breathe his soul away
In fruitless groans, and die?—
Come, bless'd physician, come attend the moan
Of a poor suffering wretch, a plaintive worm,
Crush'd in the dust, and helpless. O descend,
Array'd in power and love, and bid me rise.
Incarnate Goodness, send thy influence down
To these low regions of mortality
Where thou hast dwelt, and clad in fleshly weeds
Learnt sympathetic sorrows; send and heal
My long and sore distress. Ten thousand praises
Attend thee: David's harp is ready strung
For the Messiah's [1] name: A winged flight
Of songs harmonious, and new honours wait
The steps of moving mercy.

[1] At this time my imitation of David's Psalms, in Christian language, was not half done: as fast as I recovered strength, after this long illness, I applied myself, by degrees, to finish it.

ENCOURAGED TO

HOPE FOR HEALTH IN MAY.

DECEMBER 1712.

CONFIN'D to sit in silence, here I waste
The golden hours of youth. If once I stir,
And reach at active life, what sudden tremors
Shake my whole frame, and all the poor machine
Lies fluttering? What strange wild convulsive force
O'erpowers at once the members and the will?
Here am I bound in chains, a useless load
Of breathing clay, a burden to the seat
That bears these limbs, a borderer on the grave.
Poor state of worthless being! While the lamp
Of glimmering life burns languishing and dim,
The flame just hovering o'er the dying snuff
With doubtful alternations, half disjoin'd,
And ready to expire with every blast.
Yet my fond friends would speak a word of hope:
Love would forbid despair: 'Look out, (they cry)
Beyond these gloomy damps, while winter hangs
Heavy on nature, and congeals her powers:
Look cheerful forward to the vital influence
Of the returning spring;' I rouse my thoughts
At friendship's sacred voice; I send my soul
To distant expectation, and support
The painful interval with poor amusements.
My watch, the solitary kind companion
Of my imprisonment, my faithful watch
Hangs by; and with a short repeated sound

Beats like the pulse of time, and numbers off
My woes, a long succession; while the finger
Slow-moving, points out the slow-moving minutes;
The slower hand, the hours. O thou dear engine,
Thou little brass accomptant of my life,
Would but the mighty wheels of Heaven and nature
Once imitate thy movements, how my hand
Should drive thy dented pinions round their centres
With more than ten-fold flight, and whirl away
These clouded wintry suns, these tedious moons,
These midnights: every star should speed its race,
And the slow bears precipitate their way
Around the frozen pole. Then promis'd health,
That rides with rosy cheek and blooming grace
On a May sun-beam, should attend me here,
Before to-morrow sheds its evening dew.
  Ah! foolish ravings of a fruitless wish
And spirit too impatient! Know'st thou not,
My soul, the Power that made thee? He alone
Who form'd the spheres, rolls them in destin'd rounds
Unchangeable. Adore, and trust, and fear him:
He is the Lord of life! Address his throne,
And wait before his foot, with awful hope
Submissive; at his touch distemper flies.
His eye-lids send beams of immortal youth
Through Heaven's bright regions. His all-powerful word
Can create health, and bid the blessing come
Amid the wintry frost, when nature seems
Congeal'd in death; or with a sovereign frown
(Though nature blooms all round) he can forbid
The blessing in the spring, and chain thee down
To pains and maladies, and grievous bondage
Through all the circling seasons.

THE

WEARISOME WEEKS OF SICKNESS.

1712, OR 1713.

Thus pass my days away. The cheerful sun
Rolls round and gilds the world with lightsome beams,
Alas! in vain to me; cut off alike
From the bless'd labours, and the joys of life;
While my sad minutes in their tiresome train
Serve but to measure out my heavy sorrows.
By night I count the clock; perhaps eleven,
Or twelve, or one; then with a wishful sigh
Call on the lingering hours, 'Come two, come five:
When will the day-light come?' Make haste, ye mornings;
Ye evening shadows, haste; wear out these days,
These tedious rounds of sickness, and conclude
The weary week for ever———
Then the sweet day of sacred rest returns,
Sweet day of rest! devout to God and Heaven,
And heavenly business, purposes divine,
Angelic work; but not to me returns
Rest with the day: ten thousand hurrying thoughts
Bear me away tumultuous, far from Heaven
And heavenly work. In vain I heave, and toil,
And wrestle with my inward foes in vain;
O'erpower'd and vanquish'd still: they drag me down
From things celestial, and confine my sense

To present maladies. Unhappy state
Where the poor spirit is subdued to' endure
Unholy idleness, a painful absence
From God, and heaven, and angel's blessed work:
And bound to bear the agonies and woes
That sickly flesh and shatter'd nerves impose.
How long, O Lord, how long?

A

HYMN OF PRAISE FOR RECOVERY.

HAPPY for man, that the slow-circling moons
And long revolving seasons measure out
The tiresome pains of nature! Present woes
Have their sweet periods. Ease and cheerful health
With slow approach (so Providence ordains)
Revisit their forsaken mansions here,
And days of useful life diffuse their dawn
O'er the dark cottage of my weary soul.
My vital powers resume their vigour now,
My spirit feels her freedom, shakes her wings,
Exults and spatiates o'er a thousand scenes,
Surveys the world, and with full stretch of thought
Grasps her ideas; while impatient zeal
Awakes my tongue to praise. What mortal voice
Or mortal hand can render to my God
The tribute due? What altars shall I raise?
What grand inscription to proclaim his mercy
In living lines? Where shall I find a victim
Meet to be offered to his sovereign love,
And solemnize the worship and the joy.

Search well, my soul, through all the dark recesses
Of nature and self-love, the plies, the folds,
And hollow-winding caverns of the heart,
Where flattery hides her sins; search out the foes
Of thy almighty friend; what lawless passions,
What vain desires, what vicious turns of thought
Lurk there unheeded: bring them forth to view,
And sacrifice the rebels to his honour.
Well he deserves this worship at thy hands,
Who pardons thy past follies, who restores
Thy mouldering fabric, and withholds thy life
From the near borders of a gaping grave.
Almighty Power, I love thee, blissful name
My healer God! and may my inmost heart
Love and adore for ever! O 'tis good
To wait submissive at thy holy throne,
To leave petitions at thy feet, and bear
Thy frowns and silence with a patient soul.
The hand of mercy is not short to save,
Nor is the ear of heavenly pity deaf
To mortal cries. It notic'd all my groans,
And sighs, and long complaints, with wise delay,
Though painful to the sufferer, and thy hand
In proper moment brought desir'd relief.
Rise from my couch, ye late enfeebled limbs,
Prove your new strength, and show the' effective [skill
Of the divine physician; bear away
This tottering body to his sacred threshold:
There laden with his honours, let me bow
Before his feet; let me pronounce his grace,
Pronounce salvation through his dying Son,
And teach this sinful world the Saviour's name.
Then rise, my hymning soul, on holy notes
Tow'rd his high throne; awake, my choicest songs,

Run echoing round the roof, and while you pay
The solemn vows of my distressful hours,
A thousand friendly lips shall aid the praise.
  Jesus, great advocate, whose pitying eye
Saw my long anguish, and with melting heart
And powerful intercession spreadst my woes
With all my groans before the Father-God,
Bear up my praises now; thy holy incense
Shall hallow all my sacrifice of joy,
And bring these accents grateful to his ear.
My heart and life, my lips and every power
Snatch'd from the grasp of death, I here devote,
By thy bless'd hand, an offering to his name.
Amen, Hallelujah.

AN

ELEGY ON SOPHRONIA,

WHO DIED OF THE SMALL-POX, 1711.

Sophron is introduced speaking.

'FOREBEAR, my friends, forbear, and ask no more,
  Where all my cheerful airs are fled?
Why will ye make me talk my torments o'e ?
  My life, my joy, my comfort's dead!

'Deep from my soul, mark how the sobs arise,
  Hear the long groans that waste my breath,
And read the mighty sorrow in my eyes,
  Lovely Sophronia sleeps in death!'

Unkind disease, to veil that rosy face
  With tumours of a mortal pale,
While mortal purples, with their dismal grace
  And double horror, spot the veil.

Uncomely veil, and most unkind disease!
  Is this Sophronia, once the fair?
Are these the features that were born to please?
  And beauty spread her ensigns there?

I was all love, and she was all delight,
  Let me run back to seasons past;
Ah! flowery days, when first she charm'd my sight!
  But roses will not always last.

Yet still Sophronia pleas'd. Nor time, nor care,
  Could take her youthful bloom away:
Virtue has charms which nothing can impair;
  Beauty like her's could ne'er decay.

Grace is a sacred plant of heavenly birth:
  The seed descending from above
Roots in a soil refin'd, grows high on earth,
  And blooms with life, and joy, and love.

Such was Sophronia's soul. Celestial dew
  And angels' food were her repast:
Devotion was her work; and thence she drew
  Delights which strangers never taste.

Not the gay splendors of a flattering court
  Could tempt her to appear and shine;
Her solemn airs forbid the world's resort:
  But I was bless'd, and she was mine.

Safe on her welfare all my pleasures hung,
  Her smiles could all my pains control;
Her soul was made of softness, and her tongue
  Was soft and gentle as her soul.

She was my guide, my friend, my earthly all!
  Love grew with every waning moon:
Had Heaven a length of years delay'd its call,
  Still I had thought it call'd too soon.

But peace, my sorrows, nor with murmuring voice
  Dare to accuse Heaven's high decree:
She was first ripe for everlasting joys;
  Sophron, she waits above for thee!

AN ELEGY

ON THE MUCH LAMENTED DEATH OF MRS. ELIZABETH BURY,

Wife of the Reverend Mr. Samuel Bury, of Bristol, annexed to some Memoirs of her Life, drawn up by him, but collected out of her own Papers.

SHE must ascend; her treasure lies on high,
And there her heart is. Bear her through the sky
On wings of harmony, ye sons of light!
And with surrounding shields protect her flight.
Teach her the wondrous songs yourselves compose
For yon bright world; she'll learn them as she goes;
The sense was known before: those sacred themes,
The GOD, the SAVIOUR, and the flowing streams
That ting'd the cursed tree with blood divine,
Purchas'd a Heaven, and wash'd a world from sin;

The beams, the bliss, the vision of that face
Where the whole Godhead shines in mildest grace;
These are the notes for which your harps are strung,
These were the joy and labour of her tongue
In our dark regions. These exalted strains
Brought Paradise to earth, and sooth'd her pains.
'Souls made of pious harmony and love,
Can be no strangers to their work above.'
But must we lose her hence? The Muse in pain
Regrets her flight, and calls the saint again.
Stay, gentle spirit, stay. Can nature find
No charms to hold the once unfetter'd mind?
Must all those virtues, all those graces soar
Far from our sight, and bless our earth no more?
Must the fair saint to worlds immortal climb,
For ever lost to all the sons of time?
O, no; she is not lost. Behold her here,
How just the form! how soft the lines appear!
The features of her soul, without disguise,
Drawn by her own bless'd pen: a sweet surprise
To mourning friends. The partner of her cares
Seiz'd the fair piece, and wash'd it o'er with tears;
Dress'd it in flowers, then hung it on her urn,
A pattern for her sex in ages yet unborn.
Daughters of Eve, come, trace these heavenly lines,
Feel with what power the bright example shines;
She was what you should be. Young virgins, come,
Drop a kind tear, and dress you at her tomb:
Gay silks and diamonds are a vulgar road;
Her radiant virtues should create the mode.
Matrons, attend her hearse with thoughts refin'd,
Gaze and transcribe the beauties of her mind,
And let her live in you. The meek, the great,
The chaste, yet free; the cheerful, yet sedate;

Swift to forgiveness, but to anger slow,
And rich in solid learning more than show;
With charity and zeal, that rarely join,
And all the human graces and divine
Reign'd in her breast, and held a pleasing strife
Through every shifting scene of various life,
The maid, the bride, the widow, and the wife.
Nor need a manly spirit blush to gain
Exalted thoughts from her superior vein.
Attend her hints, ye sages of the schools,
And by her nobler practice frame your rules.
Let her inform you to address the ear
With conquering 'suasion, or reproof severe,
And still without offence. Thrice happy soul!
That could our passions and her own control;
Could wield and govern that unruly train,
Sense, fancy, pleasure, fear, grief, hope, and pain,
And live sublimely good! Behold her move
Through earth's rude scenes, yet point her thoughts above.
Seraphs on earth pant for their native skies,
And nature feels it painful not to rise.
Ye venerable tribes of holy men,
Read the devotions of her heart and pen,
And learn to pray and die. Burissa knew
To make life happy, and resign it too.
The soul that oft had walk'd the' ethereal road,
Pleas'd with her summons, took her farewell flight to God.
But ne'er shall words, or lines, or colours paint
The' immortal passions of the' expiring saint.
What beams of joy (angelic airs) arise
O'er her pale cheeks, and sparkle through her eyes
In that dark hour! how all serene she lay
Beneath the openings of celestial day!

Her soul retires from sense, refines from sin,
While the descending glory wrought within;
Then in a sacred calm resign'd her breath,
And as her eye-lids clos'd, she smil'd in death.
O may some pious friend, who weeping stands
Near my last pillow with uplifted hands,
Or wipes the mortal dew from off my face,
Witness such triumphs in my soul, and trace
The dawn of glory in my dying mien, [seen!
While on my lifeless lips such heavenly smiles are

September 29, 1720.

AN ELEGIAC ODE

ON THE DEATH OF THAT EXCELLENT MAN, SIR THOMAS ABNEY.

Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Tam chari capitis? præcipe lugubres
Cantus, Melpomene.

Ergone Abneium perpetuus sopor
Urget? Cui pudor et justitiæ soror
Incorrupta fides, nudaque veritas,
Quando ullum invenient parem?

HOR.

PART I.

HIS PRIVATE LIFE.

ABNEY expires. A general groan [behave
Sounds through the house. How must a friend
Where death and grief have rais'd their throne,
And the sad chambers seem the' apartments of the grave?

Shall I appear amongst the chief
Of mourners, wailing o'er the dear deceas'd?
Or must I seek to charm their grief,
And in distress of soul to comfort the distress'd?

I mourn by turns, and comfort too:
He that can feel, can ease another's smart;
The drops of sympathetic woe
Convey the heavenly cordial warmer to the heart.

We mourn a thousand joys deceas'd,
We name the Husband with a mournful tongue;
He, when the powers of life decreas'd,
Felt the diviner flames of love for ever young.

Thrice happy man! thrice happy pair!
If love could bid approaching death remove,
The painful name of Widow here
Had ever been unknown: but death is deaf to love.

Albina [1] mourns, she mourns alone,
Her grief unrivall'd in a house of tears;
The partner of her soul is gone, [cares.
Who doubled all her joys, and half sustain'd her

See the fair Offspring of the dead,
With their young griefs Albina they inclose,
Beside the Father's dying bed; [grows.
And as her woes increase, their love and duty

The Children feel the Mother's pain,
Down their pale cheeks the trickling sorrows roll;
The Mother sees and weeps again,
With all the tender passions struggling in her soul.

[1] Lady Abney.

The tender passions reign and spread
Through the whole house, and to the courts descend:
We mourn the best of Brothers dead; [Friend.
We mourn the kindest Master, and the firmest

We mourn; but not as wretches do,
Where vicious lives all hope in death destroy:
A falling tear is nature's due,
But hope climbs high, and borders on celestial joy.

There sits the late departed Saint [2];
There dwells the Husband, Father, Brother, Friend:
Then let us cease the sore complaint; [ascend.
Or, mingled with our groans, let notes of praise

Great God, to thee we raise our song!
Thine were the graces that enrich'd his mind;
We bless thee, that he shone so long,
And left so fair a track of pious life behind.

PART II.

HIS PUBLIC CHARACTER AND DEATH.

But can domestic sorrows show
A nation's loss? Can private tears suffice
To mourn the Saint and Ruler too,
Great names, so rarely join'd below the blissful skies?

[2] Justum et tenacem propositi virum, &c.
Hac arte—Enixus arces attigit igneas.
HOR.

Could Abney in our world be born?
Could Abney live, and not Britannia smile?
Or die, and not Britannia mourn [3],
When such ethereal worth left our degenerate isle?

'Twas heavenly wisdom, zeal divine,
Taught him the balance and the sword to hold;
His looks with sacred justice shine
Beyond the scarlet honours, or the wreathen gold.

Truth, freedom, courage, prudence, stood
Attending, when he fill'd the solemn chair:
He knew no friendships, birth, nor blood,
Nor wealth, nor gay attire, when criminals were there [4].

He sign'd their doom with steady hand;
Yet drops of pity from his eye-lids roll:
He [5] punish'd to reform the land,
With terror on his brow, and mercy in his soul.

[3] Cunctis ille bonis flebilis occidit. HOR.

[4] —— Est animus tibi
Rerumque prudens, et secundis
Temporibus, dubiisque rectus;
Vindex avaræ fraudis, et abstinens
Ducentis ad se cuncta pecuniæ.
—— Bonus atque fidus
Judex honestum prætulit utili,
Rejecit alto dona nocentium
Vultu ———— HOR.

[5] Qui quærit Pater urbium
Subscribi statuis, indomitam audeat
Refrenare licentiam,
Cædes, et rabiem tollere civium— HOR.

His tongue was much unskill'd to chide;
Soft were his lips, and all his language sweet:
His soul disdain'd the airs of pride,
Yet love and reverence greet him through the crowded street.

God-like he liv'd and acted here,
Moving unseen, and still sublimely great;
Yet when his country claim'd his care,
Descending he appear'd, and bore the pomp of state.

He more than once oblig'd the throne,
And sav'd the nation: yet he shun'd the fame;
Careless to make his merit known.
The Christian hath enough, that Heaven records his [name!

His humble soul convers'd on high;
Heaven was his hope, his rest, his native home;
His treasures lay above the sky;
Much he possess'd on earth, but more in worlds to [come.

With silent steps he trac'd the way
To the fair courts of light, his wish'd abode;
Nor would he ask a moment's stay,
Nor make the convoy wait, that call'd his soul to [God.

See the good man with head reclin'd,
And peaceful heart, resign his precious breath:
No guilty thoughts oppress his mind;
Calm and serene his life, serene and calm his death.

Laden with honours and with years,
His vigorous virtue shot a youthful ray;
And while he ends his race, appears
Bright as the setting-sun of a long cloudless day.

Spent with the toil of busy hours,
Nature retir'd, and life sunk down to sleep;
Come, dress the bed with fadeless flowers;
Come, angels, round his tomb immortal vigils keep.

The heart of every Briton rears
A monument to Abney's spotless fame:
The pencil faints, the muse despairs:
His country's grief and love must eternize his name.

Sic cecinit mœrens,
Inter mœrores domesticos,
Et patriæ suæ luctus,

I. W.

DEATH AND HEAVEN,

IN FIVE LYRIC ODES.

ODE I.

THE SPIRIT'S FAREWELL TO THE BODY AFTER LONG SICKNESS.

How am I held a prisoner now,
Far from my God! this mortal chain
Binds me to sorrows: all below
Is short-liv'd ease or tiresome pain.

When shall that wondrous hour appear,
Which frees me from this dark abode,
To live at large in regions, where
Nor cloud nor veil shall hide my God?

Farewell this flesh, these ears, these eyes,
  These snares and fetters of the mind:
My God! nor let this frame arise
  Till every dust be well refin'd:

Jesus! who mak'st our natures whole,
  Mould me a body like thy own:
Then shall it better serve my soul
  In works of praise and worlds unknown.

ODE II.

THE DEPARTING MOMENT; OR, ABSENT FROM THE BODY.

Absent from flesh: O blissful thought!
  What unknown joys this moment brings!
Freed from the mischief sin hath wrought,
  From pains and tears, and all their springs.

Absent from flesh: Illustrious day!
  Surprising scene! triumphant stroke,
That rends the prison of my clay;
  And I can feel my fetters broke!

Absent from flesh: then rise, my soul,
  Where feet or wings could never climb,
Beyond the heavens where planets roll,
  Measuring the cares and joys of time.

I go where God and glory shine:
  His presence makes eternal day.
My All that's mortal I resign;
  For Uriel waits and points my way.

ODE III.

ENTRANCE INTO PARADISE; OR, PRESENT WITH THE LORD.

And is this Heaven? And am I there?
  How short the road! how swift the flight!
I am all life, all eye, all ear;
  Jesus is here—my soul's delight.

Is this the heavenly Friend who hung
  In blood and anguish on the tree,
Whom Paul proclaim'd, whom David sung,
  Who died for them, who died for me?

How fair, thou Offspring of my God!
  Thou first-born Image of his face!
Thy death procur'd this bless'd abode,
  Thy vital beams adorn the place.

Lo! he presents me at the throne
  All spotless; there the Godhead reigns
Sublime and peaceful through the Son:
  Awake, my voice, in heavenly strains.

ODE IV.

THE SIGHT OF GOD IN HEAVEN.

Creator-God, eternal Light,
  Fountain of good, tremendous power,
Ocean of wonders, blissful sight!
  Beauty and love unknown before!

Thy grace, thy nature, all unknown
  In yon dark region whence I came;
Where languid glimpses from thy throne,
  And feeble whispers, teach thy name.

I'm in a world where all is new;
  My self, my God; O bless'd amaze!
Not my best hopes or wishes knew
  To form a shadow of this grace.

Fix'd on my God, my heart adore!
  My restless thoughts forbear to rove:
Ye meaner passions, stir no more;
  But all my powers be joy and love.

ODE V.

A FUNERAL ODE AT THE INTERMENT OF THE BODY, SUPPOSED TO BE SUNG BY THE MOURNERS.

Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb;
  Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred reliques room
  To seek a slumber in the dust.

Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,
  Invade thy bounds: no mortal woes
Can reach the lovely sleeper here,
  And angels watch her soft repose.

So Jesus slept: God's dying Son
  Pass'd through the grave, and bless'd the bed.
Rest here, fair saint; till from his throne
  The morning break and pierce the shade.

Break from his throne, illustrious morn;
  Attend, O earth, his sovereign word;
Restore thy trust, a glorious form;
  She must ascend to meet her Lord.

ON THE

CORONATION OF THEIR MAJESTIES,

KING GEORGE II. AND QUEEN CAROLINE,

October 11, 1727.

Ergo armis invicte heros age: fortibus apta
Ensem humeris; meritam clementia temperet iram
Dum regis, et leges molli clementèr acerbas.
Te super æquævos omnes regnator Olympi
Diligit, et læto vultum exhilaravit olivo;
Ille tuum sacro cingit diademate crinem,
Transmittetque tuam longæva in sæcula famam.
  En regina tori consors tibi dextera adhæret,
Auro picta sinus, auro radiata capillos:
Tota decens, tota est gemmisque insignis et auro:
At facies cultum illustrat, faciêque decorâ
Pulchrior est animus.

BUCHANAN.

THE CORONATION-DAY.

AN ODE.

Rise, happy morn; fair sun, arise;
Shed radiant gold around the skies,
And rich in beams and blessings shine
Profuse on George and Caroline.

Illustrious pair! no tear to-day
Bedew the royal Parents clay:
'Tis George the Bless'd remounts the throne,
With double vigour in his Son.

Lo! the majestic form appears,
Sparkling in life and manly years!
The kingdom's pride, the nation's choice,
And Heaven approves Britannia's voice.

Monarch, assume thy powers, and stand
The guardian hero of our land:
Let Albion's sons thy style proclaim,
And distant realms revere thy name.

Bear on thy brows the' imperial crown;
Rebellion dies beneath thy frown:
A thousand gems of lustre shed
Their lights and honours round thy head.

Lift up thy rod [1] of Majesty,
The foes of God and man shall flee:
Vice, with her execrable band,
Shakes at the sword in George's hand.

Law, justice, valour, mercy, ride
In arms of triumph at his side;
And each celestial grace is seen
In milder glories round the Queen.

Hail, Royal Fair! divinely wise!
Not Austrian crowns [2] could tempt thy eyes
To part with truth. 'Twas brave disdain,
When Cæsar sigh'd, and lov'd in vain.

[1] The Sceptre. [2] Archducal and Imperial.

But Heaven provides a rich reward:
George is thy lover and thy lord;
The British lion bears thy fame,
Where Austrian eagles have no name.

See the fair train of Princes near:
Come Frederic, Royal Youth, appear,
And grace the day. Shall foreign [3] charms
Still hold thee from thy country's arms;

Britain, thy country [3]? Prince arise,
The morning-star to gild our skies;
(O may no cloud thy lustre stain!)
Come, lead along the shining train.

Each, in parental virtues dress'd,
Each born to make a nation bless'd:
What kings, what heroes yet ungrown,
Shall court the nymphs to grace their throne!

Mark that young Branch [4] of rising fame,
Proud of our great Deliverer's name:
He promises in infant-bloom,
To scourge some tyrant power of Rome.

Bloom on, fair stem! Each flower that blows,
Adds new despair to Albion's foes,
And kills their hearts. O glorious view
Of joys for Albion, ever new!

[3] The ingenious device of the figures of Great-Britain and the Protestant Religion, attending her Majesty on her Coronation Medal, with the motto, *Hic amor, hæc patria,* may support and justify these expressions.

[4] Prince William.

Religion, duty, truth, and love,
In ranks of honour shine and move;
Pale envy, slander, fraud, and spite,
Retire, and hide in caves of night.

Europe, behold the' amazing scene:
Empire and liberty convene
To join their joys and wishes here,
While Rome and hell consent to fear.

Eternal God, whose boundless sway
Angels and starry worlds obey;
Command thy choicest favours down,
Where thy own hands have fix'd the crown.

Come, light divine, and grace unknown;
Come, aid the labours of the throne;
Let Britain's golden ages run,
In circles lasting as the sun.

Bid some bright legion from the sky
Assist the glad solemnity:
Ye hosts, that wait on favourite kings,
Wave your broad swords, and clap your wings.

Then rise, and to your realms convey
The glorious tidings of the day:
Great William shall rejoice to know
That George the Second reigns below.

A LOYAL WISH

ON HER MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, MARCH THE FIRST, COMMONLY CALLED ST. DAVID'S-DAY.

Borrowed from Psalm cxxxii. 10, 11.

SILENCE, ye nations; Israel, hear;
Thus hath the Lord to David sworn,
'Train up thy sons to learn my fear,
And Judah's crown shall all thy race adorn;
Theirs be the royal honours thou hast won,
Long as the starry wheels of nature run;
Nature, be thou my pledge; my witness be the sun.'

Now, Britain, let thy vows arise,
May George the royal saint assume!
Then ask permission of the skies,
To put the favourite name in David's room:
Fair Carolina, join thy pious cares
To train in virtue's path your royal heirs,
And be the British crown with endless honour theirs.

PIETY IN A COURT.

TO PHILOMELA.

I KNOW not by what train of ideas I was led this morning to muse on these four lines which I read somewhere [1] many years ago:

'The court's a golden but a fatal circle,
Upon whose magic skirts a thousand devils
In crystal forms sit tempting innocence,
And beckon early virtue from its centre.'

[1] They are in Lee's tragedy of Nero, Act. ii. sc. 2.

But this description of a court gave occasion to the following inquiries:

Is there a lovely soul, so much divine,
Can act her glorious part, and move and shine
On this enchanted spot of treacherous ground,
Nor give her virtue nor her fame a wound?
Is there a soul so temper'd, so refin'd,
That pomp nor feeds her sense, nor fires the mind,
That soars above the globe with high disdain,
While earth's gay trifles tempt her thoughts in vain?
Is there a soul can fix her raptur'd eyes,
And glance warm wishes at her kindred skies
Through roofs of vaulted gold, while round her burn
Love's wanton fires, and die beneath her scorn?
Is there a soul at court, that seeks the grove,
Or lonely hill, to muse on heavenly love;
And when to crowds and state her hour descends,
She keeps her conscience and her God her friends!
Have ye not met her, angels, in her flight,
Wing'd with devotion, through meridian night,
Near Heaven's high portal?—Angels, speak her [name,
Consign Eusebia [2] to celestial fame:
While Philomel, in language like our own,
To mortal ears makes her young victories known;
Let Raphael to the skies her honours sing,
And triumphs daily new. With friendly wing
Gabriel in arms attend her through the field
Of sacred war, and Mercy be her shield,
While with unsullied charms she makes her way
Through scenes of dangerous life, to realms of endless day.

[2] Eusebia is likely to have been the Countess of Hertford; and Philomela, the pious Mrs. Rowe.

FRAGMENTS OF VERSE.

THE PREFACE OF A LETTER, WRITTEN AUGUST, 1692.

E'ER since the morning of that day
  Which bid my dearest friends adieu,
And rolling wheels bore me away
  Far from my native town and you:
E'er since I lost through distant place,
The pleasures of the parent's face,
This is the first whose language sues
  For your release from waxen bands:
Laden with humble love it bows
  To kiss a welcome from your hands:
Accept the duty which it brings,
And pardon its delaying wings.

THE SUN IN ECLIPSE.

TO HORATIO.

THE first thought which I glanced upon after I had set pen to paper, was the approach of the *Solar Eclipse;* and it impressed me with such force, that I was constrained to spend a few lines to dress up a sudden thought on that subject, in the strain which we learned not many years ago, among the heathen poets.

  Now, now 'tis just at hand———
Now the bright sun leaves his meridian stage,
Rolls down the hill, and meets his sister's rage;

Her gloomy wheels full at his chariot run,
And join fierce combat with her brother sun.
The gentle monarch of the azure plain
Still paints and silvers her rebellious wain,
And shoots his wonted fires, but shoots his fires
in vain.
The' ungrateful planet does as fast requite
The' o'erflowing measures of her borrow'd light,
With an impetuous deluge of resistless night.
His flaming coursers toss their raging heads,
And heave and grapple with the stubborn shades;
Their eye-balls flash, their brazen billows puff,
And belch ethereal fire to guard the darkness off;
In vain their brazen lungs, in vain their eyes,
Night spreads her banners o'er the wondering skies.
Say, peaceful Muse, what fury did excite
The kindred stars to this prodigious fight?
Are these the rules of nature? Will the skies
Let such dark scenes of dreadful battle rise?
What dire events hang threatening o'er the earth?
What plagues, what wars, just bursting into birth?
Now for his teeming glebe the ploughman fears,
Lest it should yield a crop of iron spears:
Shepherds see death spread o'er the fleecy downs;
Monarchs grow pale, and tremble for their crowns:
Vain dreams of mortal weakness!——
Awake, Philosophy, with radiant eye,
Who searcheth all that's deep, and all that's high;
Awake, survey the spheres, explain the laws
Of Heaven, and bring to light the' eternal cause,
Of present darkness, &c.

Southampton,
June, 1695.

IN

A LETTER TO MARINDA,

SPEAKING CONCERNING OUR BLESSED SAVIOUR.

LET your immortal thoughts arise,
Survey him crown'd with every grace;
JESUS! the wonder of the skies;
The great, the meek, the lovely, and the wise;
The joy and glory of the place!
Here angels fix their gazing sight;
Here saints, releas'd from earth and sin,
Dwell on his face divinely bright,
Copy his beauties with intense delight,
And with advancing lustre shine.

THE INSCRIPTIONS

ON SEVERAL SMALL FRENCH PICTURES, TRANSLATED.

ANGELICA SINGING.

WHAT! music and devotion too!
This is the business angels do:
When hearts, and hymns, and voices join,
It makes the pleasant work divine.

CHLORIS STRINGING OF PEARLS.

VIRTUE and truth in heart and head,
Which teach you how to act and speak,
Are brighter pearls than those you thread,
Chloris, to tie about your neck.

PHYLLIS PLAYING WITH A PARROT.

If women will not be inclin'd
To seek the' improvements of the mind,
Believe me, Phyllis, for 'tis true,
Parrots will talk as well as you.

CLAUDINA THE COOK-MAID.

The cook, who in her humble post
  Provides the family with food,
Excels those empty dames that boast
  Of charms and lovers, birth and blood.

FLORELLA SINGING TO HER HARP.

Florella sings and plays so well,
Which she doth best is hard to tell:
But 'tis a poor account to say,
All she can do is sing and play.

AMARYLLIS SPINNING.

  O what a pretty spinner's here!
How sweet her looks! how neat her linen!
  If Love and Youth came both to see her,
Youth would at once set Love a spinning.

DORINDA SEWING.

  We stand expos'd to every sin
While idle, and without employ;
  But business holds our passions in,
And keeps out all unlawful joy.

IRIS SUCKLING THREE LAP-DOGS.

FOND foolish woman! while you nurse
Those puppies at your breast,
Your name and credit fares the worse
For every drop they taste.
Iris, for shame, those brutes remove,
And better learn to place your love.

POMONA THE MARKET MAID.

VIRTUE adorns her soul within,
Her homely garb is ever clean:
Such innocence, disdaining art,
Gives love an honourable dart.

INSCRIPTIONS ON DIALS.

WRITTEN ON A SUN-DIAL IN A CIRCLE.

SIC petit oceanum Phœbus, sic vita sepulchrum,
Dum sensim tacitâ volvitur hora rotâ;
Secula sic fugient; sic lux, sic umbra, theatrum,
Donec stelligerum clauserit una dies.

AFTERWARDS TURNED INTO ENGLISH.

THUS steal the silent hours away,
The sun thus hastes to reach the sea,
And men to mingle with their clay:
Thus light and shade divide the year,
Thus, till the last great day appear,
And shut the starry theatre.

ANOTHER.

So slide the hours, so wears the day,
These moments measure life away,
  With all its trains of hope and fear;
Till shifting scenes of shade and light
Rise to eternal day, or sink in endless night,
  Where all is joy or all despair.

ON A CEILING-DIAL, USUALLY CALLED A SPOT-DIAL, MADE AT A WESTERN WINDOW AT THEOBALDS.

LITTLE sun upon the ceiling,
Ever moving, ever stealing
  Moments, minutes, hours away;
May no shade forbid thy shining,
While the heavenly sun declining
  Calls us to improve the day.

ANOTHER FOR A SPOT-DIAL.

SHINING spot, but ever sliding!
Brightest hours have no abiding:
Use the golden moments well:
    Life is wasting,
    Death is hasting,
Death consigns to heaven or hell.

ANOTHER.

SEE the little day-star moving;
Life and time are worth improving,

Seize the moments while they stay;
Seize and use them,
Lest you lose them,
And lament the wasted day.

OTHER MOTTOS ON DIALS.

FESTINAT suprema,
Proxima non nostra est.
Vehimur properantibus horis
Ad cœlum aut Erebum.
Sic imus ad atria lucis
Aut umbras Erebi.

INSCRIPTIONS ON PORTRAITS.

THE LINES UNDER DR. OWEN'S PICTURE.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

UMBRA refert fragiles dederint quas cura dolorque
Reliquias, studiis assiduusque labor.
Mentem humilem sacri servantem limina veri
Votis supplicibus qui dedit, ille videt.

ENGLISHED THUS:

BEHOLD the shade, the frail remains
Of sickness, cares, and studious pains.
The mind in humble posture waits
At sacred truth's celestial gates,
And keeps those bounds with holy fear,
While he who gave it, sees it there.

VARIOUS MOTTOS FOR AN EFFIGY.

I.

Do tibi terra quod umbra refert: satis exhibet umbra
Quod modò pulvis erat, quod citò pulvis erit.
Mens donata Deo cupit immortalia, cœlum
Suspicit, æthereis associanda choris.
Monstrat iter mihi sola fides: amor adjicit alas:
Surgo: levatricem, gratia, tende manum.
Nox, error, dolor, ira, metus, caro, munde, valete:
Lux, via, vita, salus, omnia Christus erit.

II.

In Christo mea vita latet: mea gloria Christus:
Hunc lingua, hunc calamus celebrat, nec imago tacebit.
In uno Jesu omnia.

III.

Τα ανω ζητοιμεν, Αληθευοντες εν αγαπη.
Seeking the things above, And speaking truth in love.

IV.

Est mihi Christus vivere, et lucrum mori.

V.

Χριστος ἐμοι το ζην. Κερδος ἐμοι το θανειν.

VI.

Sic levis umbra virum, vir Paulum, Paulus Jesum sequitur, non assequitur.

EPIGRAMS.

IN MIRUM MARIS MERIDIONALIS THESAURI INCREMENTUM, ANNO 1720.

EXORTA è medio jam fortitèr aura popello
Spirat in Australes fructus : Argentea spuma
Tollitur in montes ; (mirandum) atque aurea regna
Exurgunt ponto. Circumfremit undique turba
Mercantûm, in cœlum aspirans : Summa æquora nautæ
Certatim scandunt, et se mirantur in astris :
Quisque sibi diadema facit, nam plurimus extat
Crœsus. At infidos, O qui sapis, effuge fluctus,
Nec tumidæ credas (licet auro splendeat) undæ,
Ne rĕpetas misĕrum per mille pericla profundum,
Rex brevis. Heu ! simulac subsiderit aura popelli,
Unda jacet ; montes pereunt ; evanida regna ;
Nil suberit spumæ nisi fortè marina [1] vorago.

ON THE WONDROUS RISE OF THE SOUTH-SEA STOCK, 1720.

'TIS said, the citizens have sold
Faith, truth, and trade, for South-Sea gold :
'Tis false ; for those that know can swear
All is not gold that glisters there.

[1] Alii legendum vellent Mortimerina.

INSCRIBENDUM MARIS MERIDIONALIS GAZOPHYLACIO, SIVE OFFICINÆ.

Quisquis es, hic intra, cui crescere nummulus ardet,
Cuive crumena gravis nimis est: Hic Gaza paratur
Ampla magis, sed onusta minus; centena talenta
Australi videas citò tèr triplicata sub undâ;
Quod gravitatis abest numerum supplere videbis.
Hic bullæ, fumus, rumor, spes, lana caprina,
Nix æstiva, umbræ, phantasmata, somnia, venti,
Prædia in Utopicis regionibus, aurea spuma,
Aeriæque arces venduntur, emuntur in horas.

vel si brevior inscriptio magis arridet.

——Non omne quod hic micat aurum est.

April 6, 1720.

SABINA AND HER COMPANIONS TRAVELLING TOGETHER TO SEE FINE BUILDINGS AND GARDENS.

While round the gardens and the groves
Your foot, your eye, your fancy roves,
With still new forms of pleasure in a warm pursuit;
Let every tree yield knowledge too,
Safer than that in Eden grew,
Where your own mother Eve found poison in the fruit.

THE SAME.

Go, view the dwellings of the great,
The spacious court, the towering seat,

The roofs of costly form, the fret-work and the gold;
Mark the bright tap'stry scenes, and say,
Will these make wrinkled age delay,
Or warm the cheek, and paint it gay,
When death spreads o'er the face her frightful pale
and cold?

THE SAME.

In vain to search the verdant scenes,
The shaded walks, the flowery greens,
The trees of golden fruit, for what can ne'er be
found:
You search for bliss, where 'twill not grow,
There is no Paradise below,
Since life's immortal tree is perish'd from the ground.

RATIO, FIDES, CHARITAS.

Recta fidem ratio juvat: alma fides rationem:
Sed ratio atque fides nil sine amore juvant.

IDEM.

Et ratio fidei est, et amica fides rationi:
At nihil ambo valent si mihi desit amor.

EPITAPHS.

INSCRIPTION ON A MONUMENTAL STONE IN CHESHUNT CHURCH, HERTS. IN MEMORY OF THOMAS PICKARD, ESQ. CITIZEN OF LONDON, WHO DIED SUDDENLY JAN. 29. A. D. 1719, ÆTAT. 50.

A soul prepar'd needs no delays,
The summons come, the saint obeys;
Swift was his flight, and short the road;
He clos'd his eyes, and saw his God.
The flesh rests here till Jesus come,
And claim the treasure from the tomb.

ON THE GRAVESTONE OF MR. JOHN MAY, A YOUNG STUDENT IN DIVINITY, WHO DIED AFTER A LINGERING AND PAINFUL SICKNESS, AND WAS BURIED IN CHESHUNT CHURCH-YARD, HERTS.

So sleep the saints, and cease to groan,
When sin and death have done their worst:
Christ hath a glory like his own,
Which waits to clothe their waking dust.

WRITTEN FOR A GRAVE-STONE OF A NEAR RELATION.

In faith she died; in dust she lies;
But faith foresees that dust shall rise

When Jesus calls, while hope assumes
And boasts her joy among the tombs.

Or thus:

BENEATH this stone death's prisoner lies;
The stone shall move, the prisoner rise,
When Jesus, with almighty word,
Calls his dead saints to meet their Lord.

TO THE PIOUS MEMORY OF THE REV. MR. SAMUEL HARVEY, OF LONDON, WHO DIED APRIL 17TH, 1729. ÆTAT. 30.

HERE lie the ruins of a lowly tent [1],
Where the seraphic soul of Harvey spent
Its mortal years. How did his genius shine,
Like Heaven's bright envoy, clad in powers divine!
When from his lips the grace and vengeance broke,
'Twas majesty in arms, 'twas melting mercy spoke.
What worlds of worth lay crowded in that breast!
Too straight the mansion for the' illustrious guest.
Zeal, like a flame shot from the realms of day,
Aids the slow fever to consume the clay,

[1] He was a person of a very low stature, but of an excellent spirit, adorned with all the graces of a minister and a christian, in a most uncommon degree. His sickness was a slow fever: but while the disorder was upon him, he ventured abroad, according to a promise made some time before, and his zeal exhausted his spirits in pious and profitable conversation, with some young persons, who greatly valued his ministry. In a few days the distemper prevailed beyond the reach and power of medicine.

And bears the Saint up through the starry road
Triumphant:—so Elijah went to God.
What happy prophet shall this mantle find,
Heir to the double portion of his mind?

Sic musâ jam veterascenti
Inter justissimus amicorum et ecclesia
Fletus Harvæo suo parentat.

I. W.

ON THE REVEREND MR. MATTHEW CLARKE.

M. S.

In hoc sepulchro conditur.
MATTHÆUS CLARKE.
Patris venerandi filius cognominis,
nec ipse minùs venerandus:
Literis sacris et humanis
à primâ ætate innutritus:
Linguarum scientissimus:
In munere concionatorio
eximius, operosus et felix:
In officio pastorali
fidelis et vigilans:
Inter theologorum dissidia
moderatus et pacificus:
Ad omnia pietatis munia
promptus semper et alacris:
Conjux, frater, pater, amicus,
inter præstantissimos:
Erga omnes hominum ordines
egregiè benevolus.

Quas verò innumeras invicta modestia dotes
Celavit, nec fama profert, nec copia fandi
Est tumulo concessa: sed olim marmore rupto
Ostendet ventura dies; præconia cœli
Narrabunt; judex agnoscet, et omnia plaudent.
Abi, viator, ubicunque terrarum fueris,
hæc audies.

Natus est in agro Leicestriensi, A. D. 1664.
Obiit Londini, 27° die Martii, 1726.
Ætat. suæ 62.
Multùm dilectus, multùm desideratus.

IN ENGLISH THUS:

Sacred to memory.
In this sepulchre lies buried
MATTHEW CLARKE.
A son bearing the name
of his venerable father,
nor less venerable himself:
Trained up from his youngest years
in sacred and human learning:
Very skilful in the languages:
In the gift of preaching
excellent, laborious, and successful:
In the pastoral office
faithful and vigilant:
Among the controversies of divines
moderate always and pacific:
Ever ready for all the duties of piety:
Among husbands, brothers, fathers, friends,
he had few equals:
And his carriage towards all mankind was
eminently benevolent.

But what rich stores of grace lay hid behind
The veil of modesty, no human mind
Can search, no friend declare, nor fame reveal,
Nor has this mournful marble power to tell.
Yet there's a hastening hour, it comes, it comes,
To rouse the sleeping dead, to burst the tombs
And set the saint in view. All eyes behold:
While the vast records of the skies unroll'd,
Rehearse his works, and spread his worth abroad;
The Judge approves, and Heaven and earth applaud.
Go, traveller; and wheresoe'er
Thy wandering feet shall rest
In distant lands, thy ear shall hear
His name pronounc'd and bless'd.

He was born in Leicestershire, in the year 1664.
He died at London, March 27, 1726,
Aged sixty-two years,
Much beloved and much lamented.

MEDITATION

ON PASSING THROUGH A CHURCH-YARD.

All born on earth must die. Destruction reigns
Round the whole globe, and changes all its scenes.
Time brushes off our lives with sweeping wing:
But Heaven defies its power. There angels sing
Immortal; to that world direct thy sight,
My soul, ethereal-born, and thither aim thy flight;
There virtue finds reward; eternal joy,
Unknown on earth, shall the full soul employ.
This glebe of death we tread, these shining skies
Hold out the moral lessons to our eyes,

The sun still travels his illustrious round,
While ages bury ages under ground:
While heroes sink forgotten in their urns,
Still Phosphor [1] glitters, and still Sirius [1] burns.
Light reigns through worlds above, and life with all her springs:
Yet man lies groveling on the earth,
The soul forgets its heavenly birth,
Nor mourns her exile thence, nor homeward tries her wings.

HYMN.

When death and everlasting things
Approach and strike the sight,
The soul unfolds itself, and brings
Its hidden thoughts to light.

The silent Christian speaks for God,
With courage owns his name;
And spreads the Saviour's grace abroad:
The zeal subdues the shame.

Lord! shall my soul again conceal
Her faith, if death retire?
Shall shame subdue the lively zeal,
And quench the' ethereal fire?

O may my thoughts for ever keep
The grave and Heaven in view,
Lest if my zeal and courage sleep,
My lips grow silent too!

[1] The Morning Star and the Dog Star.

THE REWARDS OF POESY.

DAMON, THALIA, URANIA.

DAMON.

Muse, 'tis enough that in thy fairy bow'rs
My youth has lost a thousand sprightly hours,
Attending thy vagaries, in pursuit
Of painted blossoms or enchanted fruit.
Forbear to tease my riper age: 'tis hard
To be a slave so long, and find so small reward.

THALIA.

Man, 'tis enough that in the book of fame,
On brazen leaves the Muse shall write thy name,
Illustrious as her own, and make thy years the same.
Fame with her silver trump shall spread the sound
Of Damon's verse, wide as the distant bound
Of British empire, or the world's vast round.
I see, I see from far, the falling oars
And flying sails that bear to western shores
Thy shining name; it shoots from sea to sea;
Envy pursues, but faints amidst the way:
In vision my prophetic tube descries
Behind five hundred years new ages rise,
Who read thy works with rapture in their eyes.
Cities unbuilt shall bless the lyric bard.
O glorious memory! O immense reward!

DAMON.

Ah! flattering Muse! how fruitless and how fair
These visionary scenes and sounding air!
Fruitless and vain to me! Can noisy breath,
Or fame's loud trumpet, reach the courts of death?
I shall be stretch'd upon my earthly bed,
Unthinking dust, nor know the honours paid
To my surviving song. Thalia, say, [pay?
Have I no more to hope? Hast thou no more to

THALIA.

Say, what had Horace, what had Homer more,
My favourite sons, whom men almost adore;
And youth, in learned ranks, for ever sings,
While perish'd heroes and forgotten kings
Have lost their names? 'Tis sovereign wit has bought
This deathless glory: this the wise have thought
Prodigious recompense!———

DAMON.

——————— Prodigious fools!
To think the hum and buz of paltry schools,
And awkward tones of boys, are prizes meet
For Roman harmony and Grecian wit!
Rise from thy long repose, old Homer's ghost!
Horace arise! Are these the palms you boast
For your victorious verse? Great poets, tell,
Can echoes of a name reward you well,
For labours so sublime? Or have you found
Praise make your slumbers sweeter in the ground?

THALIA.

Yes, their sweet slumbers, guarded by my wing,
Are lull'd and soften'd by the eternal spring

Of bubbling praises from the' Aonian hill,
Whose branching streams divide a silver rill
To every kindred urn: and thine shall share
These purling blessings under hallow'd air,
The poets dreams in death are still the Muses' care.

DAMON.

Once, thou fair tempter of my heedless youth;
Once, and by chance, thy tropes have hit the truth:
Praise is but empty air, a purling stream,
Poets are paid with bubbles in a dream.
Hast thou no songs to entertain thy dead?
No phantom-lights to glimmer round my shade?

THALIA.

Believe me, mortal, where thy relics sleep,
My nightingales shall tuneful vigils keep,
And cheer thy silent tomb: the glow-worm shine
With evening lamp, to mark which earth is thine:
While midnight fairies, tripping round thy bed,
Collect a moon-beam glory for thy head.
Fair hyacinths thy hillock shall adorn,
And living ivy creep about thy urn:
Sweet violets scent the ground, while laurels throw
Their leafy shade o'er the green turf below,
And borrow life from thee to crown some poet's
brow.

DAMON.

Muse, thy last blessings sink below the first;
Ah! wretched trifler! to array my dust [just!
In thy green flowery forms, and think the payment
Poor is thy gain should nations join to praise;
And now must chirping birds reward my lays?

What! shall the travels of my soul be paid
With glow-worm light, and with a leafy shade,
Violets and creeping ivies? Is this all
The Muse can promise, or the poet call
His glorious hope and joy?————
Are these the honours of thy favourite sons, [bones
To have their flesh, their limbs, their mouldering
Fatten the glebe to make a laurel grow,
Which the foul carcase of a dog might do,
Or any vile manure? Away, be gone;
Tempt me no more; I now renounce thy throne:
My indignation swells. Here, fetch me fire,
Bring me my Odes, the labours of the lyre;
I doom them all to ashes.————

URANIA.

Rash man, restrain thy wrath; these Odes are mine;
Small is thy right in gifts so much divine.
Was it thy skill that to a Saviour's name [theme
Strung David's harp, and drew the' illustrious
From smoking altars and a bleeding lamb?
Who form'd thy sounding shell? who fix'd the strings,
Or taught thy hand to play eternal things?
Was't not my aid that rais'd thy notes so high?
And they must live till time and nature die.
Here Heaven and virtue reign: here joy and love
Tune the retir'd devotion of the grove,
And train up mortals for the thrones above.
Sinners shall start, and, struck with dread divine,
Shrink from the vengeance of some flaming line,
Shall melt in trickling woes for follies past;
Yet all amidst their piercing sorrows taste
The sweets of pious hope: Emanuel's blood
Flows in the verse, and seals the pardon good.

Salvation triumphs here, and heals the smart
Of wounded conscience and a breaking heart.
Youth shall learn temperance from these hallow'd
strains,
Shall bind their passions in harmonious chains;
And virgins learn to love with cautious fear,
Nor virtue needs her guard of blushes here.
Matrons, grown reverend in their silver hairs,
Soothe the sad memory of their ancient cares
With these soft hymns; while on their trembling knee
Sits their young offspring of the fourth degree
With listening wonder, till their infant tongue
Stammers and lisps, and learns the' immortal song,
And lays up the fair lesson to repeat [feet.
To the fourth distant age, when sitting round their
Each Heaven-born heart shall choose a favourite
To bear their morning homage to their God, [ode
And pay their nightly vows. These sacred themes
Inspire the pillows with ethereal dreams:
And oft amidst the burthens of the day
Some devout couplet wings the soul away,
Forgetful of this globe. Adieu, the cares
Of mortal life! Adieu, the sins, the snares!
She talks with angels, and walks o'er the stars.
Amidst the' exalted raptures of the lyre,
O'erwhelm'd with bliss, shall aged saints expire,
And mix their notes at once with some celestial
choir.

DAMON.

What holy sounds are these! what strains divine!
Is it thy voice, O bless'd Urania, thine!
Enough: I claim no more. My toils are paid,
My midnight-lamp, and my o'er-labour'd head,

My early sighs for thy propitious power,
And my wing'd zeal to seize the lyric hour :
Thy words reward them all. And when I die,
May the Great Ruler of the rolling sky [eye.
Give thy predictions birth, with blessings from his
I lay my flesh to rest, with heart resign'd
And smiling hope. Arise, my deathless mind,
Ascend, where all the blissful passions flow
In sweeter numbers ; and let mortals know,
Urania leaves these Odes to cheer their toils below.

THE BRITISH FISHERMAN.

Let Spain's proud traders, when the mast
Bends groaning to the stormy blast,
Run to their beads with wretched plaints,
And vow and bargain with their saints,
Lest Turkish silks or Tyrian wares
Sink in the drowning ship,
Or the rich dust Peru prepares
Defraud their long projecting cares,
And add new treasures to the greedy deep.

My little skiff, that skims the shores
With half a sail and two short oars,
Provides me food in gentler waves ;
But if they gape in wat'ry graves,
I trust the' Eternal Power, whose hand
Has swell'd the storm so high,
To waft my boat and me to land,
Or give some angel swift command
To bear the drowning sailor to the sky.

REDEMPTION.

The mighty frame of glorious grace,
That brightest monument of praise
That e'er the God of love design'd,
Employs and fills my labouring mind.

Begin, my Muse, the heavenly song,
A burthen for an angel's tongue:
When Gabriel sounds these awful things,
He tunes and summons all his strings.

Proclaim inimitable love:
Jesus, the Lord of worlds above,
Puts off the beams of bright array,
And veils the God in mortal clay.

What black reproach defil'd his name,
When with our sin he took our shame!
The power whom kneeling angels bless'd
Is made the impious rabble's jest.

He that distributes crowns and thrones,
Hangs on a tree, and bleeds and groans:
The Prince of life resigns his breath,
The King of Glory bows to death.

But see the wonders of his power,
He triumphs in his dying hour;
And whilst by Satan's rage he fell,
He dash'd the rising hopes of hell.

Thus were the hosts of death subdued,
And sin was drown'd in Jesus' blood:
Then he arose, and reigns above,
And conquers sinners by his love.

COMPLAINT AND HOPE,

UNDER GREAT PAIN. 1736.

LORD! I am pain'd; but I resign
To thy superior will:
'Tis grace, 'tis wisdom all divine,
Appoints the pains I feel.

Dark are the ways of Providence,
While those that love Thee groan:
Thy reasons lie conceal'd from sense,
Mysterious and unknown.

Yet nature may have leave to speak,
And plead before her God,
Lest the o'er-burthen'd heart should break
Beneath thy heavy rod.

Will nothing but such daily pain
Secure my soul from hell?
Can'st thou not make my health attain
Thy kind designs as well?

How shall my tongue proclaim thy grace,
While thus at home confin'd?
What can I write, while painful flesh
Hangs heavy on the mind?

These groans and sighs, and flowing tears,
Give my poor spirit ease,
While every groan my Father hears,
And every tear he sees.

Is not some smiling hour at hand,
With peace upon its wings?
Give it, O God! thy swift command,
With all the joys it brings.

ON AN ELEGY

WRITTEN BY

THE COUNTESS OF HERTFORD ON THE DEATH OF MRS. ROWE. 1737.

Struck with the sight of Philomela's urn,
Eusebia weeps, and calls her Muse to mourn;
While from her lips the tuneful sorrows fell,
The groves confess a rising Philomel!

DR. YOUNG'S

ADMIRABLE DESCRIPTION OF THE PEACOCK, ENLARGED.

View next the peacock: what bright glories run
From plume to plume, and vary in the sun?
Proudly he boasts them to the heavenly ray,
Gives all his colours, and adorns the day.

Was it thy pencil, Job, divinely bold,
Dress'd his rich form in azure, green, and gold?
Thy hand his crest with starry radiance crown'd,
Or spread his sweeping train? His train disdains the ground,
And kindles living lamps through all the spacious round.
Mark with what conscious state the bird displays
His native gems, and midst the waving blaze
On the slow step of majesty he moves,
Asserts his honours, and demands his loves.

ADDITIONS

TO THE

POEMS OF AKENSIDE.

(SEE VOL. XXV.)

THE VIRTUOSO.

IN IMITATION OF SPENSER.

——— videmus
Nugari solitos. PERSIUS.

WHILOM by silver Thames's gentle stream,
  In London town there dwelt a subtile wight;
A wight of mickle wealth and mickle fame,
  Book-learn'd and quaint; a virtuoso hight.
Uncommon things and rare were his delight;
  From musings deep his brain ne'er gotten ease,
Nor ceasen he from study day or night;
  Until (advancing onward by degrees)
He knew whatever breeds on earth, or air, or seas.

He many a creature did anatomize,
  Almost unpeopling water, air, and land;
Beasts, fishes, birds, snails, caterpillars, flies,
  Who laid full low by his relentless hand,
That oft with gory crimson was distain'd:

He many a dog destroy'd, and many a cat;
Of fleas his bed, of frogs the marshes drain'd,
Could tellen if a mite were lean or fat,
And read a lecture o'er the entrails of a gnat.

He knew the various modes of ancient times,
Their arts and fashions of each different guise;
Their weddings, funerals, punishments for crimes,
Their strength, their learning eke, and raritics;
Of old habiliments, each sort and size,
Male, female, high and low, to him were known;
Each gladiator-dress, and stage-disguise;
With learned, clerkly phrase he could have shown
How the Greek tunic differ'd from the Roman gown.

A curious medallist, I wot, he was,
And boasted many a course of ancient coin;
Well as his wife's he knewen every face,
From Julius Cæsar down to Constantine:
For some rare sculpture he would oft ypine,
(As green-sick damosels for husbands do)
And when obtained, with enraptur'd eyne
He'd run it o'er and o'er with greedy view,
And look, and look again, as he would look it through.

His rich museum, of dimensions fair,
With goods that spoke the owner's mind was fraught;
Things ancient, curious, value-worth, and rare,
From sea and land, from Greece and Rome were brought,
Which he with mighty sums of gold had bought:

On these all tydes with joyous eyes he por'd;
And, sooth to say, himself he greater thought,
When he beheld his cabinets thus stor'd,
Than if he'd been of Albion's wealthy cities lord.

Here in a corner stood a rich scrutoire,
With many a curiosity replete;
In seemly order furnish'd every drawer,
Products of art or nature as was meet;
Air-pumps and prisms were plac'd beneath his feet,
A Memphian mummy-king hung o'er his head;
Here phials with live insects, small and great,
There stood a tripod of the Pythian maid;
Above, a crocodile diffus'd a grateful shade.

Fast by the window did a table stand,
Where hodiern and antique rarities,
From Egypt, Greece, and Rome, from sea and land,
Were thick-besprent, of every sort and size:
Here a Bahaman spider's carcase lies,
There a dire serpent's golden skin doth shine;
Here Indian feathers, fruits, and glittering flies;
There gums and amber found beneath the line,
The beak of Ibis here, and there an Antonine.

Close at his back, or whispering in his ear,
There stood a spright ycleped Phantasy;
Which, wheresoe'er he went, was always near:
Her look was wild, and roving was her eye;
Her hair was clad with flowers of every dye;
Her glistering robes were of more various hue
Than the fair bow that paints the cloudy sky,
Or all the spangled drops of morning dew;
Their colour changing still at every different view.

Yet in this shape all tydes she did not stay,
  Various as the chamælion that she bore;
Now a grand monarch with a crown of hay,
  Now mendicant in silks and golden ore:
A statesman, now equip'd to chase the boar,
  Or cowled monk, lean, feeble, and unfed;
A clown-like lord, or swain of courtly lore;
  Now scribbling dunce in sacred laurel clad,
Or papal father now, in homely weeds array'd.

The wight whose brain this phantom's power doth fill,
  On whom she doth with constant care attend,
Will for a dreadful giant take a mill,
  Or a grand palace in a hogstie find:
(From her dire influence me may Heaven defend!)
  All things with vitiated sight he spies;
Neglects his family, forgets his friend,
  Seeks painted trifles and fantastic toys,
And eagerly pursues imaginary joys.

AMBITION AND CONTENT;

A FABLE.

Optat Quietem. HOR.

WHILE yet the world was young, and men were few,
Nor lurking fraud, nor tyrant rapine knew;
In virtue rude, the gaudy arts they scorn'd,
Which, virtue lost, degenerate times adorn'd;

No sumptuous fabrics yet were seen to rise,
Nor gushing fountains taught to' invade the skies;
With nature, art had not begun the strife,
Nor swelling marble rose to mimic life:
Nor pencil yet had learn'd to' express the fair;
The bounteous earth was all their homely care.
  Then did Content exert her genial sway,
And taught the peaceful world her power to' obey;
Content, a female of celestial race,
Bright and complete in each celestial grace;
Serenely fair she was, as rising day,
And brighter than the sun's meridian ray:
Joy of all hearts, delight of every eye,
Nor grief, nor pain appear'd when she was by;
Her presence from the wretched banish'd care.
Dispers'd the swelling sigh, and stopt the falling tear.
  Long did the nymph her regal state maintain,
As long mankind were bless'd beneath her reign;
Till dire Ambition, hellish fiend! arose,
To plague the world, and banish man's repose;
A monster sprung from that rebellious crew,
Which mighty Jove's Phlegræan thunder slew.
Resolv'd to dispossess the royal fair,
On all her friends he threaten'd open war:
Fond of the novelty, vain, fickle man,
In crowds to his infernal standard ran;
And the weak maid, defenceless left alone,
To' avoid his rage, was forc'd to quit the throne.
  It chanc'd as wandering through the fields she [stray'd,
Forsook of all and destitute of aid,
Upon a rising mountain's flowery side,
A pleasant cottage, roof'd with turf, she spied:
Fast by a gloomy, venerable wood,
Of shady planes and ancient oaks, it stood.

Around a various prospect charm'd the sight,
Here waving harvests clad the field with white;
Here a rough shaggy rock the clouds did pierce,
From which a torrent rush'd with rapid force;
Here mountain-woods diffus'd a dusky shade,
Here flocks and herds in flowery vallies play'd,
While o'er the matted grass the liquid crystal stray'd.

In this sweet place there dwelt a cheerful pair,
Though bent beneath the weight of many a year;
Who wisely flying public noise and strife,
In this obscure retreat had pass'd their life:
The husband Industry was call'd; Frugality, the wife.

With tenderest friendship mutually bless'd,
No household jars had e'er disturb'd their rest.
A numerous offspring grac'd their homely board,
That still with nature's simple gifts was stor'd.
The father rural business only knew,
The sons, the same delightful art pursue:
An only daughter, as a goddess fair,
Above the rest was the fond mother's care;
Plenty, the brightest nymph of all the plain,
Each heart's delight, ador'd by every swain.
Soon as Content this charming scene espied,
Joyful within herself, the goddess cried,—
'This happy sight my drooping heart doth raise,
The gods, I hope, will grant me gentler days:
When with prosperity my life was bless'd,
In yonder house I've been a welcome guest;
There now, perhaps, I may protection find;
For royalty is banish'd from my mind:
I'll thither haste: how happy should I be,
If such a refuge were reserv'd for me!'

Thus spoke the fair; and straight she bent her
To the tall mountain, where the cottage lay: [way
Arriv'd, she makes her chang'd condition known,
Tells how the rebels drove her from the throne;
What painful, dreary wilds, she'd wander'd o'er;
And shelter from the tyrant doth implore.
The faithful, aged pair at once were seiz'd
With joy and grief, at once were pain'd and pleas'd,
Grief for their banish'd queen their hearts possess'd,
And joy succeeded for their future guest;
'And if you'll deign, bright goddess, here to dwell,
And with your presence grace our humble cell,
Whate'er the gods have given with bounteous hand,
Our harvests, fields, and flocks, our all command.'
Meantime, Ambition, on his rival's flight
Sole lord of man, attain'd his wish's height;
Of all dependance on his subjects eas'd,
He rag'd without a curb, and did whate'er he pleas'd,
As some wild flame, driven on by furious winds,
Wide spreads destruction, nor resistance finds;
So rush'd the fiend destructive o'er the plain,
Defac'd the labours of the' industrious swain;
Polluted every stream with human gore,
And scatter'd plagues and death from shore to shore.
Great Jove beheld it from the' Olympian tow'rs,
Where sate assembled all the heavenly pow'rs;
Then, with a nod that shook the' empyrean throne,
Thus the Saturnian thunderer begun:—
'You see, immortal inmates of the skies,
How this vile wretch almighty power defies;
His daring crimes, the blood which he has spilt,
Demand a torment equal to his guilt.
Then, Cyprian goddess, let thy mighty boy
Swift to the tyrant's guilty palace fly;

There let him choose his sharpest hottest dart,
And with his former rival wound his heart.
And thou, my son, (the god to Hermes said)
Snatch up thy wand, and plume thy heels and head;
Dart through the yielding air with all thy force,
And down to Pluto's realms direct thy course;
There, rouse Oblivion from her sable cave,
Where dull she sits by Lethe's sluggish wave;
Command her to secure the sacred bound,
Where lives Content retir'd; and all around
Diffuse the deepest glooms of Stygian night,
And screen the Virgin from the tyrant's sight:
That the vain purpose of his life may try
Still to explore what still eludes his eye.'
He spoke; loud praises shake the bright abode,
And all applaud the justice of the god.

THE POET.

A RHAPSODY.

Of all the various lots around the ball,
Which Fate to man distributes absolute;
Avert, ye gods! that of the Muse's son,
Curs'd with dire poverty: poor hungry wretch,
What shall he do for life? he cannot work
With manual labour: shall those sacred hands,
That brought the counsels of the gods to light;
Shall that inspired tongue, which every Muse
Has touch'd divine, to charm the sons of men;
These hallow'd organs; these! be prostitute
To the vile service of some fool in pow'r,

All his behests submissive to perform,
Howe'er to him ingrateful? Oh! he scorns
The' ignoble thought, with generous disdain;
More eligible deeming it to starve,
Like his fam'd ancestors renown'd in verse,
Than poorly bend to be another's slave,—
Than feed, and fatten in obscurity.
—These are his firm resolves, which fate nor time
Nor poverty can shake. Exalted high
In garret vile he lives; with remnants hung
Of tapestry: but oh! precarious state
Of this vain transient world! all powerful time!
What dost thou not subdue? See what a chasm
Gapes wide, tremendous! see where Saul enrag'd
High on his throne, encompass'd by his guards
With levell'd spear, and arm extended, sits,
Ready to pierce old Jesse's valiant son,
Spoil'd of his nose—around in tottering ranks
On shelves pulverulent, majestic stands
His library; in ragged plight, and old;
Replete with many a load of criticism,
Elaborate products of the midnight toil
Of Belgian brains; snatch'd from the deadly hands
Of murderous grocer, or the careful wight
Who vends the plant that glads the happy shore
Of Indian Patomack; which citizens
In balmy fumes exhale, when, o'er a pot
Of sage-inspiring coffee, they dispose
Of kings and crowns, and settle Europe's fate.
  Elsewhere the dome is fill'd with various heaps
Of old domestic lumber; that huge chair
Has seen six monarchs fill the British throne;
Here a broad massy table stands, o'erspread
With ink and pens, and scroll replete with rhyme:

Chests, stools, old rasors, fractur'd jars half-full
Of muddy zythum [1], sour and spiritless:
Fragments of verse, hose, sandals, utensils
Of various fashion and of various use,
With friendly influence hide the sable floor.
  This is the Bard's Museum, this the fane
To Phœbus sacred, and the Aonian maids:
But oh! it stabs his heart, that niggard fate
To him in such small measure should dispense
Her better gifts; to him; whose generous soul
Could relish, with as fine an elegance,
The golden joys of grandeur and of wealth;
He who could tyrannize o'er menial slaves,
Or swell beneath a coronet of state,
Or grace a gilded chariot with a mien
Grand as the haughtiest Timon of them all.—
But 'tis in vain to rave at destiny!
Here he must rest, and brook the best he can,
To live remote from grandeur, learning, wit;
Immur'd amongst the' ignoble, vulgar herd,
Of lowest intellect; whose stupid souls
But half inform their bodies; brains of lead
And tongues of thunder: whose insensate breasts
Ne'er felt the rapturous soul-entrancing fire
Of the celestial Muse; whose savage ears
Ne'er heard the sacred rules, nor ev'n the names,
Of the Venusian Bard or critic sage
Full-fam'd of Stagyra: whose clamorous tongues
Stun the tormented ear with colloquy,
Vociferate, trivial, or impertinent;
Replete with boorish scandal. Yet, alas!
This, this! he must endure; or muse alone,

[1] Beer.

Pensive and moping o'er the stubborn rhyme,
Or line imperfect.—No! the door is free,
And calls him to evade their deafening clang,
By private ambulation;—'tis resolv'd:
Off from his waist he throws the tatter'd gown,
Beheld with indignation, and unloads
His pericranium of the weighty cap,
With sweat and grease discolour'd: then explores
The spacious chest, and from its hollow womb
Draws his best robe, yet not from tincture free
Of age's reverend russet, scant and bare;
Then down his meagre visage waving flows
The shadowy peruke; crown'd with gummy hat,
Clean brush'd; a cane supports him. Thus equip'd,
He sallies forth; swift traverses the streets,
And seeks the lonely walk; 'Hail, sylvan scenes!
Ye groves, ye vallies, ye meandering brooks,
Admit me to your joys;' in rapturous phrase,
Loud he exclaims; while with the' inspiring Muse
His bosom labours; and all other thoughts,
Pleasure and wealth, and poverty itself,
Before her influence, vanish. Rapt in thought,
Fancy presents before his ravish'd eyes
Distant posterity, upon his page
With transport dwelling; while bright Learning's sons,
That ages hence must tread this earthly ball,
Indignant seem to curse the thankless age
That starv'd such merit. Mean time, swallow'd up
In meditation deep, he wanders on,
Unweeting of his way.—But ah! he starts!
With sudden fright his glaring eye-balls roll,
Pale turn his cheeks, and shake his loosen'd joints;
His cogitations vanish into air,

Like painted bubbles, or a morning dream:
Behold the cause! see! through the opening glade,
With rosy visage, and abdomen grand,
A cit, a dun!—As in Apulia's wilds,
Or where the Thracian Hebrus rolls his wave,
A heedless kid, disportive, roves around,
Unheeding, till upon the hideous cave
Of the dire wolf she treads; half dead, she views
His bloodshot eye-balls, and his dreadful fangs,
And, swift as Eurus, from the monster flies:
So fares the trembling bard; amaz'd he turns,
Scarce by his legs upborne; yet fear supplies
The place of strength; straight home he bends his course,
Nor looks behind him till he safe regain
His faithful citadel; there spent, fatigued,
He lays him down to ease his heaving lungs,
Quaking, and of his safety scarce convinc'd.
Soon as the panic leaves his panting breast,
Down to the Muse's sacred rites he sits,
Volumes pil'd round him; see! upon his brow
Perplex'd anxiety, and struggling thought,
Painful as female throes: whether the bard
Display the deeds of heroes; or the fall
Of vice in lay dramatic; or expand
The lyric wing; or in elegiac strains
Lament the fair; or lash the stubborn age,
With laughing satire; or in rural scenes
With shepherds sport; or rack his hard-bound brains
For the' unexpected turn. Arachne so,
In dusty kitchen corner, from her bowels
Spins the fine web; but spins with better fate
Than the poor bard: she! caitiff! spreads her snares,
And with their aid enjoys luxurious life,

Bloated with fat of insects, flesh'd in blood:
He! hard, hard lot! for all his toil and care,
And painful watchings, scarce protracts awhile
His meagre, hungry days: ungrateful world!
If with his drama he adorn the stage;
No worth-discerning concourse pays the charge,
Or of the' orchestra, or the' enlightning torch.
He who supports the luxury and pride
Of craving Lais; he! whose carnage fills
Dogs, eagles, lions; has not yet enough
Wherewith to satisfy the greedier maw
Of that most ravenous, that devouring beast,
Yclep'd a Poet. What new Halifax,
What Somers, or what Dorset canst thou find,
Thou hungry mortal? break, wretch, break thy quill;
Blot out the studied image; to the flames
Commit the Stagyrite; leave this thankless trade;
Erect some peddling stall with trinkets stock'd,
There earn thy daily half-pence, nor again
Trust the false Muse: so shall the cleanly meal
Repel intruding hunger.—Oh! 'tis vain,
The friendly admonition's all in vain;
The scribbling itch has seiz'd him: he is lost
To all advice, and starves for starving's sake.
Thus sung the sportful Muse, in mirthful mood,
Indulging gay the frolic vein of youth;
But, oh! ye gods, avert the' impending stroke
This luckless omen threatens! Hark! methinks
I hear my better angel cry, 'Retreat,
Rash youth! in time retreat! let those poor bards
Who slighted all, all! for the flattering Muse,
Yet curs'd with pining want, as landmarks stand,
To warn thee from the service of the' ingrate,'

SONG.

THE shape alone let others prize,
  The features of the fair;
I look for spirit in her eyes,
  And meaning in her air.

A damask cheek, an ivory arm,
  Shall ne'er my wishes win;
Give me an animated form
  That speaks a mind within.

A face where awful honour shines,
  Where sense and sweetness move,
And angel innocence refines
  The tenderness of love.

These are the soul of beauty's frame,
  Without whose vital aid,
Unfinish'd all her features seem,
  And all her roses dead.

But, ah! where both their charms unite,
  How perfect is the view;
With every image of delight,
  With graces ever new.

Of power to charm the greatest woe,
  The wildest rage control,
Diffusing mildness o'er the brow,
  And rapture through the soul.

Their power but faintly to express
  All language must despair;
But go, behold Arpasia's face,
  And read it perfect there.

ADDITION

TO THE

POEMS OF W. THOMPSON.

(SEE VOL. XXVI.)

GRATITUDE,

ON THE COUNTESS OF POMFRET'S BENEFACTIONS TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

Donarem statuas—Carmina possumus
Donare. HOR.

SHALL foreign lands for Pomfret wake the lyre,
And Tyber's more than Isis' banks inspire?
Let Isis' groves with Pomfret's name resound;
Not Rome alone can boast of classic ground.
Ye sons of harmony, the wreath prepare,
The living laurel wreath, to bind her hair.
Hail, fair exemplar of the good and great,
The Muses hail thee to their honour'd seat,
And ne'er, since Anna with her presence bless'd,
Sung they a nobler, more auspicious guest.
  Behold our youth, transported at the sight;
Behold our virgins, sparkling with delight;
Ev'n venerable age forgets its snow,
The splendor catches, and consents to glow.

Ye youths, with Pomfret's praises tune the shell,
Ye virgins, learn from Pomfret to excel.
For her let age, with fervent prayers and pure,
The blessings of all-bounteous Heaven secure.
Their breathing incense let the Graces bring;
Their grateful pæans let the Muses sing.
If praise be guilt, ye laurels cease to grow,
Oxford to sing, and Seraphims to glow.
No altars to an idol-power we raise,
Nor consecrate the worthless with our praise;
To merit only, and to goodness just,
We rear the arch-triumphal and the bust.
Sprung from the Pembroke race, their nation's pride,
Allied by science, as by blood allied,
Illustrious race! sure to protect or please
With patriot freedom, or with courtly ease;
Bless'd with the graceful form, and tuneful mind,
To Oxford dear as to the Muses kind!
Thy gifts, O Pomfret, we with wonder view,
And, while we praise their beauties, think of you.
Who but a Venus could a Cupid send?
And who a Tully but Minerva's friend?
A speechless Tully, lest he should commend.
The praise you merit, you refuse to hear;
No marble orator can wound your ear.
Mere statues, worse than statues we should be,
If Oxford's sons more silent were than he.
Scarce silent, and impatient of the stone,
He seems to thunder from his rostral throne:
He wakes the marble, by some Phidias taught,
And, eloquently dumb, he looks a thought.
With hopes and fears we tremble or rejoice,
Deceiv'd we listen, and expect a voice.

This station satisfies his noble pride,
Disdaining, but in Oxford, to reside.
  Here safely we behold fierce Marius frown,
Glad that we have no Marius, save in stone,
So animated by the master's skill,
The Gaul, awe-stricken, dares not—cannot kill.
  The sleeping Cupids happily express'd
The fiercer passions, foreign to thy breast:
Long strangers to the laughter-loving dame,
They from Arcadia, not from Paphos, came.
Whene'er his lyre thy kindred Sidney [1] strung,
The flocking Loves around their poet hung;
Whene'er he fought, they flutter'd by his side,
And stiffen'd into marble when he died:
Half-drop'd their quivers, and half-seal'd their eyes,
They only sleep:—for Cupid never dies.
  'A sleeping Cupid! (cries some well dress'd smart)
'Tis false! I feel his arrows in my heart.'
I own, my friend, your argument is good,
And who denies, that's made of flesh and blood?
But yon bright circle, strong in native charms,
No Cupid's bow requires, nor borrow'd arms;
The radiant messenger of conquest flies
Keen from each glance, and pointed from their eyes;
His heart, whom such a prospect cannot move,
Is harder, colder, than the marble Love.
But modesty rejects what justice speaks:
—I see soft blushes stealing o'er their cheeks.
  Not Phidian labours claim the verse alone,
The figur'd brass, or fine-proportion'd stone.
To make you theirs the sister Arts conspire,
You animate the canvass or the lyre:

[1] Sir Philip Sidney, who was aptly eulogised by some of his contemporaries as 'England's Mars and Muse.'

A new creation on your canvass flows,
Life meets your hand, and from your pencil glows;
How swells your various lyre, or melts away,
While every Muse attends on every lay!
  The bright contagion of Hesperian skies
Burn'd in your soul, and lighten'd in your eyes,
To view what Raphael painted, Vinci plan'd,
And all the wonders of the classic land.
Proud of your charms, applauding Rome confess'd
Her own Cornelias breathing in your breast.
The Virtues, which each foreign realm renown,
You bore in triumph home, to grace your own.
Apelles thus to form his finish'd piece,
(The beauteous Pomfret of adoring Greece)
In one united, with his happy care,
The fair perfections of a thousand fair.
  Though virtue may with moral lustre charm,
Religion only can the bosom warm.
In thee religion wakens all her fires,
Perfumes thy heart, and spotless soul inspires.
A Cato's daughter might of virtue boast,
Nobly to vice, though not to glory, lost;
A Pomfret, taught by piety to rise,
Looks down on glory, while she hopes the skies.
Angels with joy prepare the starry crown,
And seraphs feed a flame, so like their own.
  One statue more let Rhedicina raise,
To charm the present, brighten future days;
The sculptur'd column grave with Pomfret's name,
A column, worthy of thy temple, Fame!
Praxiteles might such a form commend,
And borrow graces which he us'd to lend;
Where ease with beauty, force with softness meet,
Though mild, majestic; and though awful, sweet.

Of gold and elephant, on either hand,
Let piety and bounty graceful stand;
With fillets this, with roses that entwin'd,
And breathe their virtues on the gazer's mind.
Low at her feet, the sleeping Cupids plac'd,
By Marius guarded and with Tully grac'd:
A monument of gratitude remain,
The bright Palladium of Minerva's fame!

ADDITIONS

TO THE

POEMS OF LYTTELTON.

(SEE VOL. XXVII.)

INSCRIPTIONS AT HAGLEY.

ON A VIEW FROM AN ALCOVE.

———VIRIDANTIA Tempe!
Tempe, quæ sylvæ cingunt superimpendentes.

ON A ROCKY FANCY SEAT.

——— Ego laudo ruris amœni,
Rivos, et musco circumlita saxa nemusque.

To the Memory of
William Shenstone, Esquire;
In whose verses
Were all the natural graces,
And in whose manners
Was all the amiable simplicity
Of pastoral poetry,
With the sweet tenderness
Of the elegiac.

ON THE PEDESTAL OF AN URN [1].

Alexandro Pope,
Poetarum anglicanorum
Elegantissimo dulcissimoque;
Virorum castigatori acerrimo,
Sapientiæ doctori suavissimo,
Sacra esto.
Ann. Dom. MDCCXLIV.

ON A BENCH.

Libet jacere modo sub antiqua ilice,
Modo in tenace gramine;
Labuntur altis interim rivis aquæ;
Quæruntur in sylvis aves:
Fontesque lymphis obstrepunt manantibus
Somnos quod invitet leves.

ON THOMSON'S SEAT [2].

Ingenio immortali
Jacobi Thomson,
Poetæ sublimis,
Viri boni;
Ædiculam hanc, quem vivus dilexit,
Post mortem ejus constructam,
Dicat dedicatque
Georgius Lyttelton.

[1] A Doric Portico in another part of the Park is honoured with the name of 'Pope's Building,' and inscribed *Quieti et musis.*

[2] A very handsome and well-finished building, in an octagonal line.

LINES WRITTEN FOR

A MASQUE OF CHILDREN

AT HAGLEY;

TO BE SPOKEN BY A LITTLE GIRL IN THE CHARACTER OF QUEEN MAB, TO LORD TEMPLE.

By magic wheels through air convey'd,
I come from Kew's mysterious shade;
Where, perch'd on Stuart's ample wig,
With dark designs and councils big,
I've sent the Lord of Luton-Hoo
The man of Hayes again to woo:
For, though it be my first delight
To wing the silent gloom of night;
Or, falling down the' Arabian breeze,
Drink fragrance from the spicy trees;
Or, where light's spangling insects glow,
Pinch the love-dreaming maiden's toe;
Yet, sometimes led to nobler things,
I sport with kingdoms and with kings.
One fatal touch of this dread wand
Breaks the white staff; or, from the hand
Of high ambition, strikes the seals,
And o'er the nation terror deals.
Not all the eloquence of Pitt,
With all your Lordship's nervous wit,
Can quell the force of wily charms,
Which withers power, and fear disarms.
And now, great Lord, you've felt my sway;
Observe, from this propitious day

I've mark'd you mine; and on your head
Fresh streams of glory will I shed.
Renown and pow'r attend my voice;
For each has heard my boasted choice,
And each approves; then haste, be great,
Rule and uphold our sinking state.

ADDITION

TO THE

POEMS OF COLLINS.

(SEE VOL. XXX.)

SONG.

THE SENTIMENTS BORROWED FROM SHAKSPEARE.

YOUNG Damon of the vale is dead,
  Ye lowly hamlets moan:
A dewy turf lies o'er his head,
  And at his feet a stone.

His shroud, which death's cold damps destroy,
  Of snow-white threads was made:
All mourn'd to see so sweet a boy
  In earth for ever laid.

Pale pansies o'er his corpse were plac'd,
  Which, pluck'd before their time,
Bestrew'd the boy, like him to waste,
  And wither in their prime.

But will he ne'er return, whose tongue
  Could tune the rural lay?
Ah, no! his bell of peace is rung,
  His lips are cold as clay.

They bore him out at twilight hour,
  The youth who lov'd so well:
Ah me! how many a true-love shower
  Of kind remembrance fell.

Each maid was woe—but Lucy chief,
  Her grief o'er all was tried,
Within his grave she drop'd in grief,
  And o'er her lov'd-one died.

ADDITION

TO THE

POEMS OF MICKLE.

(SEE VOL. XXXIV.)

ON THE

DEATH OF DAVID HUME.

SILENCE! ye growling wolves and bears,
  And hear the song of Russell [1]:
Hark! how upon Parnassus' hill
  This bard kicks up a bustle.

He calls the Muses lying jades;
  A pack of venal strumpets:
And reason good; for none of them
  The death of David trumpets.

But say—shall Shakspeare's Muse bedew
  This David's leaden urn?
Or at his tomb, O Milton! say,
  Shall thy Urania mourn?

Shall gentle Spenser's injur'd shade
  For him attune the lay?
No; none of these o'er his cold grave
  Shall strew one sprig of bay.

[1] Russell's Elegy on the Death of David Hume.

For him, the modern Midas, these
  No grateful chaplets[2] owe;
Yet shall his friends with proper bays
  Adorn his heavy brow.

For him shall Russell rant and rave,
  In hobbling rumbling lays;
And Smith[3], in barbarous dreary prose,
  Shall grunt and croak his praise.

[2] See Hume's character of Spenser, &c. in his History of England.

[3] Adam Smith, LL. D. wrote an apology for the life of Hume.

ADDITIONS

TO THE

POEMS OF DR. LANGHORNE.

(SEE VOL. XXXVI.)

TO THE

AUTHOR OF ARMINE AND ELVIRA[1].

TRUE to the cares that led thy early youth
Through paths where science points to taste and truth;
True to the hopes that letter'd labour knows,
Watching the bloom of genius as it blows;
True to the generous pleasures that attend,
When smiling fruits the cultur'd branches bend;
Oh, with that Muse, who gifts like these can give,
Live in long favour, long affection, live!
For me, who, once with happier fortunes bless'd,
Felt in the feast of life a finer zest;
Who gain'd, unloaded with the weight of years,
The port where every human vessel steers;
Since Death, with Nature's noblest works at strife,
Quench'd the fair star that smil'd upon my life:
For me, what charms, what lenitives remain,
Save the soft measures of some soothing strain?
And such were thine[2]: when in that lowly shade,
Where, now long lost, my tender hopes are laid,

[1] A legendary tale, in two parts, by Edmund Cartwright. M. A.

[2] Alluding to Constantia, an elegy to the memory of Mrs. Langhorne.

Thy tuneful woe stole sweetly on my ear,
And thy eye swell'd the universal tear.
  For such fair service may thy gentle heart,
Where once I held, and long would hold a part,
Should it beneath almighty love's control
Sigh for the mutuality of soul,
Meet each mild virtue in its future fair,
Like Armine love, and find Elvira there.

THE

HAPPINESS OF A MODERATE FORTUNE,

AND MODERATE DESIRES.

From the French of M. Gresset. Written in 1760.

O GODDESS of the golden mean,
  Whom still misjudging folly flies,
Seduc'd by each delusive scene;
  Thy only subjects are the wise.
These seek thy paths with nobler aim,
And trace them to the gates of Fame.

See, foster'd in thy favouring shade,
  Each tender bard of verse divine!
Who, lur'd by fortune's vain parade,
  Had never form'd the tuneful line;
By fortune lur'd, or want confin'd,
Whose cold hand chills the genial mind.

In vain you slight the flowery crown
  That fame wreaths round the favour'd head!
Whilst laurel'd victory and renown
  Their heroes from thy shades have led;
There form'd, from courtly softness free,
By rigid virtue and by thee.

By thee were form'd, from cities far,
  Fabricius just, Camillus wise,
Those philosophic sons of war,
  That, from imperial dignities
Returning, plough'd their native plain,
And plac'd their laurels in thy fane.

Thrice happy he, on whose calm breast
  The smiles of peaceful wisdom play,
With all thy sober charms possess'd,
  Whose wishes never learnt to stray.
Whom truth, of pleasures pure but grave,
And pensive thoughts, from folly save.

Far from the crowd's low-thoughted strife,
  From all that bounds fair freedom's aim,
He envies not the pomp of life,
  A length of rent-roll, or of name:
For safe he views the vale-grown elm,
While thunder-sounding storms the mountain pine
    o'erwhelm.

Of censure's frown he feels no dread,
  No fear he knows of vulgar eyes,
Whose thought, to nobler objects led,
  Far, far o'er their horizon flies:
With reason's suffrage at his side,
Whose firm heart rests self-satisfied.

And while alternate conquest sways
  The northern or the southern shore,
He smiles at fortune's giddy maze,
  And calmly hears the wild storm roar.
Ev'n Nature's groans, unmov'd with fear,
And bursting worlds, he'd calmly hear.

Such are the faithful hearts you love,
  O Friendship fair, immortal maid;
The few caprice could never move,
  The few whom interest never sway'd;
Nor shed unseen, with hate refin'd,
The pale cares o'er the gloomy mind.

Soft sleep, that lov'st the peaceful cell,
  On these descends thy balmy power;
While no terrific dreams dispel
  The slumbers of the sober hour;
Which oft array'd in darkness drear,
Wake the wild eye of pride to fear.

Content with all a farm would yield,
  This Sidon's monarch liv'd unknown,
And sigh'd to leave his little field
  For the long glories of a throne—
There once more happy and more free
Than rank'd with Dido's ancestry.

With these pacific virtues bless'd,
  These charms of philosophic ease,
Wrapt in your Richmond's tranquil rest,
  You pass, dear C——, your useful days,
Where Thames your silent vallies laves,
Proud of his yet untainted waves.

Should life's more public scenes engage
  Your time that thus consistent flows,
And following still these maxims sage,
  For ever brings the same repose;
Your worth may greater fame procure,
But hope not happiness so pure.

END OF VOL. I.

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Park, Thomas
The select works of the minor British poets